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THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

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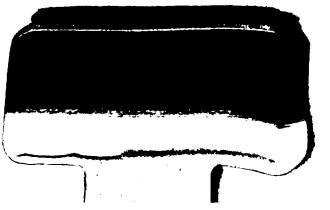

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THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY

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The City of Pasadena, from Mt. Wilson
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THROUGH
RAMONA'S COUNTRY

BY

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

AUTHOR OF "IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON," "THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA," "THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT," ETC.

WITH MORE THAN 100 *ILLUSTRATIONS*

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
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Helen Hunt Jackson, from painting made while studying the conditions of the Indians of Southern California
By A. F. Harmer

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

By Ina Coolbrith

What songs found voice upon those lips,
What magic dwelt within the pen,
Whose music into silence slips,
Whose spell lives not again!

For her the clamorous to-day
The dreamful yesterday became;
The brands upon dead hearths that lay
Leaped into living flame.

Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their calls to vesper and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, thro' fruited dells
The long processions pass;

The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The Cross above the kneeling throng:
Their simple world how sweet with prayer,
With chant and matin song!

There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands
Amid the sea of blooms.

And Alessandro, type of all
His broken tribe, for ever more
An exile, hears the stranger call
Within his father's door.

The visions vanish and are not,
Still are the sounds of peace and strife,
Passed with the earnest heart and thought
Which lured them back to life.

O Sunset land! O land of vine,
And rose, and bay! In silence here
Let fall one little leaf of thine,
With love, upon her bier.

FOREWORD

At the outset it cannot be too clearly and positively stated that the story of *Ramona* is a wonderful mosaic of fact and fiction. Just as the detached and dissimilar pieces of mosaic, of different color, of different origin, perhaps, and gathered from various sources are fitted together and held to each other in one coherent mass in the matrix of binding cement, so the isolated, unrelated, and different *facts* in the story of *Ramona* are held together in one coherent mass by the binding *fiction* of the author's genius. As I shall show later there is scarcely a statement of fact relating to the country, the Spanish home life, of description, of the treatment of the Indians, etc., in the whole book that is not literally true, *but it is not true* as related to the fictitious hero and heroine of the book, who are pure creations of the author's brain. Yet even here she was aided by what she saw, and, as we shall see, facts that actually occurred were woven into the lives of her fictitious hero and heroine.

As one well-known Southern California writer has well said: "The story of *Ramona* is, one ought not to need to say, pure fiction. 'Ramona' never lived, nor 'Alessandro,' nor the 'Señora Moreno,' nor any one else in the book. The commonest and cheapest

lies told in California are perhaps those of people who ' knew the original Ramona ' or ' the half-breed Indian, Alessandro, who was killed for horse-stealing,' and all the rest of this silly basking of the small in the sunshine of greatness."

Susan Coolidge in her Introduction, says: " On her (Mrs. Jackson's) desk that winter stood an unframed photograph, after Dante Rossetti, — two heads, a man's and a woman's, set in a nimbus of cloud, with a strange beautiful regard and meaning in their eyes. They were exactly her idea of what Ramona and Alessandro looked like, she said. The characters of the novel never, I think, came so near to materialization in her eyes as in this photograph. It was a purely ideal story. . . . I have no reason to suppose, from anything said by her, that she intentionally described any exact place or person."

Let it never be forgotten, then, that *Ramona* is a structure composed of fact and fiction; that while the story as a whole, the hero, and heroine are fictions, many of the isolated facts of the romance had their absolute origin in the life history of this unfortunate people. The descriptions of the Missions of Southern California, of the habits of the Spaniards, Mexicans, and earlier Americans, and of the life and condition of the Indians, are no less historically true than graphic and powerful. Hence the book is more than a novel. It is more than a history. It is more true than fact, for it is no less true than paradoxical that " there are many things more true than fact." It is a contribution

to the history of our treatment of the Indians that is worth more to the American people than all the official reports of a score of Indian bureaus. It has awakened public sentiment and the public conscience on behalf of the Indians, and one result of its publication has been a decided change in the attitude of the better class of politicians towards these, their helpless wards.

There is no denying the statement that *Ramona* has done more to arouse sympathy in the minds of the American people for the Indian than all other causes put together. The sweet, tender pathos of the story, Mrs. Jackson's profound oneness with the love-stricken hero and heroine and their afflicted people, her exquisite touches of description, her keen appreciation of all good in the Indian and the strong points in their character, her consummate literary skill, all combined to make *Ramona* a power in the land.

It is to further contribute to the good work begun and carried on in so masterly a manner and to give to the people at large many facts that nearly thirty years of gleaning have gathered that I have presumed to write the following pages. If they aid in deepening the practical sympathy of the American people for an unfortunate and dying race I shall be gratified and satisfied.

Pasadena, California, August, 1908.

THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

WHY RAMONA WAS WRITTEN

THE novel with a purpose is generally condemned by the critics as inartistic, and therefore "not literature." There are more foolish opinions recorded as the judgments and decisions of "critics" than can ever be numbered. Artistic work — literature — is not to be lightly cast aside upon the mere *ipse dixit* of some fancied authority. Authorities are made by literature, not literature by authorities. There would never have been a grammar of the English language written had there not first been a language to write about. Yet the makers of grammars have ever deemed themselves important enough and possessed of critical judgment sufficient to point out the "errors" of the men and women who have made the language. I would far rather follow the English of George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin, Cardinal Newman, ay, and even Charles Dickens, than that of critic-purists and grammarians. And I wish to go further and acknowledge that I prefer the living, palpitant language in its formative

stages, when men like Kipling are remoulding it, to the formal, rhetorical language of the days of Addison, Burke, Johnson and Edward Everett. Lincoln's pure simple-hearted genuine utterances at Gettysburg live and forever will live, so long as the human heart responds to human emotions, while the "brilliant rhetoric," the "grand oration" of the distinguished and learned scholar who preceded him with the "oration of the day," are forgotten save in the grammar books of men who prefer high sounding words and bombastic phrases to pure, heartfelt, sincere thought and emotion. The day of the "orator" is dying. The day of the simple user of words, whose yea is yea, and nay, nay, is dawning bright and clear. It will be a day of blessing to the human race, for language then will not be a vehicle for the hiding of thought and feeling, but of sincere, pure, true, simple expression.

Herein is one secret of the power of the story of Ramona. Its author had a pure, deep, strong purpose. She was not afraid to pour out her heart's inner feelings; she had no dread of being enthusiastic. To her enthusiasm in the cause to which her life was devoted was good. It was *en theos* — in God — God in — and she wished to be full of the God, — the good — as she sought to reach the hearts of the American people in behalf of the Indian whom their unprincipled politicians had so cruelly wronged.

She had seen for herself, felt for herself, the injuries that our political system had forced upon the Indian.

Men who originally had no desire to harm or defraud

the Indian, were dragged into the political machine and compelled to share in the common attack (and incidentally reap some of the financial emoluments), or go down into political oblivion. The pass-word of the gang of harpies and vultures of her day was: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." We wanted the land the Indians roamed over, we wanted the forests they lived in during the summer, we wanted the game they hunted for food, we wanted the streams in which they fished, we wanted springs, especially in the desert and arid regions, from which they secured water for themselves and their flocks and herds; indeed we wanted *everything* they possessed that we thought we could use, for were we not "the superior race," and had not God given to us this great country to use simply and solely for our own benefit?

What to us was the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God? What cared we about the brotherhood of man? Those doctrines applied only to our own race, our own people; and these Indians were bronze-skinned and only "savages." Because they were bronze-skinned and wore the rude robes of their forefathers, the dressed pelts of animals; because they did not herd themselves in cities, in crowded streets and tenement and apartment houses, and build hotels and court-houses and churches in which to live and practice "law" one upon another, and have some one teach them "religion," they were necessarily "heathen" and lawless and religionless. Hence why spare them? They were dreadfully insistent at times that they had

"rights." They didn't like to have their springs taken away; they resented being told that they must no longer hunt over the plains where their ancestors had hunted before ever a white man trod the Continent; they resisted when they were driven from their cornfields by *civilized* white men. They had the impudence to be angry when members of this great, noble, and Christian white race assaulted their wives and daughters and perforce made harlots of them. They were foolish and simple-hearted enough to expect white men — especially officers of the army and government — to speak the truth when they pledged their words of honor, even in solemn treaty, that they — the Indians — should be protected in all the rights they had enjoyed from time immemorial. Their old men thought they were patriotic when they pleaded with the representatives of the white race to prohibit the selling of alcoholic liquors to their young men and their women; they saw the havoc the deadly firewater was causing and wished to stay its insidious influence; but we were a great commercial nation and could not interfere with the vested interests of our brewers and whiskey distillers, simply to please a few "brutal, ignorant savages." What did the damnation of the bodies — never mind the souls — of a few thousands of Indians amount to compared with the commercial interests of "our great and wonderful country?" The Indians had a kind of an idea that the land they had used for centuries belonged to them, but it was left for a California court of justice, —

confirmed by the Supreme Court of the State and afterwards by the Supreme Court of the United States, — to show them the foolishness of such an idea. How ridiculous that they could have any *rights* in land that *white* men wanted. WHITE men, mind you, white men! It didn't matter that these particular white men were thieves, liars, drunkards, sensualists, murderers, all-round criminals, — they were white! And any white man was better than all Indians. Nay, did not some of our distinguished army generals and officers repeat constantly in our hearing that " the only good Indian was a dead Indian," and — when we wanted the Indian's land and springs and forests — didn't we see the perfect truth of this humane and Christian (!) statement.

Helen Hunt Jackson saw all these things, and being a good and noble woman (even though her skin was white), with red blood coursing through her heart, and ability to use her own brain, regardless of what others said, she came to the conclusion that no matter what we called ourselves, or the Indians, our conduct towards them was not Christian, was not honest, was not true, was not civilized, was not anything, in fact, that was good, decent, honorable and commendable, but, on the other hand, was fiendish, monstrous, and cruel in the extreme. But, being a woman of wisdom and tact, and knowing the men she had to deal with, she went to work to help ameliorate the awful conditions that she saw around her on every hand in relation to our treatment of the Indians of the country.

Only under such circumstances could so powerful and sympathetic a story have been written. Mrs. Jackson wrote herself into her book, as well as the Indians she depicted. It is a book of self revelation, as well as a pathetic story of wrongs done to a helpless and inferior people by a powerful and so-called superior race. In it we see the author's sympathetic nature pleading for justice, for right, for helpfulness for those who were unable to plead for themselves. It is a sublime plea, revealing a God-touched nature, bravely and fearlessly speaking unpleasant truth, even as Christ spake. She herself said on her death bed: "I did not write 'Ramona'; it was written through me. My life-blood went into it — all I had thought, felt, and suffered for five years on the Indian question."

During these five years the idea of writing *Ramona* was bubbling in her brain.

Little by little it assumed shape. Mrs. Jackson had seen enough of Southern California to have absorbed its spirit, its sunshine, its glowing atmosphere, and now, filled with facts about the Indians over which she had deeply brooded, until they had become vivid pictures engraved upon her very soul, she began to write. Once the pen was in her hands, a divine frenzy seized her. She wrote as one possessed. Indeed she wrote to her publisher that it was only the physical impossibility that prevented her from finishing it at a sitting, for, said she, "I have the whole story at my finger ends."

Its publication formed an epoch. When it appeared,

in 1884 many critics hailed it " the great American novel." Throbbing with emotion, palpitant with life, vivid in its picturing of all the scenes, whether of inanimate or animate nature, realistic in its delineations of human character, sympathetic in its dealings with the despised and downtrodden Indians, outspoken in its denunciation of the wrongs perpetrated upon them; recognized at once as an authoritative picture of the Spanish California life of the time, it sprang with a bound into public favor. It was not widely heralded by advertising as a great novel, but it won its way by its own power. Few, indeed, of the popular novels that are " the greatest sellers " for a few weeks or months are remembered after a year or two are gone, but *Ramona* is as widely read, and almost as widely purchased to-day, as when it was in the full dawn of its first popularity. Only the other day I stood by the desk of a " baggage smasher " in one of the baggage rooms of a railway depot. In one of the pigeonholes, ready at hand for a spare moment or at lunchtime, was a well-worn copy of " Ramona." " That's the bulliest story I ever read in my life," said the rude-handed son of toil, in response to my comment. And I could not help but feel: How is it possible for one to read this story and not feel its humanizing influence. Thus the good work goes on. The book is a constant missionary, ever silently, but potently, preaching the beautiful doctrine of the humanity of *all* men, regardless of the color of their skin, and the *Universal* Fatherhood of God. Hence

its circle of friends is constantly increasing. The chief reason for this perennial youth of the book is its essential truth. Calling a book a history doesn't make it true, any more than calling it a novel declares it to be false. This is one of the "novels" that is "truer than fact," for it puts life into facts and makes them real, vivid, convincing.

There is decided difficulty in determining when Helen Hunt's interest in Indians began. "Susan Coolidge," in her Introduction to the Pasadena Edition of *Ramona*, says that "it was in 1880 that during a visit to Boston she encountered the Poncas, Standing Bear and Bright Eyes, and heard them, at a public lecture, tell the story of the cruel eviction of their tribe.

"She was the last woman in the world of whom it could have been predicted that she would lay all other things aside to serve a moral purpose, but that was what, thenceforth, she did.

"'I have now done, I believe,' she wrote to a friend at this period, 'the last of the things I have said I never would do. I have become what I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in the world, 'a woman with a hobby!' But I cannot help it. I cannot think of anything else from night to morning, and from morning to night.'"

The quotation from her letter seems to fix the date clearly enough, and yet from her *Century of Dishonor* we find that early in January (the ninth), 1880, she was writing letters to Carl Schurz, then the Secretary of the Interior, in regard to the condition of the Poncas.

She also wrote under the signature " H. H.," letters to the New York Tribune about the Sand Creek (Colorado) Massacre of 1864. Hence, it was most probably in 1879 that her interest was so intensely aroused. Possibly hearing the Poncas fired her to an immediate purpose to devote her energies to the amelioration of their wretched condition.

What a vivid light this impulsive, sudden, thorough action throws upon her character. Emotional to a degree she must have been, to have felt the movings of her own soul so strongly at the recital of the wrongs of these defenceless and generally friendless red-skins. And how Divine the humanity within her that at once made *her* responsible for the attempt to do something to help them. She did not consider the obstacles; she did not ask what the opinions of others were or might be; she did not even consult those nearest and dearest to her. A clear call as from God Himself entered her soul, and she immediately obeyed it. Henceforth all minor matters must shape themselves, or be shaped to fit the one great purpose. The cool, deliberate, cold-blooded, careful woman would have seen the objections; would have asked herself if it was " the proper thing for a society woman to do "; would have thought of the ridicule she would bring upon herself, of the opposition she would undoubtedly arouse, of the hatred she would possibly provoke. She would not have dared to censure generals, and governors, and Indian departments, and Indian agents.

But Mrs. Jackson, with sympathies divinely quickened

to realize that a wrong to one was a wrong to all, and that all wrongs perpetrated unfailingly injure the wrongdoer, disregarded all minor considerations in the overwhelming conviction of her personal duty. Thenceforward, to the end of her life, nothing turned her, even for a moment, from her mission.

Little by little it had been dawning upon the American people that the Indians were not being properly treated. Now and again a voice was heard, loud and clear, in protest. But politics were played then, as now, for the financial benefit of a few, and the Voice was either hushed, or its words drowned in a rival clamor gotten up for the purpose.

The national dispute upon the question of slavery, however, with the humanitarian pleas of good men and women both in the North and the South for the more kindly treatment of all human beings; the fervid eloquence of William Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, Lowell, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Starr King, Lovejoy, John Brown and many others, and the powerfully pathetic story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, — whatever they may have done to help on the inevitable Civil War, — were wonderful educators of the emotions of men in the right direction. Children were taught, as never before, that cruelties to the helpless were abominable, and all this had its effect in the popular thought about our national treatment of the Indian, as well as of the negro.

The country, therefore, was ready to listen to what she had to say when Mrs. Jackson began to speak in clear, womanly tones, yet insistently, forcefully, and

relentlessly. Her mind was keenly logical; she was an indefatigable and tireless worker; she saw what the people ought to know, and her literary gift enabled her to so set things forth that she had the open sesame to many powerful and influential papers. Her enthusiasm was unbounded, and she compelled attention, by the seriousness of her charges, the logical ability with which she prepared them, and the persistence with which she pressed them. Evaded on a point, she brought the evader's attention to it from another standpoint. She compelled a complete revelation of the hands of the officials; they shuffled and quibbled, shirked and tried to elude, but, with a power no one ever dreamed her to possess, she led them on to unmask their batteries, disclose their secret policies, and either defend or abandon them. Her controversy with Carl Schurz is as interesting as to listen to the combat between an able lawyer and an equally able witness; and when she had forced him clearly to declare his attitude, she did not hesitate, with equal clearness, either to condemn or have it condemned by the leaders of the New York press.

Here, then, is the woman, who, in 1882, came to Southern California to study on the ground itself the Franciscan Missions and the Indians for whom they had been founded. Her careful researches made in the Astor Library, New York, in 1880, had informed her of some of the wrongs perpetrated upon them, and with a heart fired by the constant injustices done to Indians generally, who were denied by " the powers

that be" any standing in Court, and were therefore at the mercy of all the hangers-on and politician-vultures who sought to fatten on their very flesh and blood, she was ready to take up their case just as soon as its urgency was made clear to her.

The *Century Magazine* had given her a commission to write a series of articles, — what, they hardly knew, save that they were to be on the Missions and the Indians of California, and with characteristic energy she began to go right to the heart of the subject.

She secured letters to the Catholic bishop and priests who might be able to help her; she made friends with old Spanish families and sought their aid; she visited the Missions themselves, and in the spell of their presence sought to live again in the time of their greatest activities. She consulted original records and gathered a vast fund of information, which she transmitted into delightfully interesting literature in her *Century* articles. First she wrote about Junipero Serra and the Missions he and his successors founded and conducted. Then she took up the existent conditions of the Mission Indians.

What she then saw led her to resolve to attempt to move the government to do something, honestly and really, not by mere resolutions and reports and red tape and verbal flimflam, but by *action*, to preserve to these poor creatures some portion of the homes that were "legally" being wrested from them.

Accordingly, on July 7, 1882, she was instructed by the Indian Department, "to visit the Mission

Indians of California, and ascertain the location and condition of the various bands; whether suitable land in their vicinity, belonging to the public domain, could be made available as a permanent home for such of those Indians as were not established upon reservations, and what, if any, lands should be purchased for their use."

She had already visited Temecula, Pachanga, Pala, Cahuilla, Saboba, Potrero, Rincon, and Pauma, as well as all the Indians' homes that she could find near the old Franciscan Missions, so that she had a fairly good idea as to what she wished to do.

The following letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs shows how definitely she had outlined in her own mind the work she wished to perform:

"To the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"Dear Sir: I thank you for the expressions of confidence in your letter of the ——. I hope the results of my work may not disappoint you. I do not undertake the mission without misgivings; but I trust that my earnest intent in the matter will stand me instead of knowledge, and familiarity with the region will be an invaluable assistance.

"Since the receipt of your letter, I have given the subject much thought, and will now outline to you what I understand to be the scope and intent of our investigations:

"1. To ascertain the present number of Mission Indians, where they are living, and how.

"2. What, if any, Government lands remain in Southern California which would be available for homes for them.

"3. If there is no longer left enough Government land fit for the purpose, which I strongly suspect, what land or lands can be bought, and at what prices?

"4. What the Indians' own feelings are in regard to being moved onto reservations.

"So far as I can judge from what I saw and heard last winter, I believe that those Indians now living in villages would almost rather die than be removed. Yet, in many instances, the lands on which the villages stood have been already patented to white men, and I understand that, in such cases, there is no possible redress for the Indians.

"Again, I am entirely sure that, to propose to those self-supporting farmers that they should be subjected to the ordinary reservation laws and restrictions, would be not only futile, but insulting. There is no more right or reason in an Indian agent, with the Indian agent's usual authority, being set over them, than there would be in attempting to bring the white farmers in Anaheim or Riverside under such authority.

"If this statement of what we are to do meets your views, will you kindly have it put into shape in form of a letter of specific instructions, such a letter as will give me full authorization under all circumstances, both with the Indians and at the land-offices of the different counties? There should be also a separate letter, authorizing Mr. Kinney joining me in the work,

Doña Mariana F. Coronel
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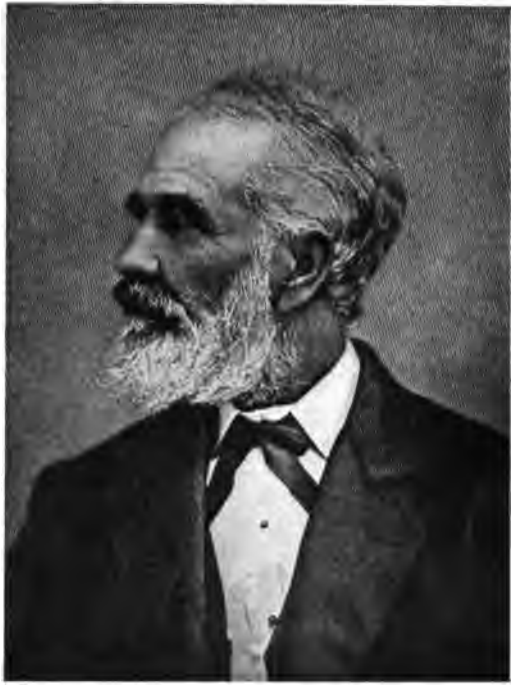

Don Antonio Franco Coronel
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and guaranteeing his expenses. One item of expense has occurred to me since my letter to Mr. Teller, and that is of an interpreter. In visiting the Indian villages we should be obliged to take an interpreter with us. This should be provided for. My own expenses I will rate, as I told Mr. Teller, at twelve hundred dollars. This will cover my going out and returning. If it takes longer and costs more, I will defray the remainder myself.

"I would like these letters in duplicate, to guard against accidents."

The Indian Commissioner accordingly authorized Mr. Abbott Kinney to assist in the work, and the final and full instructions were issued in letters dated November 28, 1882, and January 12, 1883.

In April, 1883 the start was made from Anaheim. The party comprised Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Kinney, Mr. Henry Sandham, the artist, of Boston, and they were driven in a double-seated two-horse carriage by N. H. Mitchell, then the proprietor of the Planter's Hotel in Anaheim, and afterwards of Hotel Mitchell in Pasadena. The tour occupied five weeks.

The report was written and dated from Colorado Springs, Colorado, July 13, 1883, and is published in full as an appendix in later editions of the *Century of Dishonor*.

This book was written in 1880. Bishop Whipple, in November of that year, had written the Preface, and President Seelye, of Amherst College, Amherst,

Mass. (her natal home), in December, the Introduction. The book had been published and a small number sold. It was a startling arraignment of the United States for its dealings towards its helpless wards. It dealt, not with woman's sentiment, but with facts and figures. It abounded with quotations from government reports. Its title reveals its purport and the trend of its sympathy. The comment on the awful facts was restrained and careful. There were no rhetorical outbursts. It was a wonderful book that should have caused a tremendous arousing of the national conscience and as a consequence a political upheaval. Instead, it scarcely caused a ripple on the surface of the great deep it was hoped it might move to its bed.

It was possibly Mrs. Jackson's first experience with the " national conscience." She could not understand it. She brooded and pondered over it, and while in this state of wonderment at the national apathy came to Southern California.

The *Century* series of articles was doubtless another effort at the arousing of the American public, but she felt unconsciously their inadequacy. More must be done. Then, possibly, like an inspiration, the idea of the novel entered her mind. *Here, here,* was the solution. What *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been to the cause of slavery, her novel should be to the cause of the Indians. All unite in saying that when once this thought had entered her mind, she was totally absorbed by it. Every energy was bent towards its accomplishment. All her fervor, literary ability, powers

of research, observation and enthusiasm were harnessed in the one cause. Her researches had given her a wonderful familiarity with all the details, so picturesque, so unusual, so pathetic, so romantic, for the details of the book, and her life of travel and writing about what she had seen rendered her peculiarly fitted to set forth the exquisite beauty and grandeur of Southern California as the background of her story. Then, too, so many real incidents were ready to her hand to fit into the novel. These she gathered from every available source. Don Antonio Coronel and his noble wife opened up the rich treasure-house of their well-stored minds, and revealed the deep and loving sympathies of their profound natures and poured forth facts and suggestions innumerable.

From Miss Sheriff, who had for years been a teacher at Saboba, Mrs. Jackson heard the story of the slaying of the Indian, Juan Diego, in the mountains near by, by Sam Temple, who accused him of stealing his horse. Mrs. Sheriff, now Mrs. Fowler, still lives at San Jacinto. From Mrs. Jordan, who still lives at Old San Jacinto, she heard the corroboration of the story, learned the absolute facts of Juan Diego's attacks of "loco," the taking of Temple's horse, and gained the character of Aunt Ri.

From Juan Diego's wife, whose actual name is Ramona Lubo, she heard how Temple came and shot down her husband at close range as he came out of their little cabin, and of Ramona's flight to Cahuilla.

From Don Antonio and certain Los Angeles lawyers who were interested in the Indians, as well as from

the government records and the lips of the Indians themselves, she heard of the evictions at Temecula and San Pasquale.

With her literary friends, chiefly Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, of Pasadena, she consulted freely about the story, and no one will ever be able to estimate the influence Mrs. Carr's clear mind, artistic conceptions, and deep loving nature, fully given over to the Indians, exercised upon the growing novel.

All that was now needed was the framework, the skeleton of the story, the plot. She had studied the Missions, the old Spanish days, the Indians in their humble homes, Southern California in general, as no other person had ever done.

It was what she saw and heard and felt while visiting the Indians in person that burned the story of their wrongs so deeply into her heart that she was compelled to become their apostle, their defender, the one to fling down the gauntlet on their behalf. The following letter, to Mr. and Mrs. Coronel, more clearly than any other statement tells how the thought of the novel grew in her heart. It shows her fondness for works of Indian art and relics pertaining to their life. It tells a little of how the report to the government was received, and, better than all, how she proceeded to gather the necessary material for the story.

"COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 8, 1883.

"My Dear Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coronel: I send you herewith the very bad picture of myself, which I

Father Ubach, of San Diego, the Father Gaspara of Ramona, *as he officiated at the funeral of the victims of the "Bennington" disaster, San Diego, California* **Page 19**

Mission chair at San Buenaventura
Page 27

think you will wish you had never seen. If you do, you are quite at liberty to burn it up.

"I had forgotten that I paid you the five dollars for the work done by the Indian woman. Keep it, if you please; there may be something to come from Father Ubach to pay expressage on, or there may be a box to be made to hold all my stone mortars, etc., which Mr. Bliss is going to get for me one of these years. It may be well for you to have a little money of mine on hand to meet these possible charges. I have asked Father Ubach to send to me to your care the old looking-glass frame which I forgot to put into the box he sent here; it was really one of the things I cared most for of all the relics promised me, and I was exceedingly sorry to forget it. He, however, did much to atone for this by putting into the box a piece of one of the old olive trees from the San Diego Mission. I shall present part of it to Archbishop Corrigan. I think he will value a piece of one of the fruit trees planted by Father Junipero. I am sure you will have rejoiced at the removal of Lawson from the agency of the Mission Indians. I hope the new man will prove better; he hardly can prove worse. I wish we could have selected the new agent ourselves; but it was a political appointment, of which we knew nothing until it was all settled. Our report has been favorably received, and its recommendations will be incorporated in a bill before Congress this winter. I hope the bill will pass. But I know too much of Washington to be sanguine. However, if we had accomplished nothing

more than the securing the appointment of Brunson & Wells, Los Angeles, as United States attorneys, to protect the Indians' rights to lands, that would be matter of gratitude. I suppose you have heard of that appointment. I hope through their means to save the Saboba village, San Jacinto, from being turned out of their home. Now, I am as usual asking help. I will tell you what my next work for the Indians is to be.

"I am going to write a novel, in which will be set forth some Indian experiences in a way to move people's hearts. People will read a novel when they will not read serious books. The scenes of the novel will be in Southern California, and I shall introduce enough of Mexicans and Americans to give it variety. The thing I want most, in the way of help, from you, is this: I would like an account, written in as much detail as you remember of the time when you, dear Mr. Coronel, went to Temecula and marked off the boundaries of the Indians' land there. How many Indians were living there then? What crops had they? Had they a chapel? etc. Was Pablo Assis, their chief, alive? I would like to know his whole history, life, death, and all, minutely. The Temecula ejectment will be one of the episodes in my story, and any and every detail in connection with it will be of value to me. I shall also use the 'San Pasquale Pueblo History,' and I have written to Father Ubach and to Mr. Morse, of San Diego, for their reminiscences. You and they are the only persons to whom I have spoken of my

purpose of writing the novel, and I do not wish anything said about it. I shall keep it a secret until the book is about done.

"I hope very much that I can succeed in writing a story which will help to increase the interest already so much aroused at the East in the Indian question.

"If you think of any romantic incidents, either Mexican or Indian, which you think would work in well into a story of Southern California life, please write them out for me. I wish I had had this plan in my mind last year when I was in Los Angeles. I would have taken notes of many interesting things you told me. But it is only recently, since writing out for our report the full accounts of the different bands of Indians there, that I have felt that I dared undertake the writing of a long story.

"I am going to New York in a few days, and shall be busily at work there all winter on my story. My address will be, 'The Berkeley,' corner Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street.

"I hope you are all well, and enjoying the same sunshine as last year. Mr. Jackson is well, and would send his regards if he were at home.

"Yours, always cordially,

HELEN JACKSON."

CHAPTER II

THE FACTS AND FICTIONS OF RAMONA

THERE are those in Ramonaland who will tell you that *Ramona* is fiction from beginning to end. They will go further. They will denounce the story as untrue to fact, in that it gives too highly colored descriptions of the scenery and too exalted a conception of the Indians. With these critics I take decided issue. As I have shown in the chapter, "A Climatic Wonderland," it is not possible for any one to over-color the descriptions of the natural scenic conditions. And as for the Indians, criticism of them is more often based upon imperfect than adequate knowledge.

Leaving these two great points of *Ramona* out of the question, however, there are many facts of detail, which the gifted author most ingeniously wove into her story. Let us, in this chapter, take a survey of these facts, and see how they have been applied.

The description of life in an old time California ranch-house given in the first chapter is the presentation of an eye witness. While the scene is laid at Camulos, it is well known that Mrs. Jackson was there only two hours, while she visited for days at a time at Guajome, the home of Lieutenant Cave J. Couts, where

The Rancho Camulos and the Santa Clara Valley
Page 25

The washing place under the old Willows at Guajome, Southern California
Page 26

there was just such a retinue of Indians and Mexicans as she so vividly pictures. Mrs. Couts's son, Cave, who now owns Guajome, repeats the story, and thus becomes authority for it, that when his father was a young dashing lieutenant in the First Dragoons, and his regiment was ordered to California from Chihuahua, Mexico, on September 1, 1848, he little dreamed that his fate awaited him in the person of a young and beautiful Spanish lady in the land to which he rode. On the first of April, 1849, he arrived at San Luis Rey. One day a party of San Diegans came to visit the old Mission, and among others was Miss Bandini, the charming, bright, vivacious daughter of Don Juan Bandini, one of the best known dons of Alta California. As the girl and her friends wandered about the building, they climbed upon the parapet over the corridors, and, gaily chatting and laughing, enjoyed themselves as young people will, until, horror of horrors, Miss Bandini slipped and fell headlong to the ground below. Death or a severe injury seemed inevitable, but the young lieutenant, observant of the maid, the glances of whose bright eyes had already penetrated his heart, dashed forward and caught her, thus averting the catastrophe. It was a double fall, however, for both of them, for they then and there fell mutually in love, and, despite all opposition, married. Guajome was built as their home, and there Mrs. Jackson visited Mrs. Couts and saw and learned much of the real life of a California ranch-house.

Cave also tells an interesting story that, one day,

he had gone out to see how a band of Indians, who lived on and were dependents of the ranch, had done some work he had allotted to them. They had been both indifferent and lazy, and he was angry with them. Raising his voice he forcefully and roundly abused them for their laziness, and used language with which they were doubtless familiar enough, but which, to a lady of refined temperament, would sound coarse, vulgar, and brutal. Mrs. Jackson happened at that very moment to be coming towards the Indians unperceived by Cave, and she heard much or all of his abusive tirade. Her anger and indignation were as keen as his, but he was the object of them. Roundly she took him to task for swearing at the willing and docile Indians. Firmly and decidedly Cave defended himself, and the result was as near to a quarrel as a lady and gentleman can come. Mrs. Jackson recited the whole circumstances to Mrs. Couts on her return to the ranch, and Cave grimly confesses that his mother sided with her guest, but, nevertheless, he sticks to it that the Indians were lazy and careless and deserved all the "cussing" he gave them on that memorable occasion.

Several other ranches in the neighborhood were visited by Mrs. Jackson at this time, one in particular being historic and famous. Near to Guajome was the Santa Margarita, which, in its palmy days, comprised over a quarter of a million acres. There she saw sheep shearing by the Indians on a large scale, as described in the first chapters of *Ramona*.

Her pictures of Camulos have already been commented upon. They are historic. Their accuracy is remarkable. Indeed Chapter II contains much valuable information, and more valuable suggestion. The criticisms on the United States Land Commission which, " after the surrender of California, undertook to sift and adjust Mexican land titles " seem to be just. There is no question whatever but that, in many instances, truthful and worthy families were ousted from their legal possession of lands, and that, in other cases, land grabbers and thieves of the worst type were given possession where they had no legal or moral claim.

It is in her remarkable use of such facts as these as *motives* in the minds of her characters that the genius of Mrs. Jackson displayed itself, as well as in her keen observation of other facts which she used in the same manner. For instance, it is true that the Santa Clara Valley road passes at the back of the Camulos ranch-house instead of the front, and that on the hills near-by are crosses. See how these are used in Chapter II to bring out the indignation of the Señora Moreno towards the hated Americans. The house " turned its back on them. She would like always to be able to do the same herself." As for the crosses, how they are made to reveal character: " That the heretics (the Americans) may know, when they go by, that they are on the estate of a good Catholic and that the faithful may be reminded to pray."

Here are fact and fiction,— fact in the statement

as to what exists; fiction in the *attribution of motive* in regard to the existence of the fact.

The Indian bowls, described in Chapter II, were made of the soapstone (steatite) or serpentine, found on Santa Catalina Island. The native quarry is still to be seen as left by the aborigines. Unfinished vessels, partially quarried by rude flint tools, remain in the solid rock. As Charles Frederick Holder says: "Here is the old workshop under the blue sky, with its unfinished work, its broken chips and pieces strewn about, the flint tools of the workmen here and there, telling a fascinating story of the possibilities of the human savage when thrown entirely upon the natural resources of a land where the only metals are gold and silver, and where — in place of iron — shell, stone, and wood were used for all purposes."

The trellis work covering the garden walk and the willow trees at the washing place are to be found both at Camulos and Guajome, as, doubtless, at a score of old time ranch-houses in Southern California.

The "carved oaken chairs and benches" (Chapters II and XIX) are a slight stretch of the imagination, or, at least, the reader most probably will deceive himself into imagining them more beautiful and elaborate than any that I have ever found at either Missions or ranch-houses. By the catchword of a clever commercial advertiser, the American people have been led to imagine that the "Missions" originated a distinctive style of furniture. I have photographed every piece of old furniture now known to exist in the whole

The altar at Camulos, showing the torn altar cloth
Page 33

The torn altar cloth at Camulos, from which Mrs. Jackson made an interesting part of her story
Page 33

chain of Missions from San Diego to Sonoma, and think I know every representative piece. The engraving showing a mission chair is as good as any, except pieces that are avowedly Oriental or European. They are all crude and solid, and such carvings as they bear are rude and of slight artistic merit. Hence it will be seen that the term "Mission," as applied to modern furniture, is a misnomer. It should be called " Craftsman," after its original designer and inventor, Gustav Stickley, the founder and editor of that useful magazine of democratic American art, The Craftsman.

In Chapter II the occupation of San Luis Rey Mission by United States troops is referred to. This is an historic fact. In 1847 the Mormon Battalion,— a branch of Kearny's Army of the West — under the command of Colonel St. George Cooke, was established there for two months, and later on a re-enlisted company occupied it for a short time.

The removal of the statues, etc., by the faithful sacristan here applies to the house at Guajome, though there is every reason to believe that in all of the pillaged Missions some faithful soul was found who did the same thing. The dilapidation of the figures is true to fact. Many are to be found at the various Missions that vividly reveal the rough handling they have suffered. Others have been restored. Here again fact and fiction are skilfully blended, — fact as to the shabby figures of the saints, fiction as to the Señora Moreno's feelings about them: " That one had lost an eye, another an arm, that the once brilliant colors of

the drapery were now faded and shabby, only enhanced the tender reverence with which the Señora knelt before them, her eyes filling with indignant tears at the thought of the heretic hands which had wrought such defilement."

The jealousy that existed between the Franciscans and the Catalan priests (see Chapter II) is no fiction, and the possibility of an order being issued forbidding the monks going to and fro in California became an actual fact. The reason is clear to those familiar with this phase of California history. The Franciscans were mainly devout adherents to the throne of Spain. When Mexico threw off her allegiance to Spain, and California became a province of Mexico, the Franciscan priests, (as well as all others), were required to swear allegiance to the new powers. Few of them did so. Some were banished and forcefully removed. Others were allowed to remain on sufferance, though the order of banishment might at any time have been enforced, and, now and again, was threatened, as Mrs. Jackson states.

Then, too, it should be noted that most of the large California ranch-houses belonging to devout Catholics had their own private chapels, where the traveling priests held services as often as they came. This devotion to Mother Church is too apt to be overlooked or forgotten, and in this money-loving and materialistic age it is well to consider the habits of an age that had much good in it we could wish we had not lost.

The description of the Señora's wedding (Chapter II)

is a truthful portrayal of such an event, and the beautiful ceremony at the Santa Barbara Mission was seen by many, a few of whom are still living. What a pretty scene, and impressive, when, "on the third day, still in their wedding attire, and bearing lighted candles in their hands, they walked with the monks in a procession, round and round the new tower, the monks chanting, and sprinkling incense and holy water on its walls, the ceremony seeming to all devout beholders to give a blessed consecration to the union of the young pair, as well as to the newly completed tower."

The procession at San Luis Obispo, described in this chapter, is said actually to have occurred. Padre Luis Antonio Martinez was one of the most beloved and well known of the Franciscans. For thirty-two years he labored at San Luis Obispo, commencing his service in 1798, and the cloth of his Indian looms, the flour from his Indian mills, and the mules and horses bred by his Indian *vaqueros* were the best in the territory. Several of the early American traders tell of their dealings with him, and always speak highly of his jolly good nature, and his generosity in trade. He was undoubtedly a bluff, hearty, outspoken man, free in his criticisms of men and affairs, and this led to his banishment. In my *In and Out of the Old Missions* I state that this was for smuggling. While this was one of the charges brought against him, further study has shown that he was tried before a military court on various charges, mainly bearing upon his fidelity to the Spanish throne, and on his open avowal that he

was still faithful, and that he had supplied food to the Spanish soldiers when they demanded it of him, he was condemned to exile, placed on board an English vessel, sent to Callao and finally returned to Spain.

The description of the *padre's* procession of poultry is characteristic of the man, and is one of the finest bits of *genre* in words in Californian (or any other) literature.

The distress and activity of the Señora Moreno (Chapter II) " during the height of the despoiling and plundering of the Missions, under the Secularization Act," were very real facts in several lives. Protestants as a rule are not aware of the deep devotion felt for their church by Catholic women, and to many, in those days, it seemed as if death would be preferable to seeing the ruin of the Missions they had learned to love so well.

In Chapter III the story of Ramona's birth is related and how she came into the Señora's hand, and I have shown in the chapter "Was there a real Ramona " the original of Angus Phail. San Gabriel is described in its own chapter, as is also the subject of the Jewels.

The statement that the fi titious Ramona was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Los Angeles, has led to the distribution of a photograph of the crude wooden building used in the early days as the home of this Convent with a legend to the effect that this is the " School attended by Ramona in Los Angeles." In Chapter VIII it is said she had one year at school with the nuns, and the sweet simplicity of her life is

attributed largely to the early teachings that she had received from the lips of these devoted women. After the Señora had made the discovery, to her so terrrible, that Ramona and Alessandro loved each other, she thought of nothing else at first than sending "the shameless hussy" to the nuns for safe keeping and further instruction, and nothing shocked and astounded her more during that heated interview she had with her adopted daughter (Chapter XI) than Ramona's defiance of her when she declared "I can shut you up in the nunnery to-morrow, if I choose."

The vision of the restoration of the Missions seen by Father Salvierderra (see Chapter IV) was shared by many of the monks. It seemed to them incredible that the system they had labored for so many arduous years to build up should be allowed to crumble to pieces so easily, and especially when the awful effect of the change upon the Indians was observed. But things inexplicable are often allowed to go on in this world, and the utter demolition of the Mission system was one of them.

When Mrs. Jackson makes the good old monk reply to Ramona's loving watchfulness (Chapter IV) that he should ride and not walk,—"It was the rule of our order to go on foot,"—she refers to St. Francis's rule; "they (the friars) shall not ride unless compelled through necessity." A California Franciscan friar thus comments on these words, showing how the order interprets the rule as conditions change. "That is all St. Francis says on the subject. We vow this rule,

hence it is a great obligation. The term St. Francis uses in Latin means riding on horseback. By implication, because St. Francis insisted that his friars should pass 'through the world in humility and modesty' and above all, because he would have nothing to do with money and forbade his sons to have anything to do with it, the Popes have declared that any kind of conveyance is forbidden save in case of necessity. What degree of necessity is required, is another question. There is a graver necessity required for horseback-riding, as a matter of course. For travelling in wagon, or cars, or ship, no such grave necessity is demanded, as is plain. St. Francis travelled by ship. He was placed on muleback when ill. The circumstances must decide the matter,—the circumstance of time, which may be pressing, and at our time always is. Father Serra, like his brethren, walked, since they had time; but Serra, in illness, travelled from Cape San Lucas in Lower California to San Diego on horseback or muleback, as is plain, from Palou. It was well said by an old father now dead: 'The first rule of a Franciscan is obedience, the second is common sense.' Hence the rule still stands and is observed literally where possible, and in other cases is regarded as time and other circumstances permit."

The habit of Junipero Serra, the founder of the California Missions, is well known, — his refusal to ride, even when an animal was provided, from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico; his walking with a diseased leg from La Paz to San Diego up the long weary

miles of the peninsula, and his habit of walking, even up to the day of his death.

The description of the wild mustard (Chapter IV) is one of the most realistic, vivid and beautiful pictures in Californian literature, and only those who saw Ramonaland before the country was cut up into small farms and cultivated can imagine how exquisite a sight it was. To farmers the mustard is a great pest, and they do their best to exterminate it, for it seriously injures their grain crops, but to the outsider, who sees it only from the esthetic standpoint, it is as the lilies of the field which surpassed in gorgeous array even Solomon in all his glory.

The pretty custom of dropping down on the knees, referred to in this same chapter, is still observed by many devout Mexicans and Indians. The reverence to the priest, as an ambassador of God, and the implied request for a blessing is the acknowledgment of a simple soul that he relies upon God and is thankful for all help that can be given. How often has the man and woman of other faiths and no faiths felt an instinctive desire to bow or kneel in the presence of certain men (and women) and crave a blessing at their hands.

In the strong pictures of Margarita's trouble (Chapter IV) over the torn altar cloth, is another fine example of the blending of fact and fiction. The altar cloth at Camulos *is* torn, — *was* torn when Mrs. Jackson saw it in the chapel. The photograph herewith reveals it. But all the story about its having been torn by the

dog in the artichoke patch, owing to Margarita's disobedience in placing it on the fence to dry, from whence the wind tossed it, is pure fiction.

And the artichoke patch. Many people think the artichoke a French importation of recent date, but the Spaniards and Mexicans of almost a century ago used this delicacy for food in California. To Mrs. Jackson the sight of a patch of these thistle-like growths would naturally be novel and interesting, and hence she could not refuse to use such good descriptive material when placed in her hands.

The old seed-vessels of the artichokes are just as beautiful as described in Chapter IX, and I have seen them used as wreaths for the statues of saints in several places.

At more than one California ranch-house the same inconvenient arrangement (described in Chapter IV) exists as at Camulos, where the dining-room and kitchen are on opposite sides of the courtyard. In those old days, when land and Indians to help were plentiful, no one seemed to give a thought to either conservation of room or energy. "Convenience" was a word not thought of in connection with a house of quality. It was reserved for *gringos* to introduce it, with other of their accursed customs, and apply it to their flats and apartment houses where a score of families herd together in a way unthinkable to the old time Señors and Señoras of Ramona's day.

The beautiful custom of singing a morning hymn was not uncommon in Catholic households (Chapter V)

and only those who have been awakened from a sound and healthy sleep by its sweet and solemn strains can know the wonderful impression it makes upon both mind and soul. To me it brought back the days of my childhood when, as soon as breakfast was over, the whole family sat around the old-fashioned English fireplace, and sang " psalms and hymns and spiritual" as well as other songs, before the reading of the Word, and prayer. We may have progressed (!!) in many and material things, but in these means of educating and guarding the soul I am free to confess I am a reactionary and prefer the days that are gone by.

Some express surprise that Mrs. Jackson made of Alessandro a good singer. It was the most natural thing in the world for her to do, for many Indians — men, women, youths, maidens and young children — are fine singers, Miss Natalie Curtis, in her wonderful *Indian's Book*, gives a number of Indian songs, and she and I have listened a hundred times to Indian voices, untutored and uncultured, but rich, sweet, controlled and sensitive to a degree. Several times I have been touched to tears at hearing the Indians sing the songs taught them or their parents by the old *padres*, and none who have ever heard the Acoma Indians, of New Mexico, sing their native thanksgiving songs to Those Above will wonder at Mrs. Jackson's conferring upon her hero a rich, penetrating voice of sweetness and power.

Hence it was nothing out of place to make Alessandro

a good singer, with so sweet and restful a voice that he soothed Felipe during his illness (Chapter VI).

At most of the Missions Indian choirs were organized and it was found that men, women, and children speedily learned the European methods of singing. At San Juan Bautista and several other places, orchestras, with violins, violas, etc., were organized, and the Indians taught to use the musical instruments of civilization, upon which many of them became expert performers. In the choir gallery of each Mission — always in the rear of the church — the choristers and orchestra (one or both) met at each service. The music book was a tremendous folio — there are five of them now at the San Luis Rey Mission — large enough to be seen by twenty or more singers standing around it (Chapter XIX). One of the fathers took his place as precentor, in front of the book, which was laid out on a large revolving stand, and thus, with his dusky choir around him, he directed the musical services of the church. Personally I have known several old Indians who were thus honored by being in the choirs under the *padres*, and they could never speak of the joy of those days without tears welling up into their eyes.

Mrs. Jackson refers to the use of the musical instruments in several places, in *Ramona*, and Felipe informs Ramona (Chapter V) that Alessandro "plays the violin beautifully . . . the old San Luis Rey music. His father was band-master there." Hence it would not be unreasonable to infer that he owned an old

violin, given to him by Pablo, his father, for several of the *padres* were themselves accomplished violinists, and there is every reason to believe they brought their instruments with them from Spain. This would lay the foundation for the supposed "pawning" of the violin by Alessandro at the Hartsel store, as told in Chapter XVII.

Another surprise to many readers is that the author makes Pablo (Chapter V) "Father Peyris' right-hand man at the Mission; he kept all the accounts about the cattle; paid the wages; handled thousands of dollars of gold every month." Yet many Indians were made *mayor-domos* at the various Missions during the old *régime*, and not one is known to have defalcated or in any way violated his trust.

Pablo also managed (Chapter VII) "the Mission flocks and herds at San Luis Rey for twenty years, and few were as skilful as he." There was no limit to the trust placed in these superior Indians by the old *padres*, and men never lived who were more worthy of trust than they. Therefore, with this in view, it is natural that Alessandro is made to have had great experience with sheep. Juan Can tells the Señora (Chapter VIII), "I do marvel where the lad got so much knowledge, at his age. He is like an old hand at the sheep business. He knows more than any shepherd I have, — a deal more; and it is not only of sheep. He has had experience, too, in the handling of cattle. Juan José has been beholden to him more than once, already, for a remedy of which he knew not."

All this may be said truthfully to-day of the sheep-keeping Indians, such as the Navahos. They will herd sheep, and keep them in good condition, under adverse circumstances that would discourage and dishearten white men. Many Navahos own flocks running up into the hundreds, and there are not a few who own thousands. Horses and cattle, too, are owned in large herds.

In regard to the evictions, they have been treated of in another chapter. As Mrs. Jackson says in one of her letters to Mr. Kinney, she placed the Temecula eviction wrongly in point of time, for dramatic effect. Otherwise every slight detail in *Ramona* is based upon actual occurrences, and few things in the annals of Irish evictions can surpass some of these details in their hideous cruelty.

In Chapter V the sheep-shearing has actually commenced. Many Indian bands of sheep-shearers used to roam the country, exactly as described in *Ramona*, and each one elected its captain. They were generally expert shearers, not to be outdone by Spaniard or Mexican.

Baling machines were unknown in those days, and the baling of the fleeces was done as described in this chapter. No wonder that the heat, dust and stench overpowered the half-sick Felipe, so that he fainted, brought back his illness and thus made it possible for Alessandro, through his singing and playing, to be brought and kept in close association with Ramona.

Then Juan Canito had to break his leg (Chapter VI).

A flock of sheep in Ramona's country
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Branding cattle in Ramona's country
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I wonder if Mrs. Jackson dreamed that in describing his sensations she was picturing what she herself was to suffer so soon, as her letters reveal.

All through the pages of *Ramona* are statements that surprise those who are unfamiliar with the real Indian as he was in the days of the *padres*. Take the faithful watching of Alessandro (Chapter VI) when Felipe was so ill. "Faithful as a dog," may well be paraphrased into "faithful as an Indian," to those who *know*. Never shall I forget the look of sweet tenderness and anxiety that shone in the eyes and face of an old Havasupai Indian, as I stood on the edge of a three thousand foot high precipice and looked down into the gorge at the junction of the Grand and Havasu Canyons. As he put one arm around me, holding onto a rock with the other, he said: "You are *aico* — my white friend — and it makes me cold at the heart to see you run such a risk." And when, afterwards, I talked to him about it, he said: "I love you, my f'end," and putting his hand over his heart, he said, "You my f'end, I your f'end; I feel bad when you put yourself in danger."

The references to the fêtes on the Saints' Days (Chapter VI) are interesting. Every Indian village has its patron saint, San Juan (Saint John) San Esteban (St. Stephen), San Pedro (St. Peter), or some other, and each saint has his own feast day. On the feast day of their particular saint the villages have their great annual *fiesta*, and if one could have seen these *fiestas* in the old days, before the Indians were so spoiled by the evils of our civilization, he certainly would have enjoyed a

wonderful experience. In Arizona and New Mexico, in less accessible regions, and where white influences have not so thoroughly penetrated, these *fiestas* could have been witnessed ten, twenty years ago, and I have seen many of them. A service is held in the church — mass, if the priest is there — then the figure of the patron saint is taken down from over the altar, put into a convenient cabinet for carrying, over which a rich canopy is placed, and two or four sturdy Indians carry it aloft, preceded by an acolyte bearing the cross, at the head of the procession. Then come the singers and the great mass of the people. Round the village they go, finally depositing the statue in a temporary shrine near where the rest of the day's events occur. These consist of making thank-offerings to the gods at the shrine, dances (which are always sacred), singing, dramatic representations, racing, feats of horsemanship, the *gallo* race, where a rooster is buried up to the neck in the sand, and a hundred horsemen ride one after another at the highest speed, each leaning from his saddle and trying to pick up the wretched bird by the neck. The successful contestant is then followed by all the rest, laughing, shouting, shrieking, each trying to catch him and wrest the bird, in whole or in part, from him, while the eager spectators climb to the house tops, or any other point of vantage to watch how the good-natured conflict ends.

And one has but to read the annual reports of the Indian agents to the Commissioner of Indian affairs to see how true is the charge that " disorderly whites took

advantage of these occasions to sell whiskey and encourage all sorts of license and disturbance." I have been at a Southern California *fiesta* where white men and Mexicans (the latter are just as bad, but no worse, than the former) have sold so much whiskey to the Indians that every man, woman and child was more or less under the influence of liquor, many of them beastly drunk, lying around in their *ramadas* (temporary brush shacks erected for the occasion) and yielding to the grossest sensuality. There is no denying the fact that when Indians *begin* to drink they do not know where to stop, and, while I am a firm believer in and upholder of all just and righteous laws, I am free to confess that it often seems to me that a coat of tar and feathers and being ridden out on a rail would be an impartial and just punishment for the wretches who, for the sake of paltry pelf, debauch the Indians with liquor.

The statues of the saints, referred to above, are several times spoken of by Mrs. Jackson in *Ramona*. The Indians regarded them with great veneration and could not bear to see them treated with disrespect. Alessandro is said once to have gone to San Fernando and " there he had seen in a room a dozen statues of saints huddled in dusty confusion." This used to be the fact at San Juan Capistrano before more appreciative priests in a later day took care of them. Mrs. Jackson undoubtedly saw these figures at San Juan and that suggested to her the idea that, in the story, Ramona would be delighted by Alessandro's obtaining

one of these neglected statues. This was done and the "saint" brought and placed in their humble Indian home.

When Alessandro was prevailed upon to remain to help take care of Felipe, the band of sheep shearers of which he was the captain decided to vote for the election of a new one. This is the universal habit of election to office, whether a minor and voluntary chieftanship, as in this case, or in the case of the captainship of the village. Each village has its *capitan*, *alcalde*, (or judge), and sheriff. All are elected subject to the approval of the Indian agent, who, if he is not satisfied with the elected one, either appoints a new officer or orders a new election. Where there is a faction of the Indians opposed to the white man's methods, his schools, his churches, etc.,— *hostiles*, as they are termed,— and the *hostiles* outnumber the *friendlies*, this vetoing power of the agent is often called upon. In some cases, as for instance among the Yumas, the line of demarcation has been so clearly outlined that the two factions would have nothing to do with each other, and a state of open and avowed war has existed. The same has been even more strongly marked in some of the Hopi pueblos of northern Arizona, where United States troops have several times been called upon to aid the agent to quell the disturbances caused by the enmities of the friendly and hostile factions.

At Yuma, the *hostiles*, for years, refused to have any doings with the *friendlies*. Their *powwows* or councils were held separately, and whatever the

friendlies did was sure to be opposed and criticized by the *hostiles*.

At one time all the villages of one language or *stock* in Southern California elected a head chief, or general, but this was found to work disadvantageously to the plans of the agents, so it was discouraged and finally forbidden. The General, by uniting all the forces of his people, could often circumvent the action of white people of some influence, or could prevail upon the whole tribe to follow some prescribed course of action. Now, there is no head chief. Mrs. Jackson refers to this in Chapter VII.

In my book *What the White Race may Learn from the Indian* I have told of some of the things wherein the Indian race may teach us. Most of these things Mrs. Jackson has presented in the pages of *Ramona*. Felipe was a highly cultured gentleman, yet we read (Chapter VII): "If Juan had been told that the Señor Felipe himself had not been more carefully trained in all precepts of kindness, honorable dealing, and polite usage, by the Señora, his mother, than had Alessandro by his father, he would have opened his eyes wide. The standards of the two parents were different, to be sure; but the advantage could not be shown to be entirely on the Señora's side. There were many things that Felipe knew, of which Alessandro was profoundly ignorant; but there were others in which Alessandro could have taught Felipe; and when it came to the things of the soul, and of honor, Alessandro's plane was the higher of the two."

There is nothing in our national treatment of the Indians that has cut them more to the quick than our assumption that they had no honor, no character, no truth. It was bad enough to rob them of their lands, their homes, their hunting grounds, but to rob them of their character and to let it go on record that they were without honor or any spiritual development was an injustice as cruel as it was criminal. In the finer instincts there are many Indians who are far ahead of most white people. In Chapter VII Mrs. Jackson shows Alessandro to be offended when Ramona offered to pay for the messenger that he had sent for his violin, and Felipe exclaims: "You couldn't have offended him more. What a pity! He is as proud as Lucifer himself, that Alessandro."

Yet even Felipe did not understand when (Chapter VII) commenting on the hospitality of Pablo, who "feeds and supports half his village" and who will never see one of his Indians go hungry so long as he has anything," he says: "Of course they have learned it partly from us." The Indians have a standard of generosity or hospitality so far above that of the white man that it cannot be placed in comparison, — it is beyond compare — and it was theirs long before a Spaniard had even trodden the shores of this Continent.

In Chapter VIII is a remark that few white readers of *Ramona* would value at its full significance. Alessandro is talking to Juan Canito and says: "My father is many years older than you are, and he rules our people to-day as firmly as ever. I myself obey him,

as if I were a lad still." In that truthful statement is an exaltation of the Indian race and a rebuke to our own. We forget that age entitles to reverence. Our youth care nothing for gray hairs and the experience of age, and their irreverence is ghastly and horrible to a truly thoughtful soul. Yet with every Indian, in his natural state, the aged are treated with reverence and respect. Young men and maidens do not flippantly pass by their counsel and advice, nor laugh at their warnings and suggestions.

When it comes to a recognition of the simple and natural laws of health, Mrs. Jackson shows her keen appreciation of the Indians' actual superiority over the white race. Alessandro, desirous of helping Felipe back to health, "meditated a bold stroke." He knew that nowhere, indoors, no matter how well ventilated a room might be, was the air as pure and health-giving as it was outside, where it was vitalized and vivified by the sun and wind. "I should be as ill as the Señor Felipe," he says, "if I had to stay in that room, and a bed is a weakening thing enough to pull the strongest man down. Do you think I should anger them if I asked them to let me bring Señor Felipe out to the veranda and put him on a bed of my making? I'd wager my head I'd put him on his feet in a week."

That is it! The real apostle of the out-of-doors and the healthy life is the Indian. He has lived it for centuries and *knows*, and we are just beginning, with our open-air sleeping porches, our outdoor sleeping places

for consumptives, our outdoor athletics and the like to understand that the Indian knows a great deal more about health and how to maintain it than we do.

Languishing for lack of air and the sun though he was, even the keen and loving eyes of the Señora were blind to Felipe's needs, and when Alessandro boldly asked her if he might remove Felipe out of doors for: "With us, it is thought death to be shut up in walls, as he has been so long. Not till we are sure to die, do we go into the dark like that," she hesitated. "She did not share Alessandro's prejudice in favor of fresh air." She even exclaimed the senseless and universal cry of white people, "Surely it is not well to sleep out in the night?" and I doubt not that thousands of readers of *Ramona* could not swallow the statement of Alessandro when he replied and *told the strict truth:* "That is the best of all, Señora. I beg the Señora try it. If Señor Felipe have not mended greatly after the first night he have so slept, then Alessandro will be a liar."

And Felipe but responded naturally to the pure instinct within him when he cried out: "That is just what I needed. This cursed bed racks every bone in my body, and I have longed for the sun more than ever a thirsty man longed for water. Bless you, Alessandro. Come here, and take me up in those long arms of yours, and carry me quick. Already I feel myself better." And better he quickly became. Indeed he was soon himself again. The time will come when sensible people will look back upon our civilized(!)

sleeping and living habits of to-day with blank amaze. They will be unable to comprehend how we could exist and remain indoors, and especially how we could deprive ourselves of the joy of outdoor sleeping. A house without a place for outdoor sleeping of all its inmates is incomplete, and a hospital without outdoor places for the beds of every patient is a crime and a cruelty. At the St. Helena Sanitarium the hospital bedrooms are connected with large, wide porches by sliding windows, so that every patient's bed, without any trouble, and at a moment's notice, can be wheeled out into the sun and air. *These* are God's remedial and health agents, more than surgeons, physicians, nurses and all the drugs and nostrums of the pharmacy. Yet we have had to learn the lesson from the despised Indians, and we are so obstinate that millions of us in the great United States haven't learned it yet. Those who continue to remain obstinate, however, will soon die off, and then, perhaps, the new generation will see a little more clearly.

As for the rawhide bed, Alessandro does not overestimate its virtues as compared with the ordinary bed, especially those that sag in the middle after the fashion of a hammock. The harder the bed, in reason, the more comfortable, after a little while to get used to it, and *always* the more healthful.

In Chapter VII Alessandro tells of the speed and strength of the Indian pony or bronco: "They can go a hundred miles in a day, and not suffer." This fact has been a source of surprise to many familiar with the

limitations of horses in the Eastern climate. These creatures are so tough that they seem tireless, and their achievements are almost beyond the belief of those who do not know them.

With her ready sympathy with all nature it would not have been possible for Mrs. Jackson to neglect the dove of Southern California. In Ramona's day they were to be found in vast numbers. The sportsman and pot-hunter of the civilized race are rapidly exterminating them. Exquisitely and beautifully the dove is woven into the story. Alessandro, heart-hungry and sick for Ramona, who was locked up by the hard-hearted Señora, was comforted (Chapter X) by Felipe and " the notes of two wood-doves, that at intervals he heard, cooing to each other; just the two notes, the call and the answer, ' Love? ' ' Here.' ' Love? ' ' Here,' — and long intervals of silence between. That is what my Ramona is like, the gentle wood-dove. If she is my wife my people will call her Majel, the Wood-Dove."

When (Chapter XV) Ramona is trying to get Alessandro to call her by her long used name he finally tells her, at her questioning, why he gave her the name Majella — pronounced Mah-yhel-la, with a soft emphasis on the second syllable — and continues: " The wood-dove's voice is low like yours, and sweeter than any other sound in the earth; and the wood-dove is true to one mate always."

Again, when Ramona was asleep in the solitude of the canyon, and Alessandro sat watching her, the doves

Indian granary for acorns

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Moss-covered live oaks in Ramona's country

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sing their sweet messages of comfort to him (Chapter XV).

Joaquin Miller, in one of his sweetest poems gives us

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE.

Come, listen, O Love, to the voice of the dove,
  Come, harken and hear him say
There are many To-morrows, my Love, my Love,
  There is only one To-day.

And all day long you can hear him say
  This day in purple is rolled,
And the baby stars of the milky way
  They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is thy secret, serene gray dove
  Of singing so sweetly alway?
" There are many To-morrows, my Love, my Love,
  There is only one To-day."

Alessandro (Chapter XIX) introduces Ramona to his people at the village of San Pasquale as Majel, the wood-dove, and with a stroke of finesse that is wonderfully Indian, he commends her by saying: " She is glad to lay down her old name forever, to bear this new name in our tongue."

Even on the last page of the book Mrs. Jackson lovingly dwells upon the call of the wood-dove and Ramona's name, Majella, associating it in Ramona's mind with the loving devotion she gave to her dead Alessandro.

Nothing in the pages of *Ramona* is more truthful to

fact than the running away of Ramona and Alessandro to be married, — their childlike and simple acceptance of each other. They had no thought of being "compromised" or of any person being so unclean-minded as to think evil of them. Had the novelist been writing of white people such an act would have been construed into a proof of vilest evil. George Eliot, in her *Mill on the Floss*, makes Stephen Guest and Maggie Tulliver, out for a boat-ride, glide so far away on an outgoing tide that they cannot return home, and Stephen, who has long loved Maggie, urges her to go on further and marry him. Maggie yields, but finally decides that a marriage with Stephen would bring much misery to others and she will return home. When she declares this Stephen shows her that by their act the world will believe they are already married, and if they dare to return and say they are unmarried, "you don't know what will be said."

And Maggie's brother sees in this act that which is worse than death,— disgrace, so that when he sees Maggie he greets her: "You will find no home with me. You have disgraced us all. You have disgraced my father's name. You have been a curse to your best friends. You have been base — deceitful; no motives are strong enough to restrain you. I wash my hands of you for ever. You don't belong to me!"

And Tom Tulliver's standard is the generally accepted one of the white race. Think of it. What a conception we have of the honor and purity of our sons and daughters that we *assume* — the whole race takes

Manzanita bush in blossom, January, 1906
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman
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The blossoms of the "Candlestick of Our Lord," or Yucca Whipplei
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman
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it as a matter of course — that, given the opportunity to be impure, the crime is as good as committed.

As for me, give me the standard of the Indian, as indicated in the story. I do not want to believe evil of even my enemies, much less my friends, unless I am compelled to do so, and I am grateful to Mrs. Jackson for the lesson thus forcefully read to the white race in the beautiful, simple, exquisite way she treated the elopement of her hero and heroine.

Another touching and beautiful scene in *Ramona* is where the oldest woman of San Pasquale is brought to see the new-comer (Ramona) and pass judgment upon her (Chapter XIX). This scene reveals much of Indian character, and Mrs. Jackson's sympathetic and intuitive comprehension of it. Without this comprehension she could not have written as she did. I have seen just such old women, women so withered and shriveled as to be scarcely human, yet when they spoke they uttered words of wisdom, words of serene judgment that were listened to with great respect by their fellow villagers.

When Ramona fled from Camulos she had two of the "large nets which the Indian women use for carrying all sorts of burdens. They are woven out of the fibres of a flax-like plant, and are as strong as iron. The meshes being large, they are very light; are gathered at each end, and fastened to a band which goes around the forehead. In these can be carried on the back, with comparative ease, heavier loads than could be lifted in any other way." The photograph shows one

of the Cahuilla Indians carrying one of these nets, to which they give the Spanish name of *red* (pronounced, however, rayd'-ah). Into these Ramona placed Alessandro's violin, her own clothes, food, wine and milk for the journey, and when Alessandro brought her to her horse, Baba, he arranged these, one on each side of the saddle, before Ramona mounted.

There are several canyons which might have been the one Mrs. Jackson had in mind where she made the lovers sleep. In the accompanying illustration is a glimpse of one of scores of Southern California canyons. Out-of-door sleeping in these places is growing more common each year. In the canyons and on the foothills often grow profusely the *yucca whipplei*, described in Chapter XVI, and which the old Spanish *padres* used to call " Candlesticks of our Lord," because of their exquisite radiance of light and beauty.

The description of Ramona's out-door bed (Chapter XVI) is so much like what Indians have prepared for me in Southern California that I am sure Mrs. Jackson must, at some time during her own trips to the Indians, have had a similar bed for herself. " Before nightfall of this, their first day in the wilderness, Alessandro had prepared for Ramona a bed of finely broken twigs of the manzanita and ceanothus, both of which grew in abundance all through the canyon. Above these he spread layers of glossy ferns, five and six feet long; when it was done, it was a couch no queen need have scorned."

The manzanita is one of the best known shrubs of

The entrance to one of the canyons of Southern California
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The Mountain White Lilac in bloom, June, 1907
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman
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California. It is plentiful everywhere. With its rich purple brown stems, delicately green leaves and crown of pale foliage, it is exquisitely beautiful, but when, in addition, it is dotted here and there with its clusters of fragrant waxen flowers, like tiny fairy bells, it becomes enchanting. Sometimes it blooms before Christmas, and thus gives to the mountains and canyons the earliest tastes of spring's exuberant beauty. The name is Spanish *manzana*, — apple, and the diminutive *ita*, thus, little apple, so called because of the resemblance its berries have to tiny apples. These red berries give the shrub its botanic name — *arctostaphylos* — or Englished " bearberry." The bears are very fond of them and eat them ravenously, though to our taste they are dry, fibrous and " not worth the trouble of eating." The Indians, however, like them, and eat them both raw and pounded into a flour, from which they make mush. The flavor is pleasantly acid, and they make excellent jelly. On my last visit to the Thomas Ranch, before my good old friend, Charles Thomas, left it to go to reside in Redlands, his daughter, Emma, known and beloved alike by Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, cowboys, miners, visitors, tourists and residents, gave me a jar of it to bring home. It is a delicious jelly, with a distinctive flavor of the wild mountains and canyons.

It was the ceanothus that Alessandro placed " at the head for Majella's pillow," for it is rich and spicy in odor, and is often called spice-wood. The children also call it " old man." There are a number of varieties

of ceanothus, a common one, *integerrimus*, sometimes covering the lower slopes of the Southern California ranges with its white bloom almost like drifted snow. Others grow somewhat taller and have a lilac-tinted bloom, while the commonest of all, perhaps, the *divaricatus*, have a light-blue flower sometimes toned down to almost pure white. The leaves of these shrubs all have the useful quality of saponacity. If one takes a handful of them down to a mountain stream, and there rubs them vigorously as though they were soap, he will find his hands soon covered with a plentiful lather sweetly fragrant like wintergreen. The Indians use it largely, both for themselves and for washing their clothes, and it leaves the hands soft and fragrant, and gives to linen a snowy white appearance.

Capitan, the faithful dog, helped Alessandro watch the sleeping Ramona, and " more than once, spite of all Alessandro could do to quiet him, made the canyon echo with sharp, quick notes of warning, as he heard the stealthy steps of wild creatures in the chaparral."

Chaparral seems to be a general term used in California to describe any thick underbrush. For instance Theodore S. Van Dyke, in one of his books, says of the mountain brooks: " Farther up it divides into smaller brooks, that hiss with speed through winding glens, along whose sides the wild lilac pours forth a rich perfume from panicles of lavender and white; where the mountain mimulus hangs full of golden trumpets; where the manzanita outstretches its red arms full-hung with its little green apple-shaped berries, and the

wild mahogany, aglow with a bloom of white or blue, unites with the bright-green cherry to form an almost impenetrable chaparral."

In another place he speaks of " a wall of bright-green chaparral higher than one's head and almost impenetrable," and still again: " The velvet hue that this chaparral gives the hills changes with the sunlight through a dozen shades from pea-green on the sunlit slopes at mid-day to the darkest blue on the shady ones at evening, and is a most restful change for the eye from the brown shimmering plains or bare red hills."

The hill on which the oak trees grew (Chapter XVII) not far from Hartsel's store, was a place well known to Mrs. Jackson. There are many fine live-oak trees covered with acorns and all people familiar with Indians know how large a place the acorn has in their diet. Pounded in a mortar until it is reduced to flour, it is mixed with water, and certain herbs and the bitter taste leached out. A bowl-shaped depression is made and covered or lined with muslin. Into this is poured the acorn flour-mixture. As the water steeps away, a mushy substance is left which is allowed partially to dry. It is then cut into strips and laid out on canvas or on the rocks to dry in the sun. When dry it is either stored away for future use, or pounded up again into flour to be made into mush, acorn-bread, tortillas or other forms of food.

The mountain lion, which Alessandro heard with some fear, while Ramona slept (Chapter XVI) is the *Felis Concolor*, the puma, or panther. It is a member

of the cat family, and has all of the feline qualities. Hence the care with which Alessandro loaded his gun and watched the couch of his beloved señorita throughout the night.

I have already referred to the Hartsel store, and its owners. The descriptions given in *Ramona*, in Chapter XVII, are true to life.

On leaving Temecula, Ramona and Alessandro came out of the canyon of that name and got their first whiff of the sea, and Alessandro describes the charm of it to his Majella (Chapter XVIII). Mrs. Jackson was here reciting her own experience as she rode out of Temecula Canyon, and her own great fondness for the Pacific.

The lighthouse (Chapter XVIII) is on Point Loma, the point that shuts in the harbor of San Diego. It is a prominent landmark as well as a guide to the sailors. Seen from San Diego, Hotel del Coronado and all the surrounding country, it is a well-known object. Point Loma is where the theosophical headquarters, presided over by Katherine Tingley, are located, and the extensive and elaborate buildings of the brotherhood make of it a most noted place to members throughout the world.

There is little question but that Father A. D. Ubach, was the original of the Father Gaspara of *Ramona*, the San Diego priest who married the hero and heroine. In spite of his German name, he was of Spanish birth, for he was born in Barcelona, seventy-three years ago. He belonged to an old and distinguished Catalonian family. When about twenty-three years of age he came to this country and in Missouri continued the

A Cahuilla Indian carrying a load in her red, or net
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An Indian at San Gabriel, Ramona's Birthplace
Photo by Miss Catherine Soper
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A Cahuilla woman making acorn flour in mortar, with basket hopper
Copyright, 1899, by George Wharton James
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studies, begun in youth, for the Catholic ministry. In 1860 he was ordained and came to California, his first pastorates being San Luis Obispo and Watsonville. In 1868 he moved to San Diego and took up his residence in Old Town, in the house before referred to. When the present San Diego was built Father Ubach raised funds and erected a church, part of which stands in the present Catholic church. He also started to build a church in old San Diego but got little further than the foundations, just as related in Chapter XVIII. Mrs. Jackson dealt with this fact in a most sympathetic manner. She wrote, "A few paces off from his door stood the first begun walls of a fine church, which it had been the dream and pride of his heart to see builded, and full of worshippers. This, too, had failed. With San Diego's repeatedly vanishing hopes and dreams of prosperity had gone this hope and dream of Father Gaspara's. It looked now as if it would be indeed a waste of money to build a costly church on this site. Sentiment, however sacred and loving towards the dead, must yield to the demands of the living. To build a church on the ground where Father Junipero first trod and labored, would be a work to which no Catholic could be indifferent; but there were other and more pressing claims to be met first. This was right. Yet the sight of these silent walls, only a few feet high, was a sore one to Father Gaspara,— a daily cross, which he did not find grow lighter as he paced up and down his veranda, year in and year out, in the balmy winter and cool summer of that magic climate."

His faithfulness, unselfishness and devotion to the good of the Indians so commended him to them that in a few short years they gave to him a reverence and obedience little short of hero worship. His word was law among them. They came from as far south as San Rafael on the Peninsula, and from San Juan Capistrano on the north, for in the early years of his pastorate there was no priest at San Luis Rey. He had a peculiar "faculty" in handling even the most turbulent and troublous of the Indians. One secret of his power was that, while slow to make up his mind, he never altered a determination when once arrived at. This gives to any man, who in other things meets their approval, great power, and such, undoubtedly, Father Ubach possessed over the whole of the Indians of his large jurisdiction. Never making his work a burden to their pockets, his parishioners soon came to understand it was their highest good he was seeking and they revered him accordingly. He died in San Diego, in March, 1908, beloved and mourned of all who knew him. Mrs. Jackson's description of him was real and true to life: "Father Gaspara had been for many years at San Diego. Although not a Franciscan, having, indeed, no especial love for the order, he had been from the first deeply impressed by the holy associations of the place. He had a nature at once fiery and poetic; there were but three things that he could have been — a soldier, a poet, or a priest. Circumstances had made him a priest, and the fire and poetry which would have wielded a sword or kindled a verse, had he found

himself set either to fight or to sing, had all gathered into added force in his priestly vocation.

"The look of a soldier he had never quite lost — neither the look nor the tread, and his flashing, dark eyes, heavy black hair and beard, and quick, elastic step seemed sometimes out of harmony with his priest's gown. Among the Mission Indians his word was law and their love for him was little short of worship."

The house at old San Diego, described in Chapter XVIII, is the one occupied by the priest on his visits there, and thousands of photographs of it have been sold as "the house where Ramona was married," and likewise, similar thousands have been marked and sold of "the chapel where Ramona was married," and of "the bells that rang when Ramona was married." The old house is there, the chapel is there, and the bells are there, so why not make use of them? So the photographer has utilized them to his profit. But the purchaser of the pictures seems to have forgotten that Ramona was married only in the brain of Mrs. Jackson, and that therefore these real bells can scarcely have rung at a fictitious marriage of a fictitious Ramona to a fictitious Alessandro by a fictitious priest after a fictitious elopement from a fictitious home of a fictitious Señora Moreno. But, all the same, we reproduce the photographs of the house, the chapel, the bells, and the olive trees and palms, all of them at old San Diego, and made of interest to us by their introduction into the story of Ramona. A reason for the error of the state-

ment that Ramona was married at the house of the priest is found in Chapter XVIII.

At several of the Missions the old registers (Chapter XVIII) are to be found, and in all of those where the Missions were founded by Padre Junipero Serra, the revered president of the California Missions, the title page is always in his own hand. It is a striking and distinctive handwriting, and at the close of his signature will be observed his *rubric*. This rubric is found after the signature of all men of his race and day, each one distinctive and individualistic. It acted as a kind of seal,— a personal confirmation of the signature.

The loving power the Franciscans held over the Indians was well understood by Mrs. Jackson, and she makes Father Gaspara, not a Franciscan, comment upon it (Chapter XX). The sorrow of Ramona over the death of Father Salvierderra is not at all overdrawn.

When Felipe goes off in search of Ramona he is made to hear many tales of the devotion of the Indians to their old *padres* (Chapter XXV), and it is an historic fact that Father Sarria died at Soledad of starvation, refusing to leave his Indians to the wolves of secularization.

The devotion of the San Luis Rey Indians to Padre Peyri is truthfully told in Ramona (Chapter XVIII). They would do anything for him, and the true story of their swimming out to the vessel that was to remove him from their sight forever is a pathetic proof of their deep affection.

That Mrs. Jackson viewed the Indians with a calm

The home of Father Ubach (Father Gaspara), at old San Diego, where Ramona is said to have been married

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The altar in the old San Diego Chapel

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and rational mind and did not idealize them by refusing to see evil in any of them is evident in several pages of *Ramona*, especially in Chapter XVIII where she tells of the wicked Indian overseer at San Gabriel, who clipped off the ears of the renegades. In the chapter on San Gabriel is related B. D. Wilson's account of his campaigns against these renegades. There is no doubt that too stern treatment occasionally drove some of the Indians to desperation; then they fled to the mountains, became outlaws and had to be proceeded against as such.

All Southern California Indians have a dread of earthquakes. The great *temblor* of 1812 which slew thirty-nine Indians in the great new Mission at San Juan Capistrano was another reminder of the instability of the ground and served to keep alive their fears. They seemed to be an inheritance. In the chapter "Was there a Real Ramona?" it will be recalled that Doña Victoria, Hugo Reid's Indian wife, would never go upstairs on account of her fears of earthquake.

I well remember being at Warner's Ranch after an earthquake a few years ago which shook down the wall of an adobe house in Saboba and killed several Indians. In all my conversations with the Indians they would not come into the adobe school-house. They were afraid. It had been somewhat shaken. They dreaded sending their children to school, lest another *temblor* should come and tumble the heavy bricks and the roof down upon their boys and girls to their injury or death.

The Hot Springs referred to in Chapter XXII are

existent not far from San Jacinto. Of late years they have become very popular amongst the whites, as also have many other similar springs. There are those at Arrowhead, Palm Springs, Elsinore, and Warner's Ranch, and these are but few of the many that used to be prized by the Indians of Ramona's country for the benefit they were to them when sick or diseased.

Mrs. Jackson's keen observation is revealed in many pages of *Ramona*, and in Chapter XXV is another illustration of it. As Aunt Ri and Felipe go up to see the sick Ramona at Cahuilla they pass many pines on Mt. San Jacinto and " on many of them the bark had been riddled from root to top, as by myriads of bullet-holes. In each hole had been cunningly stored away an acorn, — the woodpecker's granaries." To thousands of visitors to Southern California this is an interesting sight, for it is by no means uncommon to see these acorn-filled trees wherever pines abound.

The " old man " or wild wormwood used by Aunt Ri (Chapter XXV) to restore Ramona to health is very abundant in Southern California. It resembles what in the East is called southernwood, but has a different odor.

When all that I have written above in this chapter is considered, in connection with other chapters dealing with the facts used in the story, I think the ingenuous mind will readily concede that *Ramona* is a story largely of fact, though its hero and heroine are fiction, and that in the larger truth which lies behind all human life it can truthfully be said that *Ramona*, though a work of fiction, is a work of essential truth.

CHAPTER III

WAS THERE A REAL RAMONA?

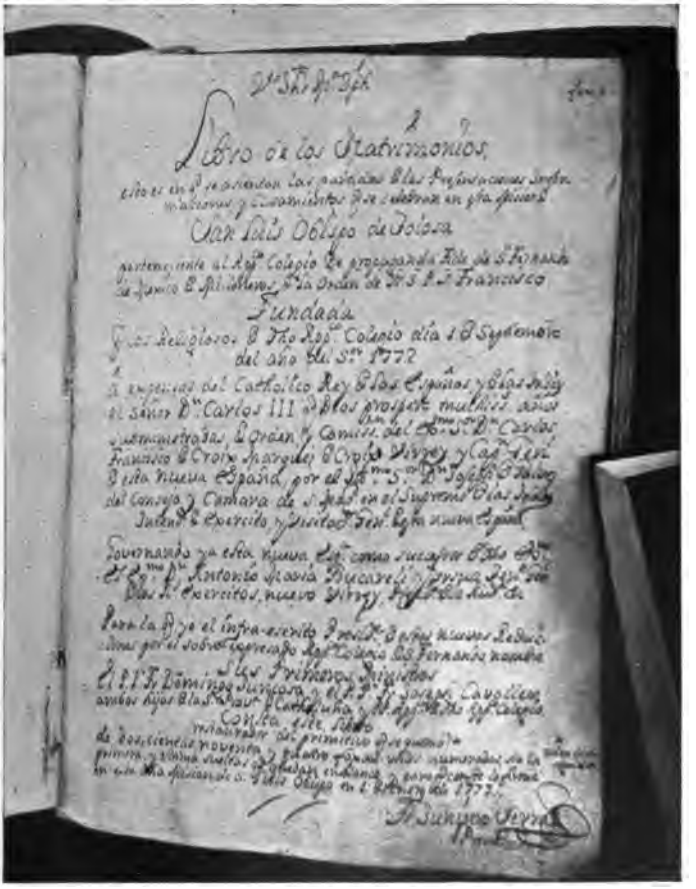
MUCH has been written about "The Real Ramona." As well write about the real Dombey, the real Becky Sharp, the real Pendennis. It cannot be too plainly stated that there is no real Ramona. The book is a fiction and every character in it is fictitious. It is throughout a creature of Mrs. Jackson's imagination. That certain living people *suggested* certain characters of the book is true, as I have shown elsewhere, but in the case of the heroine, Ramona, a score of isolated and unconnected incidents in the lives of a score of different individuals are brought together, and all attributed to the one fictitious character, Ramona. How then shall one say: This is the real Ramona; or, here the real Ramona lived, here met Alessandro; here Alessandro declared his love; here is the canyon in which they stayed after their elopement; here they were married; these are the bells that were rung at the wedding, etc.

There are scores of facts woven into the book; the descriptions are most lifelike, real, and true; yet, taken as a whole, the book is purely and simply a novel, a work of fiction, a creation of the imagination.

And there is no reason for anyone misleading people with the assurance that some one definite person was in the mind of Mrs. Jackson when she pictured Ramona.

Mr. Cave J. Couts assures me that he is satisfied the suggestion of the character came from an Indian girl once in the employ of his mother. Her name was Matutini, and she was a girl of strikingly beautiful features, form and mien. Mrs. Jackson was attracted by her appearance when she visited Guajome. Later this girl ran away into the mountains with an Indian, and Mrs. Jackson was much interested when she learned the fact. The power of the girl's love to lead her to elope and gladly return to the wild life of the hills, after she had been used to the comforts and ease of civilization, impressed her profoundly. Had the girl always lived among her own people in their rude and primitive manner there would have been nothing strange in her going off with one of her own kind and living with him. But after one has learned to depend upon certain things,— to sleep in a comfortable bed, to have good food, well prepared, to have, in fact, all the ordinary comforts of a civilized home, it seemed to Mrs. Jackson that the primitive instinct of love was exceedingly powerful to lead a girl to abandon them.

This fact is made one of the most dramatic features of the novel. Ramona, used to all the refinements of the Moreno household, totally unfamiliar with the rude and rough life of the Indian, was yet ready at



Title page of marriage register of San Luis Obispo, in Junipero Serra's handwriting

the call of love, to yield up all her past life, her love of ease and comfort, and go with her Indian lover into his life of rudeness and discomfort. Only a woman who herself had felt the potency of this magic force could have pictured it so vividly in others.

There has been another story current for some years in Southern California that connects the daughter of one of the "best families" with the "real Ramona." The story is to the effect that this young lady, trained in the finest schools, of refined parents, whose social position was of the highest, became enamoured of a handsome young Indian occasionally employed on her father's ranch. He prevailed upon her to elope with him to the mountains. The irate parent followed, shot down the seducer, and brought his daughter back home. In due time her escapade was forgotten; the girl happily married and became the mother of a beautiful family.

I am afraid, however, that this is another romance,— another fiction. Anyhow, whenever I have tried to locate the ranch and the persons, they have eluded me like the moving and retreating figures of a dream. It is possible that the story originated *after Ramona* was written, as the attempt of some pretentious inventor to account for the chief characters of Mrs. Jackson's novel.

In the Introduction I have already quoted "Susan Coolidge's" statement about the Rossetti heads "H. H." had on her desk, but it will do no harm to requote it here:

"On her desk that winter stood an unframed photograph after Dante Rossetti,— two heads, a man's and

a woman's, set in a nimbus of cloud, with a strange beautiful regard and meaning in their eyes. They were exactly her idea of what Ramona and Alessandro looked like, she said. The characters of the novel never, I think, came so near to materialization in her eyes as in this photograph. It was a purely ideal story."

It is more than probable that when she decided to make her fictitious Ramona the daughter of a Scotchman, with an Indian mother, Mrs. Jackson had in mind certain facts pertaining to the life of a well-known Scotchman, Hugo Reid, who lived for many years at San Gabriel. He was a native of Cardross, Scotland, who spent six years in Mexico, and there had some unfortunate love affair which changed the tenor of his whole life. In 1834, at the age of twenty-three, he came to Los Angeles and became a merchant in company with William Keith and Jacob P. Leese. In 1839, he took out papers as a naturalized Mexican citizen, having already married a well-known San Gabriel Indian woman of wealth and character, called Doña Victoria, by whom he had three children. As these children were born before he was naturalized, he must have consoled himself speedily after his arrival by wedding the Indian. One of these children was a daughter, long and far-famed on account of her intelligence and beauty. She was named Ignacia, which, in the endearing diminutive of the Spanish, became "Nacha" or "Nachita." The circumstances of her life and that of her parents were so interesting that Don Antonio Coronel told Mrs. Jackson all about

them, so that it is said she planned to write another story, along somewhat the same lines as *Ramona*, naming it *Nacha*.

Don Hugo was a quiet, unassuming gentleman of literary taste, who devoted much time to a study of the language, history, customs, and legends of the Cahuilla Indians. He wrote extensively upon this subject, doubtless gaining most of his information from his wife. These essays were published long ago in the *Los Angeles Star* and have since been used by many writers upon the Indians.

To many it was a sign of eccentricity that so cultured a man should have married an Indian woman, but all who remember Doña Victoria speak of her as a queenly woman of distinguished manners, noble character and charming personality.

She was brought up at the old Mission of San Gabriel; was a neophyte trained by the *padres* and was taught domestic arts by Eulalia Perez de Guillen, who for many years had charge of the education of all the maidens at the Mission. Padre Zalvidea was a martinet of the first order, and every girl under his parental care was required to learn not only the catechism and those things that were supposed to be good for the soul, but how to cook, weave, sew, keep house, darn, knit, mend, patch, care for children, and do all the necessary and practical things required of a good housekeeper. Being a girl of quick intuitions, learning readily, having a natural aptitude for housekeeping, born with a love of order and inheriting artistic and

poetic instincts from her parents, she developed into a remarkable young woman.

It is no wonder, therefore, that she captivated such a man as Hugo Reid. His natural instincts, his poetic nature, his revulsion from women of his own race, all helped to render him peculiarly susceptible to her unusual personality.

That she was a woman of force and influence is evidenced by the fact that in 1838 she received a grant of the Huerta (garden) de Cuati Rancho (one hundred and twenty-eight and one fourth acres) which she afterwards sold to D. B. Wilson. It became known as the Lake Vineyard property, and was ultimately connected with the early history of Pasadena. Her husband, Don Hugo, as he was generally called, settled upon the Santa Anita Rancho (now Lucky Baldwin's) soon after his naturalization, and in 1841-1845 it was granted to him by the Mexican government. Thus the two were great landowners, for the Santa Anita comprised many thousands of acres and was a lordly estate. He was also a ship captain, possibly chartering vessels for his firm's own business. In May, 1842, his schooner, the *Esmeralda*, of ninety-two tons burden, was at San Pedro, and in September paid duties to the amount of one thousand three hundred and five dollars at Monterey on a cargo he had brought from Honolulu. Laura Evertson King says he brought home to his family, on these trips, " fine and beautiful things, strings of pearls, diamonds, silks, embroidered shawls and sweets." She also knew Doña Victoria

Ruins of adobe house at Saboba that fell and killed several Indians
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El Monte and the Puente Hills, in the San Gabriel Valley
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman
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well, and writes lovingly and appreciatively of her in the papers of the Historical Society of Southern California. Victoria had lost her own sweet daughter, Nacha, the year before, and Laura being the first white child to come into her world after the bereavement, she took her fully into her heart. The child was welcomed as only a mother's heart longing to pour out its restrained wealth of love could welcome, and if the little Laura stayed away for a single day an Indian servant was sent over to see what was the cause of the detention. Nacha had been well educated, her scholarly father teaching her to speak English, French and Spanish with equal fluency. Traditions of her wonderful beauty remain among the old Spanish people even to this day, and of the deep grief expressed on every hand at her untimely death. Poor Victoria felt that super-education doubtless was largely responsible for her daughter's death, and she would never allow the little Laura to remain long with her husband's books and papers. For the girl visitor loved to revel in these, especially when there were pictures in them. She says: " It was in the garret of Hugo Reid's home that I saw my first English periodicals. Seated on the floor, with London *Punches* strewn around, the great rough-hewn beams overhead strung with ropes of *piniones* and *coras* (baskets) filled with dried fruit, I whiled away the long spring afternoon, regardless of the outside world, until aroused from my books by Doña Victoria calling me to come down from among the spiders and sup with her. Descending, I found

her seated on the ground just outside the corridor of the house, directing her Indian servant to make *tortillas*. Seated before a small fire, dressed in a costly gown of black satin, with an embroidered shawl of crepe around her shapely shoulders, daintily taking the broiled beef in her fingers, she gave me a lesson in Indian etiquette. Not all the dainty dishes of a king's banquet could equal the unforgotten flavor of that simple supper. While eating, she told me stories and gave me rules for social life, the principles of which might well be engrafted upon the rules of social life to-day." "Generous to a fault, she would have loaded me with her daughter's jewelry. . . . With mind like a child and manners like a queen, she deemed it a waste of life to learn from books what she had already learned from nature. She always said that her possessions were more than her husband's, and she knew nothing about letters."

Don Hugo's house was built of adobe with walls four feet thick. Clapboards hauled from San Bernardino covered the roof. "But Doña Victoria never climbed the stairs; dread of earthquake always kept her on the ground floor." In 1855 her house was ruined by an earthquake.

Another of Victoria's aversions was an American team of horses and a carriage. Horses ran away and were unsafe. But give her a *carreta* drawn by oxen and she was safe. Yet "one bright spring day," writes Miss King, "as we were crawling along over the road from Los Angeles in her *carreta*, her *bueys* (oxen),

feeling spring in the air, put spring in their heels and gamboled indiscreetly and indiscriminately over the undulating plains, to the disquiet and disgust of the naked Indian driver, who was left far in the rear. Thus she, as well as the rest of us, lived to see one of her convictions upset."

What a picture of the land in Ramona's own day. Who cannot see the old *carreta*, with its lady passengers and naked driver, the slow, rolling walk of the oxen. Conversation is being carried on to the accompaniment of the squeaking and rubbing of the clumsy wheels. There are no railways, no trolley cars. The " old adobe road " is as dull and quiet and sleepy, all along its winding way through the Mission Hills, as now it is active and hustling and noisy with modern electric traffic. Suddenly, however, the oxen make a turn in the road and see a larger expanse of green fields, rich with the nourishment of a good rain. Something in the scene, in the air, quickens them and fills them with excitement. What is it? Before the Indian driver can prevent, they begin to frisk, frolic, and gambol, throw up their heels, elevate their tails, and proudly lift their heads. Then, with a bellow and a roar, they forget they are staid oxen, dragging a *carreta* in which sits a dignified old lady and a light-hearted girl, and off they dash, with electricity in their blood, seeking in this wild rampage to express their appreciation of the fact that " spring is come." Poor Doña Victoria! It was too bad to upset her and her pet conviction.

Hugo Reid died in 1852, having served the State well in the Constitutional Convention as a representative from the Los Angeles district. His library was scattered and soon thereafter his fortune went, for "the guardian he had selected for his wife proved dishonest and she was robbed; even her personal ornaments were taken from her. I saw her for the last time in 1863, when, attended by one faithful servant, she came to see her *Lalita*. Instead of her satins and silks, she wore a *dress* of common print, and a quilt covered her shoulders in place of her crepe shawl. But she was the same grand, proud, cheerful woman. She would accept no favors, only wanted to see and embrace me once more. I never saw her again. She fell a victim of that dreaded disease, smallpox. So passed from my life one upon whom could be written pages of praise for the grandest and most self-sacrificing life I ever knew!" Thus wrote Miss King in concluding the article before referred to.

William Heath Davis, who wrote *Sixty Years in California*, once spent some weeks at Reid's house, and he is authority for the story that Reid was a jilted man. "He left the country in disgust, vowing he would marry some one of the same name as she who had slighted him, even though an Indian. He came to California and fell in with a woman of pure Indian blood, named Victoria, the name of his former love, and married her. Upon our visit at Reid's house, we found that they were living very happily together. We were surprised and delighted with the excellence

and neatness of the housekeeping of the Indian wife, which could not have been excelled. The beds which were furnished us to sleep in were exquisitely neat, with coverlids of satin, the sheets and pillow cases trimmed with lace and highly ornamented."

Whence did Mrs. Jackson get the name Ramona? There have been several answers given to the question. Dr. H. A. Reid, the historian of Pasadena, claims that when Mrs. Jackson made her trip as Special Indian Commissioner with Abbott Kinney, she stopped four days at Temecula, at the ranch house of Mrs. Ramona Wolfe, who is immortalized in the novel under the name Hartsel. He also wrote: Mrs. Wolfe " was a bright, intelligent, warm-hearted half-breed woman, who could speak readily in either the English, Spanish or Indian languages. Mrs. Jackson became very much interested in this woman; conceived a warm, sympathetic attachment for her; and she was the genuine 'original' of the description of personal appearance and general characteristics of the romantic heroine, Ramona."

In the chapter on the *Facts and Fictions of Ramona* a full description of her husband's store is given.

In May, 1903, a daughter of Mrs. Wolfe, Minetta, appeared in the police court of Los Angeles and revealed a sad tragedy in her own life. She was there to prosecute Roy Z. Smith, said to be the wayward son of a prominent Los Angeles family, who had betrayed her and robbed her of her money as well. Two years and a half before, when Minetta was about eighteen years

old, and as innocent and unsophisticated as a girl brought up in the seclusion of a country house could be, she and Smith had met. The young man was flashily dressed, bold, and physically attractive enough to dazzle a young girl like Minetta. She fell in love with him. He took a base advantage of her, and under promise of marriage (the date, even, being set) induced her to mortgage the property made memorable in the story of *Ramona* for five hundred dollars. Prior to this time she had earned and saved two hundred and fifty dollars as a nurse, and this amount and the five hundred dollars she placed in Smith's hands to enable him to purchase a saloon and start in business. In March, 1901, he skipped out for parts unknown and, though a warrant was sworn out for his arrest, he was not found until May, 1903. When the case came to trial it was thrown out on account of some technicality.

Miss Anna Picher, who has done so much to elucidate matters in connection with early-day history in Southern California, says that the first time Mrs. Jackson heard the name Ramona was while visiting the home of Hon. J. De Barth Shorb at San Marino, near Pasadena. Mr. Shorb's baby daughter bore the name, after her grandmother, Doña Ramona Yorba de Wilson. When the child was brought into the room, some one spoke to her and used her name. The liquid sounds caught Mrs. Jackson's ear and she remarked: "That is a pretty name. Please say it again." As she went home she kept repeating it, as

one does a catching strain of music. It is by no means an uncommon Spanish name, many girls bearing it. It is the feminine form of Ramon.

Dr. Reid, however, claims that it was after she became familiar with Mrs. Ramona Wolfe that Mrs. Jackson visited San Marino. This beautiful home place is now known as Oak Knoll, not far from the new Wentworth Hotel. It is a bluff from which one gains a most beautiful and extensive view of the San Gabriel Valley, and the old Mission of that name.

CHAPTER IV

WAS THERE A REAL ALESSANDRO?

EXACTLY the same answer must be given to the question that heads this chapter as to the one I have tried to answer in the preceding chapter about Ramona. Susan Coolidge's words tell of the ideal heads which Mrs. Jackson ever kept before her. This fact and remarks the gifted author made to her friends render it certain that the character was purely fictitious. Deceived, however, by the booklet entitled, *The Real Ramona*, a writer, otherwise generally careful, in *Out West*, Vol. 19, is misled into saying, "It is an historical fact that in October, 1877, one Ramon Corralez, a Saboba Indian, was shot and killed by Samuel Temple, for alleged horse stealing. The tragedy took place high up in the San Jacinto Mountains, shut in by lofty peaks on all sides, and having but a single access. This was doubtless visited by Helen Hunt Jackson, for her description of the spot to which the lovers flew exactly corresponds with the scene of the tragedy. It is now known as the Idyl-wild tract, Strawberry Valley, in the midst of which has since grown up a much-frequented summer resort.

"The slayer of Ramon still lives at the foot of the

mountain, more or less shunned by his neighbors because of the still popular belief that his victim was in the deplorable mental condition described by Helen Hunt Jackson, when, as "Alessandro," he was found in possession of the white man's horse. There was also current at the time a legend connecting the same Ramon Corralez with a romantic elopement with a half-breed Indian girl named Lugarda Sandoval. The young couple in their flight are supposed to have experienced many of the painful episodes credited to 'Ramona,' and 'Alessandro' in their night journeys over the mountains to San Diego. At the same time, while Helen Hunt Jackson was engaged upon the superstructure of the story of *Ramona*, at the Coronel Ranch, Los Angeles was ringing with the sensational infatuation of a beautiful American girl of the city with a Saboba Indian, whom she met during an outing with her parents in the San Jacinto Mountains. They were not permitted to marry and did not elope, but it is likely the incident, in connection with the Corralez-Sandoval affair, furnished the inspiration for the Ramona-Alessandro romance."

Now, in the first place, it is not an historical fact that Sam Temple shot Ramon Corralez. I knew Sam Temple well; have visited at his house, foregathered with him before a camp fire, spent many hours with him on Mt. San Jacinto, and from him I learned his side of the story, which I give in full in the chapter devoted to that individual. It is directly contrary to the statement of the *Out West* writer.

In the second place, the tragedy did not occur "high up in the San Jacinto Mountains, shut in by lofty peaks on all sides, and having but a single access." As elsewhere described in these pages, it is a picturesque little spot in the Cahuilla Range, an offshoot from the main range of San Jacinto, and with no lofty peaks anywhere near it for several miles.

Thirdly: It was never visited by Mrs. Jackson, and her descriptions of it are very crude and inaccurate, given to her originally by those who had not yet visited it. There is some similarity between the descriptions of Idylwild or Strawberry Valley, but the location of the killing of Juan Diego by Sam Temple, as quoted later in this chapter from Mrs. Jackson's own pen, is many miles from Idylwild.

The gifted author's own words forever demolish the "Corralez" fiction. In the appendix to her *Report on the Condition of the Mission Indians of California*, written by her own pen, she tells the true story of where the shooting incident of her novel occurred. It was first of all told to her by Miss Sheriff, who for many years was teacher at the Indian school at Saboba. Here is the statement copied verbatim from the report:

"A Cahuilla Indian named Juan Diego had built for himself a house, and cultivated a small patch of ground on a high mountain ledge a few miles north of the village. Here he lived alone with his wife and baby. He had been for some years what the Indians call a 'locoed' Indian, being at times crazy; never dangerous, but yet certainly insane for longer or shorter

Hotel at Idylwild, Strawberry Valley, in the San Jacinto Mountains
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Indian homes on the Pachanga Reservation
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periods. His condition was known to the agent, who told us that he feared he would be obliged to shut him up if he did not get better. It was also well known throughout the neighboring country, as we found on repeated inquiry. Everybody knew that Juan Diego was 'locoed.' (This expression comes from the effect a weed of that name has upon horses, making them wild and unmanageable.) Juan Diego had been off to find work at sheep-shearing. He came home at night riding a strange horse. His wife exclaimed, 'Why, whose horse is that?' Juan looked at his horse, and replied confusedly, 'Where is my horse, then?' The woman, much frightened, said, 'You must take that horse right back; they will say you stole it.' Juan replied that he would as soon as he had rested; threw himself down and fell asleep. From this sleep he was awakened by the barking of dogs, and ran out of the house to see what it meant. The woman followed, and was the only witness of what then occurred. A white man, named Temple, the owner of the horse which Juan had ridden home, rode up, and on seeing Juan poured out a volley of oaths, levelled his gun and shot him dead. After Juan had fallen on the ground, Temple rode closer and fired three more shots into the body, one in the forehead, one in the cheek, and one in the wrist, the woman looking on. He then took his horse, which was standing tied in front of the house, and rode away. The woman, with her baby on her back, ran to the Cahuilla village, and told what had happened. This was in the night. At

dawn the Indians went over to the place, brought the murdered man's body to the village, and buried it. The excitement was intense. The teacher, in giving us an account of the affair, said that for a few days she feared she would be obliged to close her school and leave the village. The murderer went to the nearest justice of the peace and gave himself up, saying that he had in self-defence shot an Indian. He swore that the Indian ran towards him with a knife. A jury of twelve men was summoned, who visited the spot, listened to Temple's story, pronounced him guiltless, and the judge so decided. The woman's testimony was not taken. It would have been worthless if it had been, so far as influencing that jury's minds was concerned. Her statement was positive that Juan had no knife, no weapon of any kind; sprang up from his sleep and ran out hastily to see what had happened, and was shot almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold of the door. The district attorney in San Diego, on being informed by us of the facts in the case, reluctantly admitted that there would be no use whatever in bringing a white man to trial for murder of an Indian under such circumstances, with only Indian testimony to convict him. This was corroborated, and the general animus of public feeling vividly illustrated to us by a conversation we had later with one of the jurors in the case, a fine, open-hearted, manly young fellow, far superior in education and social standing to the average Southern California ranchman. He not only justified Temple's

killing the Indian but said he would have done the same thing himself. ' I don't care whether the Indian had a knife or not,' he said; ' that didn't cut any figure at all the way I looked at it. Any man that 'd take a horse of mine and ride up that mountain trail, I 'd shoot him whenever I found him. Stockmen have just got to protect themselves in this country.' The fact that Juan had left his own horse, a well-known one, in the corral from which he had taken Temple's; that he had ridden the straight trail to his own door, and left the horse tied in front of it, thus making it certain that he would be tracked and caught, weighed nothing in this young man's mind. The utmost concession that he would make was finally to say, "Well, I'll agree that Temple was to blame for firin' into him after he was dead. That was mean, I'll allow.'"

As to the name Alessandro. It has been suggested that Mrs. Jackson's unfamiliarity with Spanish led her to use an Italian form of the name instead of the Spanish, which is Alejandro. This seems a pity to those familiar with the Spanish, and who know how to give the soft and beautiful liquid sounds to the name, which, to the Anglo-Saxon, ignorant of Spanish, seems an awkward one to pronounce. It is more than probable, however, that knowing she was writing for a large class who were not, and could not be expected to be familiar with Spanish pronunciations, and not wishing them to make clumsy attempts, or glib and incorrect " successes," she deliberately spelled

the name in the way it is found, in order to indicate the pronunciation she desired.

The creations of an enthusiastic author's brain are essentially dear to her, even as are children born to a loving mother. Relatives and friends do not like to hear familiar names of their dear ones bungled or mispronounced. With foresight Mrs. Jackson provided for this difficulty by avoiding the Spanish form of the name, and giving to it a spelling that could not be mispronounced.

CHAPTER V

ARE THE CHARACTERS OF RAMONA AND ALESSANDRO TOO IDEAL?

THE objection is often raised that Ramona and Alessandro are *too ideal.* Who ever knew such characters as these among Indians? A writer in *The Land of Sunshine* in answer to the cynical and sneering, "There *couldn't* be such people," responds "There could and there are. I myself have known every type in the book," and the editor, Charles F. Lummis, known for his intimate association with and deep knowledge of the Indian, in a footnote asserts, "So have I." And to these testimonies I am glad to add that of my own. I have known many noble men and women among the Indians during my associations of twenty-seven years in the Southwest.

It does not require that people be of white skin to be devoted husbands and wives, loving parents, honest in their relations with all mankind, full of self-sacrifice, of elevated personal character, and with high and noble ambitions and heavenly aspirations. Many an Indian has lived a life of self-abnegation and self-denial for a highly spiritual reason, or to attain a spiritual blessing, and it ill becomes members of a race whose

chief boast is of their material progress to question and deny the reality of such spiritual manifestations in the souls of people they have so wantonly abused, abominably villified, and willingly degraded. In the book *What the White Race May Learn from the Indian*, I have given a faithful statement of many good things in connection with the life of the Indian, and some of them deal with things of the spirit. I have never seen more devoted wifehood, or more beautiful mother and fatherhood than some of these Indians have manifested. Their extreme care for their children, their deep anxiety for their welfare, every person who has gone to secure children for the far-away Indian boarding-schools must have discovered. Loving their boys and girls with a passion as deep as it is hidden from white eyes; longing for their perpetual presence; often beset with fears as to their safety in schools so far away from them (especially in the earlier days of the Indian boarding-school, before actual experience had taught them that their children were sure to come back), they have resolutely set aside their own feelings for the future welfare of their loved offspring. And these same children, grown into men and women, have often come back to the rude life of the *hogan* or *kish*, though capable of earning a satisfactory living among the whites where good positions awaited them, and have remained "on the reservation" — lapsed back into their original savagery and barbarism (as some of our official reports have it),— purely and simply because of their love for their parents and their refusal

to again allow them to suffer by their long continued absence. In this fact one may find an explanation, *and the only true explanation*, of many so-called lapses into barbarism.

We so often hear the question: Why do these Indians go back to their reservations after they have been civilized and educated? And it never enters into our paltry souls that love for parents, and desire to save them from the anguish of further separation can be the reason. We can see only the material side of the question, — the financial disadvantages, the discomfort, the squalor, the filth. Yet these young men and women, who feel the pinch of these things as much as we do, gladly suffer the deprivation for a motive as pure and elevated as that which leads a nun and a monk into their life of retirement from the world; a sister of charity to give up her life to the poor and suffering; or a maiden to send away her lover that she may devote her life to a sick parent.

Then, too, I know of Indians to whom the sacrificing of friendship for money or for any material good would be absolutely impossible. A friendship might be betrayed in some special case of love — for Indians are as human as any other race — but for a material or financial benefit I feel safe in asserting that fifty white men could be found who have betrayed a friendship for every single Indian who has done so. And this faithfulness is not because of fear of consequences; it is a purely spiritual reason, — friendship

is worth so much more than money: love cannot be bought.

As for their sweet marital relationships, the three stories I have introduced elsewhere in these pages will serve to demonstrate that pure conjugal affection is not confined to the white race.

What is the serenity and calmness I have found in scores of Indians when face to face with distress and danger, but a spiritual quality? It is not a daring of death that has come in moments of excitement, but a calm acquiescence in the possibility of immediate or not-far-away death. Any one can be brave when the world is looking on and applauding. It would be easy even for a coward to ride " into the jaws of hell," with martial bands playing, drums beating, comrades cheering, officers urging, and the world looking on " with wonder." But to face death out on the desert in a sandstorm; to be caught in quicksands; to fall from a cliff and be partially paralyzed where none would be likely to come; to be trapped in some inaccessible canyon; to have one's boat nearly upset in a storm,— these are experiences to try a *man's soul*, whether he be a white man or an Indian. And I have never yet found the latter wanting. When I say these things I am writing of that which *I know;* I have specific and concrete illustrations and personalities in my mind. Hence it can well be seen that I do not regard with equanimity the sneering comments or the scornful demeanor of those white people who deny the possession of such spiritual qualities to the Indian.

The writer before quoted says, in answer to the question as to the characters of Ramona and Alessandro being idealized:

"Do you know of any novel in which the Saxon characters are not idealized — even a novel by Howells? Do you believe there ever was a woman so perfect as the Heroine, or a man so adorable as the Hero, or a scoundrel so unmixed as the Villain? If so, wouldn't you like to find them? My humble judgment is that Alessandro and Ramona are as true to life as any hero and heroine in fiction."

But the criticism goes deeper. It claims that while Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Egyptian or Hindu might have produced such characters the Indian never did. The objection is to the idealized *Indian.*

To those who have seen, or read accounts of some of the fearful massacres by Indians, accompanied by mutilations and atrocities too horrible to detail, there may seem to be reasons for this objection. And, to those who have had friends ruthlessly slain by the "red devils," it may seem as if it were a perfectly just expression to say that "the only good Indian is the dead Indian," and, stronger still, to those whose loved ones have fallen beneath the deadly rifle, the poisoned arrow, or the barbarous tomahawk, that it were a *virtue* to slay an Indian. All these things I can clearly see.

Twenty-seven years of experience in the pioneer towns, and in the mountains, deserts, forests and

canyons of the Pacific Coast, in California, Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico, where I was brought constantly into personal contact with both "pioneers" and Indians, have shown to me clearly the truth of both sides of the story. There are *two* sides. The whites have been murdered and terrorized by the Indians, but, *as a rule*, in the first instance, the Indians were cruelly wronged by the whites. In self-defence, they were driven to warfare, and, not being so highly civilized as ourselves, they warred with a wild, cunning ferocity that made white men's blood run cold. Hence their extermination seemed a necessity.

But had they been properly treated all the time, I am fully convinced there would have been no "Indian uprisings," no "Indian atrocities" to recount, but the Indians would have been, to-day, peaceable and industrious occupants of the soil.

The *facts* are against any and all *theories* which deny to the Indian nobility of character, high-mindedness and ability to learn. The various Indian schools have demonstrated that in what we call "learning," Indian children are as apt scholars as white children; the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are good farmers, shepherds and traders, and some of them are quite wealthy. Dr. Oronhytekha, a full-blooded Indian, who died quite recently (1907), was one of the most brilliant orators, keen and accomplished parliamentarians, and successful debaters of America.

Many persons would deny the fact that Dr. Oronhytekha was an Indian, — he, the learned and skilful

physician and surgeon, the financier, the orator, and director of large organizations, having vast social, financial, and educative features to maintain, yet he himself always openly avowed it and was proud of the fact.

A few years ago he gave me an incident in his own life which showed his wonderful self-control, and the superiority of the man over many millions whose skins are white. He was building a fine house. It was nearly completed. Just as the last touches were being done to it, it caught fire. There was no possibility of saving it. While others ran about distracted, crying and helpless, he coolly sat down before the burning building, and, before the walls fell, had completely figured out again the amount and kinds of lumber needed for the purpose of rebuilding. Calmness, philosophical acceptance of the inevitable, resolute overcoming of difficulties, complete self-control! Show me a white man who could have done better under similar circumstances!

I well remember a journey Dr. Oronhytekha made to England for the chief of the Good Templar order. There had been a split in that temperance organization in England, and Oronhytekha, with others, was sent to see if the breach could not be healed. A debate was to be held in which one of the brightest speakers on the English platform was to present the other side. It was a great throng that assembled, and the English were sure of their champion. So was I — sure of his utter defeat. For, in his most suave and gentle

tones the doctor, after the English speaker had made his great effort, asked if he might put to him a few questions. He did so, and I sat in wonderment at the brilliancy and readiness of the Indian's intellect. In a few moments it was clear to those of us who knew all the facts what he was about, and equally clear how unconscious the doctor's opponent was of the ease with which he was giving his case away. Step by step he was led along, until at last the final denouement came and then, in voice of dominating power, in stirring, logical, relentless eloquence, compelling attention, demanding acquiescence, Oronhytekha showed up the utter weakness and falsity of the other side. I have heard the world's great orators, and some of them in their most notable efforts, but I never heard anything equal to this Indian's outburst on that occasion. It was a flawless, matchless, crystal piece of oratory, pure, true and convincing.

Those who know Dr. Charles A. Eastman, Ohiyesa, the full-blooded Sioux, are aware that as a cultured scholar and gentleman, a refined Christian, a polished and eloquent speaker, a brilliant conversationalist, a vivid writer of pure English, a good and loving husband and father, he ranks with the highest Anglo-Saxon or any other nationality. Many times have I had the pleasure of being entertained at his Amherst (Mass.) home, where he and his cultured wife (who was Miss Elaine Goodale, the poet) and their five healthy and happy children made my visits hours of inestimable charm and delight.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache physician, living in Chicago, meets the physicians of that cultured American city on their own plane, and loses nothing in the comparison. As a clear-headed thinker, a logician and student of affairs, his criticisms of the United States government's policy towards his race have revealed him worthy of foremost place.

No student of the history of the old Missions and Mission Indians of California can fail to see that among these aborigines were men of great mental capacity, of wonderful affections, pure emotions and deeply religious natures. It does not necessarily require culture to produce true affection or true religion. There may be a refinement added, which enhances the charm of the one affected and makes us feel the religion more, but affection, religion and refinement may exist, in large volume, within the breast of the ignorant, rude and, to us, dirty savage.

Because we see so many dirty, unclean and loathsome creatures among the Indians we are apt to jump to the false conclusion that all Indians are the same. Because some Indians are lazy and incompetent, they all are so. Never were ideas more illogical and ill-based. In my book *Old Missions of California*, I have quoted from one writer who, in clear detail, recounts the actual accomplishments of these Indians. That they were builders the old ruined Mission structures attest. That they were weavers, blacksmiths, tailors, tanners,millers, bakers, silver-smiths, vintagers,masons, stone-cutters, soap-makers, tile-makers, farmers,

herders, basket-makers and carpenters we have the most positive evidence. And they did their work with great skill. That they were industrious is manifested from the labor now performed by the remnants of the various tribes in their small villages at Saboba, Pala, Cahuilla, Santa Isabel, Conejo, Pauma and Pachanga. Most of the Indians of Southern California are industrious, cleanly and reliable. Their women make baskets and pottery, and the men are good, " all-round " farm hands, as capable as most whites. As I have shown in the chapter on basket-makers, this work reveals that the poetic, esthetic and religious faculties have large play in an Indian's soul. It is an axiomatic proposition that " no one can make a beautiful thing unless he first feels and sees its beauty." Beautiful and artistic things don't " happen." We never accuse our poets, sculptors, painters and musicians of guessing at things, of " discovering " poems, sculptures, nocturnes and concertos. We stand and uncover in the presence of the intellect, the *soul*, that conceives, imagines, plans, and then produces such sublime results.

Shall we deny to the Indian the same honor? the same standard of measure? I have beautiful baskets in my possession that required as much soul to conceive, mind to plan, and artistic skill to create as did the masterly canvases that grace the walls of the Corcoran Art Gallery, or the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Navaho weaver may appear a savage, but she is a poet and an artist, or she could never have created

those textile marvels that to this day surpass the products of the white man's loom.

So simple honor compels me to the conclusion that the idealized Indian character is as real, as true to life, as is the idealized Anglo-Saxon character, and that "Ramona" and "Alessandro" are no more impossible than are any of the ideal characters of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, or Tennyson.

CHAPTER VI

THE HOME OF RAMONA

IT is now appropriate that the reader accompany me to the home of Ramona. And, strange to say, though Ramona herself is a fictitious character there has been much discussion as to her *real* home. I have before me now a beautifully illustrated booklet entitled *The Real Home of Ramona.* It is devoted to a description of the Rancho Guajome, four and a half miles from Oceanside, on the San Diego branch of the Santa Fé railway.

Now, as Ramona is a fictitious character, she had no real home, except a birth-home in the imagination of her creator, Mrs. Jackson. If one chooses to say " I believe the Rancho Guajome to be the real home of the fictitious Ramona, who never had any real existence," there surely can be no objection to that. That Mrs. Jackson was familiar with Guajome is well known. She had visited it and had been hospitably entertained by its owners, Lieutenant and Mrs. Couts.

On the other hand, Mrs. Jackson herself, who surely ought to have known what she meant to do, placed the fictitious home of her fictitious character at Camulos, on the coast line of the Southern Pacific railway. Her

The Inner Veranda at Guajome
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The Grape Arbor at Guajome
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word is final. No amount of argument can possibly overturn what she herself has written, but if argument be needed, let it be said that with but one exception no error can be found in the descriptions and locations at Camulos, while there are several discrepancies when one endeavors to locate the scenes at Guajome.

It is interesting and instructive, however, to compare them and thus see how closely similar the old dons created and sustained their home-establishments.

One reason for the assumption that Guajome was the place originally in Mrs. Jackson's mind, is found in the several references to the San Luis Rey Mission, which is only three miles and a half away. It is argued that if Camulos were meant, a nearer Mission, viz.: San Buenaventura, would have been written about and described.

No doubt! But it seems far more reasonable to me that the author deliberately and purposefully made discrepancies of this character apparent in her book, so that it would be impossible for any one to attempt to locate exactly the home of her fictitious character. Naturally she would wish to throw people off the scent; especially if she had woven true incidents into her story.

Here are some of the references to San Luis Rey Mission:

"On the veranda (the Señora's veranda) were carved oaken chairs and a carved bench, which had been brought to the Señora for safe keeping, by the faithful old sacristan of San Luis Rey." There were

images of saints also, and this is how they came into the Señora's keeping.

" Aghast at the sacrilegious acts of the soldiers, who were quartered in the very church itself, and amused themselves by making targets of the eyes and noses of the saints' statues, the sacristan, stealthily, day by day and night after night, bore out of the church all that he dared to remove, burying some articles in cottonwood copses, hiding others in his own poor little hovel, until he had wagon loads of sacred treasures. Then, still more stealthily, he carried them, a few at a time, concealed in the bottom of a cart, under a load of hay or of brush, to the house of the Señora, who felt herself deeply honored by his confidence, and received everything as a sacred trust, to be given back into the hands of the Church again, whenever the Missions should be restored, of which at that time all Catholics had good hope. And so it came about that no bedroom in the Señora's house was without a picture or a statue of a saint or of the Madonna; and some had two." This incident of the soldiers being quartered in the church at San Luis Rey is strictly true, and on more than one occasion it was thus used. In 1847 the Mormon battalion, brought across the continent to aid Kearny's " Army of the West," took possession of San Luis Rey and were partially camped there for two months. It is possible that members of this religious sect, with most pronounced ideas against " idolatry " and " images," etc., justified the censures of the devoutly Catholic Mexicans by

their mockery of the figures of saints and archangels. The story is still told of the stealthy removing of the outraged figures by the horrified sacristan, and its introduction into the story of *Ramona* shows how alert the gifted author was to avail herself of all facts that gave the proper " color " to her romance.

Again, after Ramona and Alessandro had been married (*in the book*) in San Diego by Father Gaspara and were riding away, Alessandro was mourning because of the poor home he should have to give his bride, when Ramona exclaimed: " Any house that you will build, I can make comfortable. It is nothing but trouble to have a house as large as the Señora's. Margarita used to be tired to death sweeping all those rooms in which nobody lived, except the blessed old San Luis Rey saints."

These references are taken to indicate surely that Ramona's home must have been very near to the San Luis Rey Mission.

Guajome is remarkably interesting, whether Ramona's fictitious home or not. Yet visitors should remember it is a Spanish gentleman's private home. When I was last there, a " female person " and her male companion came, and without a " Please," or " Will you kindly," stepped to the door of a guest, and boldly asked, " Will you show us around? "

Had I had the answering, I should have asked the " lady " to read Mr. Couts's notice, tacked on the door jamb close by. It is interesting reading:

NOTICE.

Ladies and gentlemen calling here, in my absence, will kindly refrain from assuming liberties in and about these premises that would be objectionable to you if exercised by strangers in your homes.

This is private property and must be respected. Sightseers are only tolerated, NEVER WANTED! !

CAVE J. COUTS, Owner.

There are those who may deem this notice inhospitable. Such are unable to comprehend the rudeness and vulgarities of some tourists. Nay, more, the vandalism of the ordinary American is beyond the comprehension of any honest, dignified person. Some come and peer into the kitchen, and, when permitted to enter, even lift off the lids from the cooking-pots to see what is therein, offering as a lame excuse for their rudeness, with a sickly smile, "I thought it might be fryholes"— some call it *fry joles* — "cooking."

Nothing is safe from such people. Mr. Couts assures me that he has had to dismantle the roof of his old stable in order to secure tiles to replace those on the housetop broken by camera fiends who have actually walked on them in order to secure pictures of the *patio*.

The name Guajome is Indian and signifies "the home of the frog," or "the frog-pond." There are several springs about the place, and one of these supplies the water for a good-sized pond, where many frogs "do congregate." The overflow from this pond makes a

Snow on the mountains of the Sierra Madre Range, while the valley is in the dress of perpetual summer

marshy spot where tules and other rank vegetation grow abundantly, and where willows and water-loving trees thrive.

This frog-pond and the willows are taken by those who see Ramona's home in Guajome, as the sheep-washing place and the brook. Thus says one writer: "It was at the washing place, the brook under the trees, that Ramona suffered the first horrible injustice that came to her. She often went to this washing place, we are told, to wash out a handkerchief or a bit of filmy lace, for Ramona was a lace-maker, having been educated at Los Angeles by the sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent. It was a pleasant spot, this washing place, cool and shady even at noon, and the running water was always full of music. Ramona often knelt there of a morning, and when Alessandro saw her, it went hard with him to stay away."

At last, one evening, they chanced to meet under the trees, by the large sloping stones that lay with one edge in the water, and Alessandro, led on by Ramona's gentleness and humility, told her of his great love; and then the terrible, implacable Señora, ere they had realized the sweetness of their first kiss, drove Alessandro away with bitter words, and made Ramona a prisoner in her room.

Then here we have a sheep-shearing place. The beautiful valley, where biting frosts are never known, gave pasturage to great flocks of sheep. The sleepy Mexican herdsman, shut in by the blue mountains and the peaceful ocean, dreamed away the sunny hours and

did not realize, until the priest came to tell him that the world was full of strife, that the hand of man was raised against man, and that instead of one owner, the happy valley must have many. But the Señora had still many sheep and the shearing time was made a sort of festival. The author says: "The shed where the shearing was done was a long, narrow structure, all roof and no walls, the supports being slender rough posts, the roof of planks laid side by side."

The Señora, ever looking after the moral welfare of all about her, more indefatigably, indeed, than she looked after her own, always managed to have the priest's visits occur at the shearing time; so that, really, there was a sort of intermittent service of religion, dovetailing nicely with an intermittent shearing of sheep, and this went on until the last sheep was relieved of its burdensome wool, when the flocks and the father both departed for new pastures. Even the windmill which we see standing apart from the trees — it has lost some of its picturesque features through necessary renovation — is spoken of in the story. "There was a brisk wind, and the gay colored wings of the windmill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so swift and strong, that, as the men crowded around, wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment pushing and elbowing each other into the spray." The Indians were the best shearers on all the coast; each man, as their leader Alessandro said, being "able to shear his

hundred a day, and that without a scratch upon their sides."

While the descriptions in *Ramona* do not all correspond with the reality at Guajome there are some things in common.

The ranch-house is built around the *patio* or inner court, just as described in *Ramona*. It is located so that the front faces the southwest. The whole structure, therefore, is oblique to the points of the compass. The rising sun first shines into the corner where the open fireplace of the Indians is, and into the corner of the *patio* near to the dining-room, so that on coming out to breakfast the inmates and their guests would be welcomed with the beams of the morning sun. The walls are nearly three feet thick and, therefore, solid and substantial. Every room has, or could have, two outlooks, one into the *patio*, the other upon the outside.

The roofs are covered with the red tiles, made so familiar to us in photographs of some of the Missions. They were made by old Indians who had helped make those now used on the San Luis Rey Mission. The tiles are about two feet long and are not, as many imagine, of uniform breadth at each end. The lower end is much broader than the upper, so that if two of them were placed together to form a circle, they would appear like a sugar cone or an enlarged axle for a carriage or wagon.

The kitchen opens upon an outer veranda where much of the work was done, not on the inner veranda

as described in *Ramona*. There is also a great beehive-shaped oven, a monster affair, nearly six feet high and about six feet long, with a great wide hungry mouth that opens into the baker's kitchen, where was room enough to prepare all the good things the oven was capable of containing. But no longer does the merry fire rage within its cavernous depths. Its mouth is open all the time, but it is the mouth of a dead monster, instead of that of a live, jolly old cannibal that used to open and shut and swallow things, only to give them back shortly in a fit condition for men and women to enjoy.

In the servants' dining-room is an open fireplace that must have been a joy to all concerned. It has an opening about five feet across and three feet high; the hearth is raised nearly two feet above the room floor and the whole is built in the old-fashioned massive style and then whitewashed. It undoubtedly afforded comfort of the most delightful character to those who were privileged to enjoy it.

Another great fireplace is that at the northeast corner of the *patio*, outside. This relic of the past stands close to the great doors which enter into the wagon court. The open space is about sixteen feet long and ten feet broad, with a door entering one of the rooms directly opposite the fireplace, and large double doors leading into the *patio* on the right. Here the Indian laborers and employees on the great ranch were wont to assemble at night before retiring to their own quarters. Here the vaqueros, when they had been

In the courtyard at Guajome, Southern California
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The sheep-shearing place at Guajome
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caught out in the storm and arrived at the house wet through, would come and dry themselves.

To shut out their noisy revelry and fun from those inside, the large doors were closed, and thus there were two worlds going on side by side, each separate, each apart.

It was well, too, that the doors could be closed, for in those early days it was not always sure exactly what Indians could be relied upon and what not. Some were treacherous and vengeful, for they fiercely resented the theft of their homes, and loved not the haughty dons who lorded it over them in domineering style.

That Indians once lived close to, or perhaps on the very site of, Guajome is clearly apparent. Up under where one of the modern water tanks is now built was once a grinding place of the Indians. In a huge out-thrust boulder of granite a deep mortar has been scooped, and there the seeds, grain and meat were taken to be pounded. Who knows but that once an Indian village was located right on the very spot where the ranch-house now stands? There was water in abundance, and such a location was just what an Indian would naturally choose. Then, too, a few hundred yards from the house, is a large date palm evidently of great age; it was old before Lieutenant Couts built the house in 1852. Who planted that? Where did its seed come from?

At the Rancho Guajome there is also the chapel spoken of; the chapel in the garden, although in its

preservation it has been considerably modernized. This is where many of the San Luis Rey saints were put, and where old Father Zalvidea, one of the last of the Franciscans, used to come to say mass for the family and their Mexican retainers. In speaking to Felipe of the father's coming, the Señora says: "He leaves Santa Barbara on the first, and the tenth is the very earliest he can be here." Taking out the day he had to spend in San Buenaventura, that at Ortega's and that at Lopez's, it would still leave him seven days of travel from Santa Barbara to Señora Moreno's house, at the very least; and it was longer even than she had reckoned, before he reached it. Now by the Southern Pacific railway, which follows as near as can be the old Spanish road, the distance from Santa Barbara is sixty-four miles, and from San Buenaventura thirty-six miles. This could have been walked easily in one or two days; hence those who prefer to believe that Guajome and not Camulos were meant by Mrs. Jackson claim this factor of distance in their favor. To Guajome the distance from Santa Barbara would be about two hundred and ten miles, and this could have been walked in the ten days by the saintly Franciscan. Ramona had the chapel all ready for his coming. She delighted in keeping the images adorned with wreaths of flowers and the ferns Alessandro brought her: "tall ones, like ostrich plumes, six and eight feet high; the feathery maidenhair, and the gold fern, and the silver, twice as large as she had ever found them. The chapel was beautiful, like a conservatory, after she

Indian women winnowing grain and pounding it in granite mortars
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El Recreo, Don Antonio Coronel's home, in Los Angeles, where Mrs. Jackson used to visit
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had arranged them in vases and around the high candlesticks." Then Alessandro taught Ramona to make wreaths of last year's seeds of the artichoke, — " great soft round disks of fine, threadlike silk, with a kind of saint's halo around them of sharp points, glossy as satin and of a lovely creamy color."

Everything at Guajome, at the time I visited it in 1903, was very dilapidated. When the estate of the Señora Couts was settled (she died in 1897), her son, Cave Johnston Couts, bought the ranch from the other heirs with the laudable desire of keeping it together and of some day restoring it to a modernized resemblance to the glorious past. It has been and is a great undertaking, and it is hoped he will succeed, for it is a princely inheritance.

Mr. Couts laughs at the idea of locating Ramona's home at Guajome. He has no love for Mrs. Jackson, and deems her characterization of the Indian as entirely false.

So much, then, for Guajome and its claims. On the other hand, all who knew Mrs. Jackson — the Coronels, Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, Mr. Abbott Kinney— assert that she had no other place in mind than Camulos. Miss Picher, the Director of the Pasadena Loan Association, who conferred for years with the Coronels about the story of *Ramona*, thus authoritatively writes: " Having formulated the plot and general structure of her novel, Mrs. Jackson one day suggested at the friendly old adobe of the Coronels that she locate the story in the spot where so much

of its inspiration had come to her,— namely, in Los Angeles itself, and specifically in this very adobe, with whose laden orange trees and acacia boughs, historic recitals and old-fashioned sunrise hymns her own stay in Los Angeles had been so charmingly associated. But Doña Mariana declared there remained but one Spanish homestead where the original life of a California *haciendado* could still be studied in all its poetry and importance; and told of the patrician character of Camulos. Here, she added, might still be studied the pressing of the mission olive in the old *morteros;* the gathering of the vintage in Hispano-Indian fashion; the making of Spanish wine; the Spanish sheep-shearing, under an Indian *capitan.* Here were still the picturesque retainers; here were distinguished family traditions — all the elements, in fact, upon which the book might grow with historic fidelity.

"Upon Mrs. Jackson's suggestion that a stranger could not expect to receive a welcome, if even recognition, in such a home, she was assured of adequate introduction; and was in fact provided with cordial personal letters, armed with which she went to Camulos. The Señora del Valle, the noble and widely beloved lady of that little principality, was absent on an errand of mercy when Mrs. Jackson arrived at Camulos. Had the author of *Ramona* met that soul of gentle dignity it is probable that the novel never would have included in its personnel a 'Señora Moreno.'"

I do not believe that Miss Picher is justified in the last supposition. It should never be forgotten that *Ramona* is a novel. While certain real persons may be taken (as in this novel they certainly were) as the *basis* upon which to build up the fictitious characters, they are nevertheless pure creations of the novelist's imagination. Hence Mrs. Jackson's character of the Señora Moreno is no more to be assumed to be a true picture of the Señora del Valle than it is to be that of Queen Victoria or the Czarina of Russia.

Let us now visit Camulos, the avowed and accepted home of the heroine.

In April, 1886, Mr. Edwards Roberts wrote an account of what he saw at Camulos. It has changed little since that time.

Here is what he said:

"What I sought is this which I have found,— the Camulos ranch, the home of Ramona, whom 'H. H.' created, and described as living with the Señora Moreno in this house from which I write to-night. Yes, here lived the heroine of the novel which many call the American novel, long watched for and now come at last. Here, before the cool, shaded veranda on which I sit, is the court-yard; here Felipe's room, and there Ramona's, and there the Señora's. I can see the kitchen, from which, to the dining-room, there was always a procession of children carrying smoking-hot dishes to the Señora's table. Where I am sitting old Juan Can used to lounge, with his legs stretched out before him, and his dog at his feet. Near by

is the south veranda, the Señora's own, on which opened the room the good Father Salvierderra used always to occupy; beyond that is the garden, 'always a mass of verdure,' in which is the chapel; in other directions are the olive, almond and orange-groves. It is all as Mrs. Jackson in her novel describes it. One recognizes at once the various places where this and that scene was enacted, and the characters of the story become living realities.

"The Camulos ranch comprises fourteen hundred acres of farm and fruit-land, and is about eighteen miles west of Newhall. The property was bought by the husband of the present owner, who is constantly reminding one of the Señora Moreno, and the house was built nearly thirty-one years ago. 'The house was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court, and a still broader one across the entire front, which looked to the south. These verandas, especially those on the inner court, were supplementary rooms to the house. The greater part of the family life went on in them. . . . All the kitchen work, except the actual cooking, was done here, in front of the kitchen doors and windows. Babies slept, were washed, sat in the dirt, and played on the verandas. The women said their prayers, took their naps, and wove their lace there. The herdsmen and shepherds smoked there, lounged there, trained their dogs there; there the young made love and the old dozed.' And it is the same now. The court is open on the east, and that side is formed by a grove

South Veranda and Garden at Camulos
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San Gabriel Mission, near where Ramona is said to have been born
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of orange-trees. In the center of the little square, set about with rose-bushes and a few trees, is a small fountain-basin; and past this the maids and children pass a score of times a day, on their way from the dining-room, on the south side of the court, to the kitchen on the north. There being no hotel in this part of the valley, Camulos is often filled with belated strangers, or visited by those desirous of seeing what an old-time Spanish ranch is like. The household is composed of nearly twenty people, related to the Señora. They are all acquainted with Ramona, and regret not being able to show one the original of that lovely character. 'Many who come here,' I am told, 'do not believe that we are not the ones Mrs. Jackson described. They ask for Ramona and Señora Moreno, and will not believe we are not the ones they wish to see. We remember when Mrs. Jackson came. She did not remain long; and our Señora, who, we are told, is so much like the Señora Moreno, was then away.'

"The verandas about the inner court are long and deep. 'The south veranda,' 'H. H.' says, 'was a delightsome place. It must have been eighty feet long at least, for the doors of five large rooms opened on it. The two westernmost rooms had been added on, and made four steps higher than the others, which gave to that end of the veranda the look of a balcony or *loggia*. Here the Señora kept her flowers — fine geraniums, carnations and yellow-flowered musk. . . . Besides the geraniums, carnations and musk

in the red jars, there were many sorts of climbing vines,— some coming from the ground, and twining around the pillars of the veranda; some growing in great bowls, swung by cords from the roof of the veranda, or set on shelves against the walls. Among these vines, singing from morning till night, hung the Señora's canaries and finches, half a dozen of each, all of different generations, raised by the Señora.' The south veranda is still popular. In the daytime one sits there to enjoy the prospect of the garden opposite, and during the evening the Señora visits it and has quiet conversations with her people, or with visiting friends.

" Coming suddenly upon the Camulos ranch-house one might naturally mistake it for some military stronghold. The walls are thick and low, and are strengthened by heavy buttresses, between which is a passageway to the cellar, and over which have grown honeysuckle-vines that climb even to the overhanging eaves of the house. It was on the south veranda, in sight of these strong, vine-clad buttresses and of the garden, that Felipe rested after his illness, while Alessandro watched by his side. The westernmost room, leading off the upper balcony or loggia, was the room always given to Father Salvierderra. Its window opens on the garden, and the doorway faces the east. 'Between the veranda and the river meadows . . . all was garden, orange-grove, and almond-orchard, the orange-grove always green, never without snowy bloom or golden fruit; the garden never without

flowers, summer or winter; and the almond-orchard in early spring a fluttering canopy of pink and white petals. . . . On either hand stretched away other orchards — pear, peach, apricot, apple, pomegranate and beyond these, vineyards. Nothing was to be seen but verdure or bloom or fruit, at whatever time of year you sat on the Señora's south veranda.'

" The garden nearest the south side of the house is to nearly all who visit the ranch the most delightful feature of the place. It is barely an acre in extent, but is filled with trees and shrubs that give forth a rich fragrance, and is inhabited by many birds. In the center of the garden is a large deep basin, into which fall the waters of a fountain. Around the rim of the basin are pots of flowers, and curiosities found in the adjacent fields. To the left of the fountain and extending down the east side of the garden is a long grape-arbor, overhung with vines. It leads to the brook that runs in the shade of some old, gnarled willow-trees, where the maids are made, in *Ramona*, to do the washing of the Señora's luxurious household. It was there, too, at the foot of the arbor, that Alessandro first saw Ramona, as she was busy washing the altar-cloth that Margarita had carelessly allowed to become torn. Beyond the brook is the Santa Clara River, and from the south bank of that shallow stream rises a group of hills, one being capped with a huge wooden cross, which ' H. H.' says the Señora Moreno caused to be set up, that it might serve as notice to all passers-by that they were on the land of a good

Catholic. There is another of these crosses on the hill to the south of the ranch.

" To the west of the garden fountain is a little chapel, so often referred to in *Ramona*. Standing in the shadow of the orange-trees that fill the garden, and overgrown with trailing vines that creep over the pointed roof and are festooned about the sides of the building, the chapel is a delightful place. A shaded gravel-walk leads through the garden to its entrance, and the interior contains a small white altar, on which are several choice ornaments and a statue of the patron saint of the household. The walls are hung with pictures of saints, some of them admirably painted. The present Señora is a devout church-woman, and holds regular service in her chapel. She reads the service herself as she kneels before the altar, and the responses are made by her children and maids. Whenever a Franciscan Father or a priest of the Catholic Church passes up the Santa Clara Valley, he is invited by the Señora to visit her house and say mass in the chapel. During such service the visitor is robed in richly wrought vestments, which are kept in a chest of drawers standing near the altar. In that same chest, too, is the cloth, with the rent in it still showing, supposed to be the very one that Ramona mended,— a fact illustrating the remarkable gift Mrs. Jackson had of observing every detail of places she visited, and, later, of using that information to embellish her works and render them realistic. She was at Camulos less than twenty-four hours, and yet her description of the ranch-house

The bells at the old San Diego Chapel
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Entrance to the chapel at Camulos
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and of its surroundings in *Ramona* is wonderfully perfect. Taking *Ramona* in hand, one staying at Camulos can find almost every scene described. There are the corrals, where the band of Temecula Indians sheared the sheep; the barn from which Alessandro took the saddle on the night of his and Ramona's departure from the ranch; the willows, near which the lovers were surprised by the Señora Moreno; and the thicket of wild mustard through which Father Salvierderra was slowly making his way when Ramona came suddenly upon him. No detail of construction or location seems to have escaped notice.

"Near the chapel, at the northwest end of the garden, stands a tall frame of heavy beams, that supports a trio of bells. These bells came from Spain, and at one time were hung in the tower of one of the Franciscan Missions of California. The largest is cracked, but is still melodious. It is used to call the people to chapel. The one by its side is rung for the children to go to school; that above is the dinner-bell. The support is entwined with vines; and behind the bells, a short distance away, is a bright green olive-grove. Listening to the deep mellow tone of the large bell, and seeing the Señora, followed by her attendants, walking slowly through the garden to the chapel, one can easily imagine himself in some foreign country. It is all un-American and strange. The heavy white walls of the house, the perfume of orange-blossoms and roses, the organ chants and the faint sounds of prayers recited in Spanish, recall days in Spain where,

as here, there were peace and quiet and an existence altogether romantic and poetical."

I was once at Camulos, at the time of the Flower Festival of Santa Barbara, in the month of April, 1895. To attempt to describe the rich beauty of the Santa Clara Valley at this time of the year would be impossible to either a Ruskin, a Benjamin Taylor or a Canon Farrar, and the rich canvases of a Turner or a Vandyke could not do more than suggest the glories the eye constantly discerns. Well might Edward Roberts write:

"The Santa Clara Valley is a garden. By the roadside is field after field of grain. If I were an Easterner, and had never seen California, and should see it as I do now, robed in its bright spring dress, sweet to smell, beautiful to look upon, as warm and pleasant as June is in New England, I should ever after be a devoted admirer of the State, and could always be ready to believe and indorse all the pleasant things said in regard to it."

I did not go down to the house on the occasion of this visit, for I am well aware of the annoyance so much promiscuous calling of visitors causes to the honored residents. The rudeness of some of these visitors is as astonishing as their impudence is colossal. One feminine creature — so I am told — once walked directly into one of the bedrooms and exclaimed: "Oh! I'm sure this was Ramona's bedroom, and her very own bed," and, throwing herself upon it, she added, with a grunt of satisfaction: "There now, I can say I have laid down on Ramona's own bed."

In describing Camulos one must not forget the old

The old bells at Camulos
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Weaving the Franciscan waist-cord at Santa Barbara
Photo copyright by G. P. Thresher, Los Angeles, California
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olive-oil mill. Nothing could be more simple than this machine for crushing the olives and thus securing the rich, delicious oil. The rough basic rock, shaped into a roller, is affixed to an axle, one end of which revolves in the upright standard in the center of the mill base, which is kept firm and solid by the wooden frame. To the other end the horse is attached. As he slowly moves around the mill, the roller crushes the olives and the oil runs into a receptacle prepared for it. No better olive-oil is manufactured to-day than was (and still is) crushed out in these old-fashioned mills.

One of the windows at Camulos is barred, and it requires but little stretch of the imagination to see there Ramona when she was confined by the stern and hard-hearted Señora after she had discovered the girl's love for Alessandro.

The surroundings of Camulos, now, as when Mr. Roberts visited it, are most beautiful and attractive. Said he, " the hillsides are literally covered with wild-flowers and thickets of wild mustard, while the river winds down the long wide valley like a silver thread. Lambs and frisky kids are bleating in the corrals; the swallows are building their nests of mud under the eaves of the barn; the almond blossoms of a few weeks ago have fallen, and in their place are hairy little bodies that daily grow in size, and on the orange trees are clusters of golden fruit and white blossoms; the roses are in full bloom, the grasses are green. All nature is fresh and fair; the season is that in which Ramona's new life began."

CHAPTER VII

SAN GABRIEL, THE BIRTHPLACE OF RAMONA

IN the chapter on the original of Ramona I give the story of Hugo Reid, with which Mrs. Jackson was made familiar, and from which she gained the idea of making her heroine the daughter of an Indian woman and a Scotchman who had been jilted. He actually lived at San Gabriel, near the old Mission of San Gabriel Arcangel, hence it was appropriate that the author should make this the birthplace of her fictitious heroine.

San Gabriel was the fourth to be established in the chain of California Missions, being founded September 8, 1771, by Padres Somero and Cambon, two months after San Antonio de Padua, and a year prior to San Luis Obispo.

The licentious Spanish soldiers caused trouble with the Indians at San Gabriel almost before the services of the dedication were over, although the natives had shown the greatest kindness and desire to assist. They brought the needful timber, erected the first crude wooden buildings and stockade, covered the roofs with tules, and displayed their natural hospitality by bringing to the priests offerings of acorns and pine nuts.

Yet these villainous members of the superior race (!), because the priests were aged and incapable of asserting their authority, pursued the Indians to their *rancherias* and caught them with their lassos, even going so far as to kill some men who were determined to protect their wives and daughters against their lusts. It is doubtful whether any Mission in California is as well known as San Gabriel. Its close proximity to Los Angeles has made it an object invariably visited by the tourist, and the result is that many thousands think of it and picture it when the Missions are named. And yet it is far from being one of the strikingly picturesque buildings of the Mission chain. Were it not for the campanile, with its very interesting arrangement of bells, it would be one of the least picturesque. Yet, in some respects, it is a most interesting Mission; its history being especially fascinating and romantic. It was here that Padre José Maria Zalvidea presided for many years. He was a man of austere life and habits, a rigid believer in strict discipline, and under his management and direction San Gabriel became wealthy and powerful. Every Indian was required to work and work hard, for he systematized and brought up the workers to the highest possible degree of efficiency. About thirty different occupations were carried on and the methods used to procure the necessary daily "stint" of work from each Indian savour somewhat of the methods of slave-drivers rather than of a Christian missionary. For the surviving Indians of twenty or more years ago are authority for the assertions that

the Mexican *mayor-domo*, Claudio Lopez, appointed Indian deputies, who took charge of specified bands of men and women, and personally controlled their work. Each of these deputies was armed with bull-whips made of strips of rawhide, which they used upon the backs and shoulders of any they deemed lazy. This treatment caused great anger and dissatisfaction, and it was no uncommon thing for the more daring to run away to the mountains, there to organize bands hostile to the Missions. Many a midnight attack has been made upon San Gabriel by these runaways or "renegades" as they were commonly called. The great hedges of tuna, or prickly pear, the remnants of which are still to be seen at San Gabriel, are silent reminders of the fierce antagonisms of those days, for they were planted not only to supply their fruit as food to the Indians, but also to act as a protecting hedge against the foe.

In Chapter XVIII of *Ramona*, Mrs. Jackson makes Alessandro tell a story, related to him by a San Gabriel woman, of the bad actions of the men sometimes placed in authority over the Indians. He himself was an Indian, but a bad man. "When a whole band of them ran away at one time, and went back into the mountains, he went after them; and he brought back a piece of each man's ear; the pieces were on a string; and he laughed, and said that was to know them by again,—by their clipped ears."

This was actually told to Mrs. Jackson herself, as a fact, by this old Gabrieleño. And it is possible there

The balcony at Camulos
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The barred window at Camulos, pointed out as the room in which Ramona was confined Page 115

was some truth in it. In an unpublished manuscript left by B. D. Wilson,— a prominent early day American Californian, who lived near to San Gabriel, and who was the first Indian agent for the southern district of California — he tells of personally heading parties who went after these bands of renegade Indians, prior to the time of the United States' occupation of California.

In the following extract there is a reference to the killing of a renegade whose ears were clipped. With a band of soldiers he was seeking for some renegades led by a renowned desperado, Joaquin. Suddenly emerging upon an open plain he discovered four Indians. "The leading man of the four happened to be the very man of all others I was seeking for. The first marauder, Joaquin, had been raised as a page of the church in San Gabriel Mission, and, for his depredations and outlawry, bore on his person the mark of the Mission, i. e., one of his ears cropped off and the iron brand on his hip. This is the only instance I ever saw or heard of, of that kind; and that marking had not been done at the Mission, but at one of the ranches — El Chino — by the *mayor-domo*. While in conversation with Joaquin the command was coming on, and he then became convinced that we were on a campaign against him and his people. It was evident before that he had taken me for a traveler. Immediately that he discovered the true state of things, he whipped from his quiver an arrow, strung it on his bow, and left nothing for me to do but to kill him in self defense. We both discharged our weapons at the same time. I had no

chance to raise the gun to my shoulder, but fired it from my hand. His shot took effect in my right shoulder, and mine in his breast. The shock of his arrow in my shoulder caused me involuntarily to let my gun drop; my shot knocked him down disabled, but he discharged at me a tirade of abuse in the Spanish language such as I never heard surpassed.

"I was on mule-back, and I got down to pick up my gun. By this time my command arrived on the spot. The other three Indians were making off over the plains. I ordered my men to capture them alive, but the Indians resisted stoutly and refused to the last to surrender, and wounded several of our horses and two or three men, and had to be killed. Those three men actually fought eighty men in open plain till they were put to death. During the fight Joaquin laid on the ground uttering curse and abuse against the Spanish race and people. I discovered that I was shot with a poisoned arrow and rode down some five hundred yards to the river. Some of my men on returning and finding that Joaquin was not dead, finished him. I had to proceed immediately to the care of my wound. . . . I have frequently seen the Indians prepare the poison and it is nothing more than putrid meat or liver and blood poisoned by rattlesnake venom, which they dry in thin sticks and carry in leather sheaths. When they went on a hunting or campaigning expedition they wetted their arrows with the sticks and when it was too dry they softened it by holding it near the fire a little while."

Mr. Wilson continues and relates how his wound was healed, the poison being sucked out by his faithful Comanche Indian; then how the command proceeded unsuccessfully against more Indians, returned with several men badly wounded, abandoned the campaign, recruited a new force, and then, twenty-one strong, started on an eight-day march to the Mohave river.

"We discovered an Indian village and I at once directed my men to divide in two parties to surround and attack the village. We did it successfully, but as on the former occasion the men in the place would not surrender, and on my endeavoring to persuade them to give up they shot one of my men, Evan Callaghan, in the back. I thought he was mortally wounded and commanded my men to fire. The fire was kept up until every Indian (man) was slain.

"I took the women and children prisoners, ... and we found we had to remain there over night on account of the suffering of our wounded. Fortunately the next morning we were able to travel, and we marched on our return home, bringing the women and children. We found that these women could speak Spanish very well, and had been neophytes, and that the men we had killed had been the same who had defeated my command the first time, and were likewise Mission Indians.

"We turned the women and children over to the Mission San Gabriel, where they remained. These campaigns left our district wholly free from Indian depredations till after the change of government."

Later he made another campaign against the Cahuillas to capture two renegades who had taken up their residence with this tribe, had corrupted their young men and were leading them to commit depredations upon the ranches of the district. His force marched through the San Gorgonio pass, through which the Southern Pacific railway now runs, and at the head of the Colorado Desert were met by Cabezon (Big Head), the General, or Head Chief of all the Cahuilla tribe. He had about twenty warriors with him and met Wilson to remonstrate with him upon his going upon a campaign against his people, when he and they had always been friendly to the whites. Wilson placed Cabezon and his band under arrest, but finally entered into an agreement to allow the Indian chief to send his brother, Adam, and twelve of the warriors to capture the two renegades, dead or alive, while he (Cabezon) and the rest remained as hostages.

" I told them to go on their errand but asking them how many days they would require to accomplish it. They asked for two days and nights. We stayed there that night and all the next day with the most oppressive heat I have ever experienced. It was so hot that we could not sit down, but had to stand up and fan ourselves with our hats. The ground would burn us when we attempted to sit. Late the following night the chief called me, and asked me to put my ear to the ground, stating that he heard a noise and his men were coming. I did as he desired and heard a rumbling noise which at every moment became clearer. In the

An old olive oil mill of Ramona's day
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Six-ox team drawing a load of hay in Ramona's day
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course of an hour we could begin to hear the voices, and the old chief remarked to me with satisfaction that it was all right, he could tell by the singing of his men that they had been successful in their errand. I ordered thirty men to mount their horses and go to meet them to see if it was all right, as it was not impossible those Indians were coming with hostile views. In due time the horsemen came back and reported that they believed all was right. I had my men under arms and waited the arrival of the party which consisted of forty or fifty warriors. Adam ordered the party to halt some four hundred yards from my camp, himself and another companion advancing, each one carrying the head of one of the malefactors which they threw at my feet with evident marks of pleasure at the successful results of the expedition. Adam at this same time showed me an arrow wound in one of his thighs, which he had received in the skirmish that took place against those two Christians and their friends."

These accounts, narrated with such quiet simplicity, give us a most vivid picture of the conditions of those days, and, as they relate especially to the Indians of San Gabriel and those of Cahuilla, cannot fail to be of interest to the readers of *Ramona*.

To-day there is scarce an Indian to be found at or near San Gabriel. By the kind courtesy of Miss Katherine Soper I am able to reproduce her photograph of an old Indian woman who still lives there. All the rest have gone, swept away, as the old English divines would declare, with the besom of destruction.

There is one more interesting fact about San Gabriel that should not be overlooked. It was here that Joseph Chapman, an English sailor, was brought, after his capture at Santa Barbara where he and others landed from the vessel of Bouchard, the privateer. His life was spared, owing to the intervention of Padre Sanchez, the successor of Zalvidea, and he settled down and married into one of the best Spanish families of California. At the request of Sanchez he built, at San Gabriel, a sixty-ton schooner. That is, the timbers were all prepared and shaped here, and then, on massive *carretas*, made expressly for the purpose, were conveyed by oxen to the beach at San Pedro, put together and launched. The vessel was used for many years up and down the coast for trading, but was specifically intended for otter hunting, the skins being much prized by the native Californians, whether Indians or Mexicans.

To-day San Gabriel is rapidly becoming Americanized. The Southern Pacific railway trains daily dash by within a stone's throw of the Mission; all the outbuildings where Zalvidea's busy family toiled have disappeared; the electric cars from Los Angeles run right up to the very door of the Mission, and modern commercialism is rampant where once only the quiet life of the Indians was known.

The Mission building, erected by Zalvidea, is one of the few structures that was never closed. It is still used as the parish church, but, with its memories of the sainted Somero, Cambon, Serra, Palou, and other of the

early Missioners, of Zalvidea the energetic, of Sanchez his successor, of Chapman the so-called pirate, of Victoria the deposed governor, of Wilson the Indian fighter and many others of the old *régime*, it must feel that it has fallen upon strange times to find itself at the terminus of an electric line, which daily brings to its doors scores of tourists unacquainted with its history or traditions, ignorant of its former usefulness, and the high ambitions of its founders, and entirely out of harmony with their beneficent and laudable intent.

Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb, who was born and lived near San Gabriel all her life, once unconsciously paid a wonderful tribute to the compelling sympathetic power of Mrs. Jackson, and at the same time testified to the fact that the Indians are exceedingly secretive, even to those who think they know them best.

In one of her articles Mrs. Jackson had described a certain secret shrine she had been taken to at San Gabriel, and in referring to this Mrs. Shorb commented upon the author's marvellous power of invention and imagination. Said she: "I was born here and know all these people and I'm sure there is no such shrine in existence. I have never heard of such a shrine."

And yet it really existed. With Mrs. Jackson's swift entry into the affections of Indians and Mexicans, no matter of what grade of intelligence, they had taken her to this spot which, "to their own people," had never been revealed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RAMONA JEWELS

WAS there any foundation for the story of the Ramona jewels as told by Mrs. Jackson? This, it will be remembered, in brief, is as follows: When the dying Señora Ortegna brought to her sister, the Señora Moreno, the baby Ramona, she brought also a box containing rubies, emeralds, pearls, and yellow diamonds. These were to be given to Ramona on her wedding day. These jewels several times come into dramatic play in the story, as, for instance (Chapter XI) where the Señora hoped to tempt Ramona to give up Alessandro by displaying the jewels to her, and reminding her that it was only if she "married worthily," according to the Señora's standpoint, would they be hers. And the Señora was much astonished when the only interest the girl took in the jewels was to ask for the ragged, crimson silk handkerchief of her father's in which the pearls had been wrapped.

Again, when Felipe discovered the jewels, and at the same time awoke to his mother's duplicity, to find her dead the next moment,— how dramatic the scene. Only a master writer could have planned for and worked out such a tableau.

Naturally many thousands who have read *Ramona* have asked the question: Is there any foundation in fact for the story of the jewels? In answer let me quote the explicit story told in *Out West* for December, 1903, by Carlyle C. Davis.

" Ramona was a creation of Helen Hunt Jackson. She is supposed to have been a happy blending of two characters of the Del Valle household — Blanca Yndart, a Spanish girl, a ward of Señora del Valle; and Guadalupe, a Mission Indian girl, given to the Señora, when a child, by a Saboba chief. Blanca was the only child of U. Yndart, a resident of Santa Barbara. Her mother, dying when the child was five years of age, committed her to the keeping of Señora del Valle, and she lived at Camulos Ranch as one of the family until she was fourteen. Then her father took a second wife, and Blanca returned to the parental roof, living there until her own marriage, four years later, to James Maguire. Upon the death of her husband, some years ago, Blanca, with her two children, removed to Los Angeles, and now resides on First Street. She is the one human document who may in truth be regarded as the ' Ramona ' of the story. She is of the purest Spanish blood, both father and mother having been born in Castile; and at forty-two is still a woman of exceptional beauty. Her grandfather, Captain Yndart, was a sea-faring man, more or less familiar with all the navigable waters of the globe. In his world wanderings, covering a period of forty years, he accumulated a chest of treasures of surpassing beauty and

worth, and these are the 'Ramona jewels.' For years they were held in trust by Señora del Valle (Señora Moreno) for Blanca Yndart (Ramona), when she should be married; and they are still in the possession of Mrs. Maguire. They consist, in the main, of a large cross of pearls of rare purity and unusual size, a rosary of pearls, and a single pearl, pear-shaped, of extraordinary dimensions, and valued at several thousand dollars, 'tray after tray of jewels,' an East Indian shawl of texture so delicate that it can be drawn through an ordinary finger ring; a number of dainty kerchiefs, and other rich and costly fabrics from the Orient — 'shawls and rebosos of damask, laces, gowns of satin, of velvet.' A daughter of Captain Yndart, who subsequently married a cousin of the same name, was living at Santa Barbara when the old sea captain paid his last visit to this coast. Having a presentiment that he would not survive another voyage, he left the chest of treasures with his daughter, with instructions as to their disposition at his death. They were to be divided between his two grandchildren, Blanca and Pancho Yndart, the latter a cousin of the former. Blanca's mother was delicate, and realizing that she would not live to see her daughter married, she provided that at her death, Blanca should be taken into the Del Valle family at Camulos, Doña Ysabel being her nearest and dearest friend. Mrs. Yndart, unwilling to trust others with the jewels, herself took them to the ranch, and it is said that not even her own husband knew of their existence. This was

before the era of railroads at Santa Barbara, and the route chosen, along the beach, was safe enough when the tide was out, but a miscalculation was made, and in rounding the promontory just above San Buenaventura, in water reaching almost to the seat of the vehicle, Mrs. Yndart and the treasures narrowly escaped being washed into the sea. Pancho long supposed his inheritance was lost, and it is said that the first intimation he had to the contrary was gained from his reading of the story of *Ramona*. Upon the death of her mother, Blanca went to Camulos and remained there for nine years, wholly unconscious of the existence of the jewels, or that such a rich marriage *dot* awaited her. This was strictly in accord with the wishes of her mother, which were sacredly respected by the Señora del Valle. For thirteen years, and until Blanca's wedding, the jewels remained in a stout chest beneath the bed of the Señora, unseen by others.

"Helen Hunt Jackson never saw Blanca or the jewels, but received the story from Doña Mariana Coronel, years afterwards. The little Indian girl, ward of Doña Ysabel, was at Camulos when she visited there. She learned from members of the household of the relations of the child to Blanca, corresponding with the relations of 'Margarita' to 'Ramona' in the romance. The story of the girl had also been told to Helen Hunt Jackson by Doña Mariana. But there is a sequel to it which the former never heard. It may be told in a few words, and is well worth the telling.

"Notwithstanding their lineage and the traditions connecting them with Mexican rule, the Del Valles have never, since American occupation, been wanting in loyalty to the United States government. There have been numerous occasions for the visit of regular army officers to various points in Southern California, and in passing up and down the coast it was the good fortune of many of them to enjoy the hospitality of Camulos Ranch. They were always sure of a cordial welcome there, especially at the hands of the elder Del Valle, who, in his declining years, took especial delight in recounting with those military gentlemen the thrilling events that had transpired in this borderland. Upon the occasion of a visit of Captain G——, of the —— th United States Cavalry, to the ranch, he was struck with the singular beauty of the little Indian girl, whom he saw flitting in and out of the court. Turning to a companion, a citizen of Los Angeles, who had accompanied him on this journey, he inquired with some agitation: 'Who is that girl? Why, she is the exact image of my sister!' His friend could only say that she was an Indian, given to the family by a Saboba chief, but adding that the hostess would doubtless tell him all that was known of her. An interview with Doña Ysabel was immediately sought, followed by a talk with the girl and a brief explanation, and when the officer left Camulos he took with him to his post, in Arizona, the child who bore such a striking resemblance to his family. It was natural for the father to want his daughter. The child had known no mother

save the kind Señora del Valle, and the parting with her was of course painful. Her own mother had been lost sight of in the wanderings of the tribe after their expulsion from Temecula."

CHAPTER IX

THE ORIGINAL OF JIM FARRAR

MRS. JACKSON has herself indicated unmistakably who was the original of the Jim Farrar of *Ramona*. I was driving one day with a friend up the San Jacinto mountains, from Hemet. We were enjoying the beautiful section of wild wood through which the road winds, here and there catching glimpses of the foaming waters of the creek dashing over the boulders on their way to the valley. As we approached a watering-trough, conveniently placed on the road side, we heard the jingle of bells, which teamsters on these narrow mountain roads always place on their horses, that those traveling in the opposite direction may early arrange for passing at a convenient and wide enough stretch of road. As this team came in sight we saw it was loaded with lumber. The horses, eight in number, were fine animals, one of them, particularly, being a stallion of good breed, fine build and graceful proportion. My companion at once whispered to me: "That's Sam Temple, — Jim Farrar," and there, sitting on the box, handling the lines with the sure grasp of a master horseman and teamster, was the original of the murderer of the hero of Mrs. Jackson's

Ramona. A heavy-featured, strong-jawed, thick-nostriled, broad-browed, coarse-lipped, keen-eyed, self-indulgent face, crowned with a head of coal-black hair, dominated a strong, well-set, muscular body of some five and a half feet in height. A strong man, self-willed, proud and haughty, yet inclined to gratify his own appetites and passions at any cost, and not content to struggle with the lower in his nature that the higher might control.

We were introduced to each other and, from that time on, our relationship was of a most friendly character on his side, though it was characterized by great frankness and plainness of speech on mine. I think the rude nature of the man, naturally a braggart and a bully, long used to the cringing, yielding or timid demeanor of those who perforce associated with him and "wanted no trouble with him," was flattered by my unusual utterance of thoughts which few, if any, had ever before expressed to him. I talked many times with him about the killing of Juan Diego, and I once took my graphophone to his house, into which he told his story of the killing of Juan Diego. In effect it is as follows: "I had long known there was a band of horse thieves operating in the San Jacinto mountains, so I was pretty angry and disturbed when I awoke one morning to find one of my finest horses, a beautiful black, which I had placed with his mates the night before in the corral at Hewett's hotel, in San Jacinto, gone. I made up my mind that he had been taken by one of this thieving gang so I prepared

to track him and bring him back at all hazards. I borrowed a shot gun and loaded both barrels with buck-shot, and then to make sure got a six-shooter as well.

"Throwing a saddle onto another of my horses I followed the tracks up the mountains, until after riding nearly all day I came to a little ridge. Just as I rose to the crest I saw a house, and close by, tied to a tree, was my stolen animal. I went down and tied the horse I was riding alongside of the other, and then a woman (Ramona) asked me what I wanted. I told her I had come for my horse. Just then her man, Juan Diego, came to the door, and I said to him: 'Where did you get that horse?' He replied: 'At the corral of the Señor Hewett!' 'Didn't you know that horse wasn't yours?' I then asked, and he replied, 'Si, Señor!'

"During this conversation we had been coming nearer and nearer to each other: at first then I noticed that, carried in his hand, with the long blade hidden up his sleeve, was a dangerous looking knife. I stopped and told him to stop where he was. Instead of stopping he made a sudden lunge at me, lowering his knife into his hand as he did so. I had no time to lower my gun and take proper aim, but letting it rest in the hollow of my arm I aimed it at him as well as I could and let fly with both barrels. Though I afterwards counted and found I had sent sixty-seven buck-shot clear through him, it did not stop him at the moment, for he still struck at me with his knife. Turning my gun I used it as a club and struck him a

Sam Temple, the slayer of Juan Diego, hauling lumber down the San Jacinto Mountains

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Judge Tripp (Wells) and Jim Farrar (Sam Temple) at the house where the latter was tried for the murder of Juan Diego

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hard blow on the back of the head with it, breaking the stock in so doing. He fell to the ground, but such was his viciousness, that even there he struck at me again and again. Drawing my revolver I put three or four shots from that into him before he was quiet.

" Then I untied my two horses, changed the saddle onto the stolen horse and returned to town where I gave myself up to Judge Tripp, the justice. After hearing the evidence he turned me loose, as he was bound to do, on the plea of self defense.

" I am quite satisfied that the Indian I killed was the leader of the gang of thieves, and I'll tell you why. After I killed him horse-stealing practically ceased in this region, and if that ain't good proof I'd like to know what is."

Later I saw Ramona, as related in another chapter, and she told her story into the same machine.

It is well here to state, that, while Ramona's story, partially in her own language and partially in Spanish, can be heard from the graphophone cylinder by one whose hearing is acute, she was so frightened by the strangeness of the machine, so sure it was " bad medicine," and controlled by witchcraft or the powers of evil, that the narrative is disconnected and at times scarcely resolvable into words. Hence I have not attempted any verbatim reproduction of it, or of a translation. Its purport, however, is clearly denoted in the story pertaining to her basket which is related in another chapter.

The Temple record was made in his own house at

San Jacinto, where he had invited me to visit him. He was married at that time to an Irishwoman, and a few days before my arrival there had been a domestic quarrel when Sam had exercised his masculine prerogative by whipping his better half. On listening to the complaint of the wife, the city marshal or sheriff had warned Sam that, on an attempted repetition of the offence, he would place him under arrest and give his anger an opportunity to cool in the city *calabozo*. Two weeks before I arrived, Sam's temper had got the better of him, and Mrs. Temple's cries aroused the neighbors, who hastily sent for the marshal. Not caring to make the arrest himself, this official sent his constable, Robert M. McKim, a quaint Kentuckian, who for eleven years had been a Pinkerton detective,— with orders to bring in his "man." On reaching the house night was approaching and Sam, hearing footsteps, called out: "Who's there?" He had already sent word to the marshal that he would not be taken alive and would shoot any one who attempted to arrest him. McKim replied: "It's me, Sam, I've got a warrant for you, and I've got to take you dead or alive!" Temple's reply was a shot from his revolver, which however went wild. Not so the constable's shot, which struck its mark in Sam's arm, going through the fleshy part above the elbow. "That's enough. I quit!" yelled Sam. "Throw out your gun," commanded McKim. "Now stand clear in the light from under that porch and throw up your hands," shouted the officer. "How can I do it

when you've winged me?" wailed the now sober wife-beater.

The next moment as he stepped out, McKim was by his side, and, finding him wounded and unarmed, pleasantly chatted with him on the way to the jail, where, after having his arm bandaged, he was locked up. For two weeks he was kept in prison, and then, owing to certain wire-pulling, and as the officers of the law deemed him punished enough by his wound, he was released, after giving his bond to ensure his good behavior in the future. It was the day after his release that I appeared on the scene.

It was into this household that my presence was suddenly obtruded. In spite of his reckless rudeness, there was a certain nobleness about Temple when the better part of him was called upon. His manners at times justified his claim that he was an immediate descendant (a son) of Judge Temple of Virginia. He said his mother was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian.

His one great love on earth was his horses. As a teamster he took great care of them, and the stallion to which I have before referred was his especial pet and pride.

A few years ago he left the neighborhood of San Jacinto and went down to Yuma, and there I came across him on the occasion of my first rowing trip down the Colorado River from Needles to Yuma in the year 1908.

Soon after I heard that he was dead. Possibly he has already answered to the final tribunal for

what the major part of the civilized world regarded as a dastardly crime.

When Sam Temple gave himself up he knew full well that he was perfectly safe. Public sentiment was generally in favor of the white man as against the Indian, anyhow, and especially in any matter which meant the safeguarding of the former's horses and cattle. In California the testimony of no Indian or Chinaman is allowed to weigh against that of a white man, hence, as he and Ramona alone could have told the truth, his story, no matter how true or how false, was the only story that had any effect.

He claimed in justification of his deed that there had been a great deal of horse stealing going on in the vicinity for a number of years,and recently the operations seemed to indicate that a gang with a thorough organization was become more perniciously active. Temple claimed that Juan Diego was one of the leaders of this gang, and that his " loco " was a mere pretence to throw people off their guard, and that he did the country a good service in ridding it of an unmitigated scoundrel. The testimony of those who knew Juan Diego intimately, and had known and employed him for many years, would seem to offset Temple's charges.

Anyhow it can well be seen that no local jury, under the circumstances, after hearing Temple's story, and taking into cognizance the accepted fact that the horse had been taken away from the public corral where it was placed for the night, could do any other than bring

Mrs. Jordan, the original of Aunt Ri
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An Indian home at Pachanga, Southern California
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in a verdict of " Not Guilty, " hence Temple walked away a free man.

He never seemed to show the slightest regret or remorse for the act; indeed the reverse was the case. He prided himself on "having rid the country of a dangerous leader of a gang of horse thieves who were railroading the best horses out of the country," and thus breaking up the operations of the gang. Indeed so did he glorify his own action that during the World's Fairs, both at Chicago and St. Louis, he thought he saw a great chance to win money and fame by posing there as the man who killed Alessandro. When he approached me in regard to the proposition that I should " finance and manage " this enterprise, receiving a due share of the profits, he seemed somewhat taken aback when I jokingly (but with a great deal more of seriousness and earnestness than appeared in my face and manner) declared that I would far rather raise money to have him tried and hanged for his crime than to send him to the World's Fair to pose as a hero.

Mrs. Temple was a stout, rather irascible, outspoken, ignorant and illiterate emigrant from the Emerald Isle. Her irascibility and temper are easily understandable when one remembers the cause of Sam's injured arm. Most any woman would be irascible to her husband's friends and acquaintances the day after he had tried (and I guess succeeded) in soundly thrashing her. But I smoothed matters over as well as I knew how, and by and by the conversation drifted on to the Indians.

"Oi'm sure I dunno whoy yez takes so much intherest in those dommed Injuns. They're no good. Whoy they ain't civilized, the miserable haythens. They're worse than naygurs. I've no use for them."

Naturally, I thought, here is a woman with her face pounded and scratched and looking like raw beefsteak, a woman who has just had a fight with her husband, and yet she has no use for the Indians, because they are not civilized and are worse than niggers.

" O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

CHAPTER X

THE ORIGINAL OF AUNT RI

IT will be remembered that when Ramona and Alessandro were caught in the snow-storm they were rescued by Aunt Ri and her husband. The original of Aunt Ri, who is made an interesting character in *Ramona*, is now a merry, bright-eyed, witty old lady of seventy-six years of age, who lives at San Jacinto. She is full of reminiscences of Mrs. Jackson's visits to her, and also of Juan Diego and Ramona, both of whom she knew well.

"Alessandro? His name wasn't really Alessandro. It was Juan Diego. We used to call him 'Crazy Juan.' He wasn't really crazy; he was smart enough. He used to get spells. No, not crazy spells, but it seemed as though the devil got into him, and yet he was generally harmless. Everybody knew him and trusted him. There was no real harm in him. When Sam Temple came in that morning and told me some one had run away with his horse, and I saw Juan's mean little pony there in its stead, I told him I'd bet anything that Juan had taken it when he had a spell on. You see, I'd seen Juan the night before, and it was me that had persuaded him to stay over night.

Sam swore he was a —— horse thief and he'd follow him and kill him. And so he did. But he didn't ought to have done it. Juan would surely have brought the horse back if he'd waited a little while."

"So you knew Sam Temple?" I asked.

"Knew him!" was the quick response; "nobody better. He used to stay at my house a great deal, and put his horses in our corral. He was a big bully and everybody was scared of him, but one day he met his match in a little woman." And Mrs. Jordan had to stop and laugh heartily at the remembrance of the scene. "Oh, he'd got to quarreling with some man or other in my kitchen, and I wanted Mr. Jordan and some other men to go in and interfere. I didn't want any rowing and bloodshedding in my kitchen. They were all afraid, so I went and threw open the door and stamped my foot at Sam and said: 'See here, Sam, don't you dare get up a fight in my kitchen. Be quiet or get out.'

"Sam got out.

"As for Ramona, she was an Indian girl who lived up in Cahuilla, and occasionally used to drift down here. When she was quite young she was a fairly good-looking girl. Her being the adopted daughter of the rich Del Valle family (the Morenos of the story) was all fiction, of course. All that about Alessandro being driven from Saboba was imaginary, for he never lived there. The part about the sick child and the murder are true. The child was brought to my house. I gave Ramona medicine for it, but I

couldn't take them into the house, so I found them quarters in a sheep camp over yonder (Chapter XXII) and gave them food while they tended the sick child. When it died I myself tore boards off my barn to make the little coffin in which it was buried."

Many of these facts, given to Mrs. Jackson by Mrs. Jordan herself, are woven into the story. The description of Aunt Ri (Chapter XXII) by no means fits Mrs. Jordan. "The woman, tall, ungainly, her face gaunt, her hands hardened and wrinkled, gown ragged, shoes ragged, her dry and broken light hair wound in a careless, straggling knot in her neck, wisps of it flying over her forehead, was certainly not a prepossessing figure. Yet spite of her careless, unkempt condition, there was a certain gentle dignity in her bearing, and a kindliness in her glance, which won trust and warmed hearts at once."

The reason for making Mrs. Jordan a Tennessean and giving to her a rude and rough dialect was that Mrs. Jackson might there show what is suggested above, that among white people it is not always the well-dressed and cultured, the educated and refined, who have a monopoly of tenderness, kindliness and the real brotherhood of mankind.

So it was to Aunt Ri, the rude and uncouth, but the tender and loving, that Ramona desired to have her baby taken when she feared it would not live (Chapter XXIII) and this the Cahuilla Ramona actually did do, as related in the chapter devoted to her experiences.

And it was Aunt Ri who took Felipe to Cahuilla

when Ramona lay there sick unto death because of Alessandro's murder (Chapter XXV), who nursed the poor widow through her illness, and who finally, owing to the enlarged knowledge she had gained of the Indians during her stay at Cahuilla, left them, declaring: "I'll never hear a word said agin 'em, never, ter my longest day. . . . I'm done talkin' agin Injuns, naow, don't you furgit it! But I know, fur all that, 't won't make any diffurence; 'pears like there cuddn't nobody b'leeve enny thin' 'n this world 'thout seein' 't their selves. I wuz thet way, tew; I allow I hain't got no call ter talk; but I jest wish the hull world could see what I've seen! Thet's all!"

And she disappears from the scene after asking the Indian agent some very pointed and pertinent questions which I am assured Mrs. Jackson felt like asking every Indian agent with whom she came in contact. She was anxious to get at the work the agent was required to perform. His answers, to say the least, were ambiguous and unsatisfactory. Aunt Ri replies, "Thet's jest it. Thet's what I've ben seein'; and thet's why I want so bad ter git at what 't is the Guvvermunt means ter hev yeou dew fur 'em. I allow ef yeou ain't ter feed 'em, an' ef yer can't put folks inter jail fer robbin' 'n cheatin' 'em, not ter say killin' 'em,— ef yer can't dew ennythin' more 'n keep 'em from gettin' whiskey, wall, I'm free ter say — I'm free ter say, I shouldn't like ter stan' in yer shoes."

An Indian kish at Saboba
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A Cahuilla kish, built in the style found when the padres first came to California
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CHAPTER XI

THE VILLAGE OF SABOBA AND RAMONA

AFTER the eviction at San Pasquale it will be remembered (by readers of the novel) that Alessandro desired to go to the mountains where he and his beloved would be free from all further disturbances by white men. But when Ramona expressed her fear of living in so lonely a place, he bethought him of Saboba. Thither would they wend their way and, if allowed to do so, remain. And surely no one would wish to disturb them there. Mrs. Jackson makes her hero say: "There was a kind, good old man who owned all that valley,—Señor Ravallo; he found the village of Saboba there when he came to the country. It is one of the very oldest of all; he was good to all Indians, and he said they should never be disturbed, never. He is dead; but his three sons have the estate yet, and I think they would keep their father's promise to the Indians."

In their wagon, Baba and Benito drawing them, her baby on her lap, Ramona and Alessandro entered the San Jacinto valley. Here a fierce snow-storm surrounded them, and they were all in danger of being frozen to death. But help was at hand. Aunt Ri appeared upon the scene. Later they settled at Saboba, which Mrs. Jackson thus describes:

" It was but a poverty-stricken little handful, to be sure; still, they were unmolested; the valley was large; their stock ran free; the few white settlers, one at the upper end and two or three on the south side, had manifested no disposition to crowd the Indians."

Later she says: " But Ramona knew many things that Alessandro did not. While he had been away on his hunts, she had had speech with many a one he never saw. She had gone to the store and post-office several times, to exchange baskets or lace for flour, and she had heard talk there which had disquieted her. She did not believe that Saboba was safe. One day she had heard a man say, ' If there is a drought we shall have the devil to pay with our stock before winter is over.' ' Yes,' said another, ' and look at those damned Indians over there in Saboba, with water running all the time in their village! It's a shame they should have that spring! '

" When Ramona went home that evening she went down to the spring in the center of the village, and stood a long time looking at the bubbling water. It was indeed a priceless treasure; a long, irrigating ditch led from it down into the bottom, where lay the cultivated fields."

The *captian* of the village at the time Mrs. Jackson wrote was the famous Victoriano, one hundred and twenty years old, and his wife was an equally vigorous looking old lady. Many a story have I listened to, of their telling, of the days before the rapacious white man came and deprived them of their inheritance.

Ramona's fears were destined to become realities. At Saboba her baby sickened. "From the day of that terrible chill in the snow-storm, she had never been quite well." Now she was dangerously ill. Alessandro went to see the agency physician at San Bernardino and got some medicine, but it did no good. Then he took Baba in the expectation that the doctor would ride back with him to Saboba to see the child in order that he might properly prescribe for it. But he was laughed at for his pains. Then they decided to take the dying child to the doctor; and oh! the heart-breaking sadness of that journey, when the little one passed away even as hope cheered their forlorn hearts.

This was the last tie to Saboba, and yet Ramona shrank from going to the solitude of the mountains. A brutal and cruel incident connected with the killing of their own cow, where Alessandro was charged with being a cattle-thief and Ramona grossly insulted by a vile white man, finally hastened them away.

In view of the facts that the Indians were evicted, *by law*, from Temecula, San Pasquale, and Warner's Ranch, and still remain at Saboba, the question is often asked: Why did the Indians succeed in retaining their homes in one case and lose them in the others? I have elsewhere explained why the Indians lost their homes at Warner's Ranch, but it is interesting to note the reasons given by the Supreme Court of the State of California for allowing the Saboba Indians to remain in possession of the lands they had always occupied. The suit for ejectment was in progress while Mrs. Jackson

was in California. She was much interested in it and watched it as closely as she could. The Mexican grant of the ranch — the San Jacinto — was made December 31, 1842. A United States patent was issued, in confirmation, January 17, 1880. A short time thereafter the owner sought to evict the Indians. The lower court ordered the eviction, owing to the fact that the Indians did not appear in court to defend their rights. Then the Indian Rights Association, of Philadelphia, acting under the advice of Professor C. C. Painter, succeeded in getting the case restored to the calendar, counsel appointed by the Government to defend the case, and assumed the expenses of the counsel so appointed. When the case went against the Indians in the lower court the Association deposited its check for $3,300 required by the court for costs and indemnity before an appeal was allowed. A hearing was had, first before three of the judges, then before a full bench, who rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the Indians. The chief points of that decision are as follows:

1. That Spain and Mexico regarded the Indians as special wards, jealously guarding their peace, prosperity, and rights of property. Local judges were required, *without request to do so*, to visit the Indians, where whites had received grants, and ascertain whether they had suffered any injury in person or property.

II. After the acquisition of California from Mexico, the United States was bound, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to respect and protect all titles, both

The Cahuilla Ramona at the Ramada of her brother
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Ramona weeping at the grave of Alessandro (Juan Diego)
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The Cahuilla Ramona leaving the grave of her murdered husband
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legal and equitable, acquired previous to the cession. To aid Congress in fully understanding land titles in California, William Carey Jones was sent to Mexico, in July, 1849, and he thus speaks of the rights of the Indians: "I am instructed to make an inquiry into the nature of Indian rights (to the soil) under the Spanish and Mexican Governments. It is a principle constantly laid down in the Spanish and Colonial laws that the Indians shall have a *right* to such lands as they need for their habitations, for tillage, and for pasturage. . . . Special directions were given for the selection of land for the Indian villages in places suitable for agriculture, and having the necessary wood and water. . . . Agreeable to the theory and spirit of these laws, the Indians in California were always supposed to have a certain property or interest in the Missions. . . . We may say, therefore, that, however maladministration of the law may have destroyed its interest, the law itself has constantly asserted the rights of the Indians to habitations and sufficient fields for their support. . . . I understand the law to be, that whenever Indian settlements are established and the Indians till the ground, they have a right of occupancy in the land they need and use, and whenever a grant is made which includes such settlements *the grant is subject to such occupancy.* This right of occupancy, however, at least when on private estates, is not transferable, but whenever the Indians abandon it the title of the owner becomes perfect."

III. In the case of the San Jacinto grant to Estudillo,

the rights of the Indians were preserved without presenting their claims to the Board of Land Commissioners for, when he petitioned the Mexican governor for the land, he promised not to molest the Indian inhabitants. The petition was referred to the prefect of the district, with instructions to inquire as to the wishes and desires of the Indians in the matter. They replied that they were willing that the applicant should settle upon the place. In the grant the first condition imposed upon the grantee is "that he shall in no way disturb or molest the Indians who are established or living thereon." And the fifth clause provides that "if he contravene these conditions he will forfeit his right to the land, and it shall be open to denouncement by another party." The court, therefore, decided that "the legal title secured to Estudillo and his grantees must be held by them charged with the right of occupancy by the Indians."

The concluding clause of the decision states that the rights of the Indians exist only so long as they actually occupy the land.

In accordance with this decision the Indians have not been further molested, yet crafty attempts have been made several times to get them to leave the land for a short time, when, of course, proceedings would have been begun to keep them out forever.

It was at Saboba that I first gained my real insight into the significance of the designs woven into the baskets of the older Indians. The younger weavers have, in the main, become commercialized. They

weave for sale, and with a sole eye to the money they are to receive for their work. On the other hand the older weavers made their baskets as perfect as thought, skill and care could accomplish, and, from things I had heard here and there, I was fully assured that there was more to the designs than a mere desire to add beauty to the basket. Accordingly I asked Miss Mary Noble, who for some years had been the teacher of the Indian School at Saboba, and who was familiar with the language, if she would go with me to interpret while I asked the Indians about the significance of their basketry designs. At once Miss Noble expressed her willingness to go, but at the same time assured me it would be useless to expect to gain the knowledge I desired from the Saboba Indians. " Why, said she, " you know I have lived with them for many years, in most intimate association, and I have never once heard them make any reference to these designs, except as making their baskets more pretty."

Nevertheless, she expressed her readiness to go with me. On the morning, however, that the visit was to be made, certain friends of hers came and carried her off in their conveyance, and I did not see her all day. Dr. C. C. Wainwright, the agency physician, kindly took me in his conveyance and acted as interpreter. He became more interested before long, if that were possible, than I did, for we gained stories of designs which symbolized myths, legends, personal records of esthetic enjoyment, folk lore, and hosts of other material, all as the result of that day's questioning.

Some of our leading ethnologists and Indianologists openly question my statements in regard to the stories of the Indians connected with the designs of their baskets. Instead of honestly and conscientiously, patiently and gently going to work to gain this intimate knowledge for themselves, they hastily ask questions of the Indians, irritate, anger or confuse them, and then go away declaring that my stories are all self-created and imaginary. I refer to this charge — for it is almost a charge against my own honor and truth — with perfect equanimity. If Dr. Wainwright is still alive, he will readily corroborate my statements, as do scores of people who have heard the sweet stories the Indians have voluntarily poured forth to those whom they felt were in sympathy with them.

A Southern California Indian of to-day
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Sam Temple, the Jim Farrar of "Ramona"
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The Cahuilla Ramona
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CHAPTER XII

THE CAHUILLA RAMONA AND HER STORY

SUSAN COOLIDGE in her "Introduction" to the Pasadena edition of *Ramona* says of the killing of Alessandro: "The shooting of the Indian who, in a state of cataleptic aberration, had ridden a white man's horse home, instead of his own, took place while she was there." Mrs. Jackson first heard the story in all its details from Miss Sheriff. Her knowledge was enlarged when she came to know Aunt Ri, Mrs. Jordan, at Old San Jacinto, who gave her many interesting details which later she worked into the novel. The facts are these. A Cahuilla Indian, named Juan Diego, was afflicted with fits of temporary insanity induced by catalepsy, and was commonly referred to in the region as "locoed." Horses are "locoed," or made crazy by the eating of the rattle-weed (*astragalus leucopsis*), a prettily leaved plant with white flowers and seedpods that, when dry, rattle in the wind. Every one living about San Jacinto knew Juan Diego and his sad condition, and though he sometimes did strange things they were generally tolerated with equability and good humor. It was Juan Diego! That seemed to be sufficient explanation. He was occasionally a sheep herder, and once in a while if he saw

a band of sheep he would drive them away in the night, always caring well for them, however, and bringing them back in safety when his " fit " was over. His wife was a young Cahuilla squaw, Ramona Lubo, or Lugo, of considerable energy and ability. Together they had found a beautifully secluded spot near Quitman Reed's old place, several miles from the village of Cahuilla, in the upper portion of the Western slopes of a small offshoot of the San Jacinto range known as the Cahuilla Mountains. Here they had built a small adobe hut not far from a spring which flowed sufficiently to supply their moderate wants, and where there were a few patches of land capable of cultivation. Juan and Ramona planted a small peach orchard, which was still in evidence, though the trees were dying for want of attention, when I visited the place some years ago. Mrs. Jackson never saw it, so her descriptions are somewhat vague. In the novel, when the vile conduct of the whites compelled them to leave Saboba, Alessandro said to Ramona: " If Majella would not be afraid, I know a place, high up on the mountain, where no white man has ever been, or ever will be. I found it when I was following a bear. The beast led me up. It was his home; and I said then, it was a fit hiding-place for a man. There is water, and a little green valley. We could live there, but it would be no more than to live; it is very small, the valley."

It is approached from three directions: there is a rude cattle trail from the region of Palomar or Smith

The peach trees planted by Juan Diego
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In Juan Diego Valley near Mt. San Jacinto, where Alessandro took Ramona
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Ruins of the house occupied by Ramona and Juan Diego, and where the latter was killed
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The wild roses near Ramona's cottage, where Majella was born, in the San Jacinto Mountains
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Mountain, and another from the opposite direction, where Judge Tripp (the Judge Wells of *Ramona*) and his son-in-law used to live. The third is an almost blind trail, that none but the Indians and cowboys know, directly from Cahuilla. I went from Cahuilla to Judge Tripp's and then on horseback to the deserted spot. The adobe walls of the tiny cottage were entirely gone on two sides, and were in a ruined condition on the other two. The roof had fallen in and entirely disappeared. The wooded threshold over which Juan Diego fell dead when Sam Temple shot him, and which was dyed with his blood, was rotted away. The spring from which Ramona used to fetch the water for the uses of her family was trampled about with the hoofs of many cattle, a small band of which stood near the hut when I approached. From the ridge above descended the trail over which Temple rode, and it was there — in that exact spot on the ridge — that Ramona first saw him, on that day of sad tragedy. There, near the spring, was a tree to which Juan had tied Temple's horse, and where it stood while he slept, and while Ramona was eating out her heart in fear lest the owner should appear and claim that her husband had stolen it.

All this was on the slope on one side of the narrow valley, which had scarcely any level ground, but was more in the form of a fertile "draw," through which, during the rainy season, a tiny stream evidently flowed. On the other side of this dry creek-bed was a mass of wild roses, an exquisite tangle of green and pink,

shedding a rich wild fragrance which permeated the air. A little distance away was the peach orchard, utterly neglected and uncared for, pathetic memorial of Juan Diego's struggle to make a home for his Ramona and their children.

Near by we found the entrance to the trail leading over the ridge to Cahuilla, and it was over this trail that Ramona fled to convey the news to her people of the murder of her husband.

After Juan Diego's death she never returned to the spot, and to this day the Cahuillas dislike to go near it. It is the place of a violent death, a place where evil spirits have reigned, and they shun it.

When I first saw Ramona she was at her brother's *ramada* (a small brush shack) at Cahuilla. Later, at her own home, she permitted me to photograph her. She promised that on a subsequent visit she would tell all the story of the murder of her husband into my graphophone, I having tried to explain, as fully as I could, the peculiar power of this white man's magical instrument. When I arrived at the village a year later she had either forgotten her promise or wished to disregard it, and it took the united persuasions of Mrs. Noble,— the daughter of the much-beloved teacher of the Indian School at Cahuilla, Mrs. N. J. Salsberry,— and myself to prevail upon her to come to the wagon. It was then that the incident of the basket occurred as related in the next chapter.

Her version of the tragedy, with a few facts subsequently learned,— which is almost exactly as that

followed by Mrs. Jackson in *Ramona*,— is that her husband had ridden down on his mean little pony into the valley on some urgent and important errand.

On his return, disappointed, heart-sick and worn out in body, he stopped at the hotel at old San Jacinto where Mrs. Jordan was housekeeper for Mr. Hewitt, the owner. Seeing his condition and that of his pony her kindly heart led her to suggest that he unsaddle and remain over night. In his feverish desire to get back he refused at first, but ultimately his fatigue led him to be persuaded. Taking the saddle from his wretched little horse he turned the animal loose into the corral, where a number of horses belonging to Mr. Hewitt and various teamsters and others were contentedly feeding, rolling or resting. Early in the morning, long before daylight, Juan was up. And here comes in the action that led to his death. Whether he was "locoed," or did it purposely, owing to his eager desire to get home, or — as Temple claims — he deliberately stole the horse, no one in this world will ever know from his own lips. Certain it is that, leaving his own pony, which he knew that everybody else knew, he placed his saddle on a fine large black horse belonging to Sam Temple, who was teaming lumber down the mountain at the time, and rode the forty miles home. When he arrived, Ramona, seeing the strange horse, knowing the relentless and bitter feeling against a horse-thief and especially an Indian horse-thief, and fearing trouble, begged him to take it back immediately to the place where he got it. Striking

his head, he expressed surprise at having some one else's horse and said his head was all wrong, but that he was so weary he could not possibly go back with the horse until he had had a little sleep. Accordingly he tied the animal to the tree near the spring, went into the little adobe he called home, laid down and immediately fell into a sound sleep.

Ramona, half distracted with terrors, moved about outside, watching that the strange horse did not get away, and impatiently waiting for her husband to wake up and start back. Suddenly she heard the oncoming hoof beats of a horse. Her heart almost stood still, when, clearly outlined against the sky on the rocky ridge above the house, she saw the figure of a horseman. This man, the moment he saw the horse, began to curse and swear and call out the name of her husband, as he dismounted and walked down the trail. Tying the horse he had ridden alongside the one Juan had brought, he asked Ramona where her husband was. Almost paralyzed with fear, and incapable of speech, for she saw the gun in the man's hands, the revolver in his pocket, and the fierce and uncontrollable anger of his eyes, she could only point to the hut. Advancing towards it the stranger called more loudly than before: "You horse-thieving ——— come out of there." Awakened by the noise, Juan appeared at the door, stretching and yawning as one will when suddenly aroused from sleep, and at the same moment a shot rang out and Juan fell prostrate on his own threshold. Still advancing and cursing, the white

A glimpse of the Cahuilla Valley, near where Ramona now lives
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The path up which Ramona fled to Cahuilla
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The Cahuilla Ramona pointing out the grave of her murdered husband
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The jail at Cahuilla with Condino, Ramona's son, and a boy playmate inside
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man drew his revolver and fired four more shots into the dead body. Then, without a word to her, but still uttering curses, he returned to the horses, untied them and rode away.

He had been there but a few short minutes, yet how much had transpired to Ramona in that brief time. She was made a widow, and her child as well as her unborn babe were rendered fatherless. Scarce knowing what she did, she threw herself upon the dead body of Juan, from which the life-blood was rapidly flowing, lavishing a wealth of caresses and tender words upon it, then, suddenly, crazed with her grief, she arose and hastened to her relatives at Cahuilla to tell them of her woe.

Never again did she return to the little valley now known by her husband's name — Juan Diego Valley. What her friends did was about as related in the novel, and she herself settled down to the dull and uneventful life of a Cahuilla Indian, until the sympathy for her that came with the publication of *Ramona* led many interested people to drive over from Hemet or San Jacinto to see and talk with her.

Her son, Condino, became her chief care. When I first saw him he was a bright lad of some fourteen years, full of fun and frolic, and yet an intelligent companion as I wandered to and fro in the village. He showed me the queer little jail here pictured and when his companion made some remark, Condino laughingly threatened to " jail " him, and while the youngsters struggled together I succeeded in obtaining a few pictures of them.

He took me up to the Campo Santo or burying ground of the little village. It occupies a commanding situation overlooking the valley. The huge boulders, behind the graves, are remnants of the great granite masses that once dominated this landscape long centuries prior to man's advent upon the earth, and they now bear evidences of many years of aboriginal occupation. Several of them have been used for grinding the seeds of many generations, the great boulders themselves having one or more mortar holes cut into them. Here singly, or in numbers, the women or house-maidens would assemble in the "olden days" and pound their seeds and acorns to a fine flour for the making of their foods, often singing their quaint songs while they worked.

I asked Condino if Juan Diego was buried here, and he replied yes, but refused to show me the grave, either from the timidity Indians so often manifest toward strangers in regard to their intimate personal customs, or because he did not know its location, so, one day, when Ramona was particularly gracious, I prevailed upon her to walk up to the graveyard and show it to me. Although I could see nothing to designate or differentiate it from the other graves, she walked to it without hesitancy, and then, as I put my head under the focussing cloth of my camera, intending to make a picture of her standing there, she suddenly squatted down and, covering her face with her hands, began the soft wailing and sobbing that precedes the louder and more vociferous lamentations of the Indians when they

have their *fiesta del Muerto* — feast of the dead. Even after this long lapse of years she could not think of the tragic loss of her husband without tears and the deepest emotion. It seemed almost a sacrilege to make a photograph of her at this moment, yet I trust she and the recording angel will consider the kindliness of my heart towards her and her people in balancing the amount of my culpability. I did not feel quite so guilty when I asked her to stand by the side of the grave and thus specifically locate it for future visitors.

In appearance the Cahuilla Ramona is squat, being perhaps some five feet six inches in height, fat and unattractive. With low forehead, prominent cheek bones, wide nostrils, heavy lips, she appears dull, heavy, and unimpressionable. She seldom smiles, and her features seem to have crystallized into an expression of indifference, dislike to the whites, and deep sadness. There is no personal vivacity as one so often finds among even elderly Indians. She is uncommunicative to a degree, only those she has learned to respect being able to get her to talk upon any subject, much less upon the great tragedy that saddened her life. To most people, not knowing her, she would be "an ugly brutal Indian woman" and nothing more. Yet, as is shown in the next chapter, she has a sensitive soul, has felt deeply and still feels keenly the great sorrow of her life.

On the seventh of March, 1907, her beloved son, Condino, took unto himself a wife, and the following account taken from the *Los Angeles Times* of March 8

is interesting. The reader will necessarily correct the error that Ramona is now but forty years old, She is nearer sixty.

"SAN JACINTO, March 7.— Condino, the only child of 'Ramona,' the Indian heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's romance, was married here in the Catholic church this afternoon to Miss Marta Kline, the mission priest, Father Hahn, officiating. This little pastoral scene, out of real Indian life, was singularly beautiful, with its setting of blue mountains and a spring landscape of green fields and budding trees.

"The tiny white Catholic church, with Gothic spire topped with a gilt cross, is located just west of San Jacinto. The little wedding party, consisting of the relatives of the bride, two friends of the groom, and half a dozen interested whites, gathered in the church just as the sun was setting behind a bank of pink-tipped clouds.

"The unusual wedding hour was occasioned by the opportune visit of the priest. His visits are short and to the point, as his chief work is the management of the Indian boarding school at Banning.

"The timid girl bride, aged sixteen, attended by her grandmother, Mrs. Leon, and her aunt, Regina, entered the church. The priest reassured the girl, who felt somewhat nonplussed by her sudden importance and the seriousness of the occasion, judging from the timid glances she cast from her liquid black eyes over the assemblage. Together, the girl and Condino

The Thomas Ranch, where lived the nearest friendly whites to Ramona and Juan Diego
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An Indian funeral in the graveyard in Cahuilla where Alessandro (Juan Diego) is buried **Page 173**

followed the gowned priest to the altar and knelt before the kindly man.

" Condino, who is a stalwart Indian youth, aged twenty, and whose form reflects the sinewy strength of life in the wild, knelt at his marriage altar with head erect. The little bride was in white and wore a wreath of waxen orange blossoms and a filmy white veil. Her costume was entirely modern, of good material, and her dark hair, dressed *a la pompadour*, heightened her clear-cut beauty.

"The priest did not confine himself to the proscribed marriage service. He seized the opportunity to talk to these two just accepting the sacrament of marriage. He begged the young groom not to drink or gamble, and ingeniously insisted that he confine his interests to his bride alone. In his talk to the little bride, who already knows the arts of coquetry, he advised that she seek to be the heart of her husband's home, and never to gossip with her friends about her husband.

" The two young people, when pronounced married, bashfully received congratulations, and mounting their carriage, drove to the wedding feast awaiting at the grandmother's adobe house in the cottonwoods.

" Both have a grammar school education, and Condino is well fitted to support his wife. He received from his foster father, Judge Hopkins, of Cahuilla, kindly care and instruction in ranching and stock raising. Besides this, Condino has several gem mines in the Cahuilla Mountains, and two thousand shares in a copper mine in Bisbee, Arizona. The chances

are that if Condino attends to business he will be as well-to-do as his white neighbors at Cahuilla.

" Ramona, his mother, lives still on the Cahuilla reservation, aged about forty years. She gets great enjoyment and profit from being the celebrated heroine in Helen Hunt Jackson's novel. Her baskets bring phenomenal prices, as well as her photos and lace work."

Having visited Saboba, old San Jacinto, San Jacinto, and Cahuilla several times, and knowing the truth of all the statements I have made in these pages about the Cahuilla Ramona, I felt it would be of corroborative value if I wrote to some of the representative families of the neighborhood for their remembrances as to the truth of the story. Mrs. Josephine Clogston Guthrie, whose husband lives not far from the Juan Diego place, and whose parents have lived there for many years, thus replied: " Ramona of Cahuilla is the wife of Juan Diego who was killed by Sam Temple. She and her husband lived in the old Juan Diego home near Quitman Reed's place (Reed is Judge Tripp's son-in-law, the Judge Wells of *Ramona*), on the west side of the Cahuilla Mountains. They had one child when he was killed and another was born sometime not very long afterward. I do not know about Majella, though the child they had died, but whether she died before her father or not I cannot remember. Juan had crazy spells, but whether he was crazy or not when he stole the horse I do not know. At any rate he left

his own horse, and people who knew him well say they believe he would have returned it. His wife said he was trying to tell about it when he was shot, and she claims he was unarmed. Juan, I think, was a Temecula Indian, but as to how many places he lived I do not know. He lived at the one place as long as we knew him. He was quite a good worker for an Indian and used to shear sheep. Of his or her home life I do not know, except that they lived like the other Indians. She has one boy now that is about fifteen or sixteen.

"She used to do washing for the Tripp women and Mrs. Reed.

" Juan used to herd goats for Will Tripp, and Will said he drove them out on the desert during one of his crazy spells. At one time they found him riding a log saddled up with his saddle.

" Ramona never lived in any other place than the Cahuilla Valley and in Juan Diego Valley. She is Pico's sister. He is now captain of the village.

" Judge Wells of the book was Mr. Tripp. He lived on San Jacinto Mountain, then in San Jacinto, and finally in Radec. He was married twice. He and his first wife raised four children — Shasta, Will, O. C., and Edith. After his wife's death he married a Miss Covington, of San Bernardino, and they had ten children, six boys and four girls that I know of. One of the girls killed herself. The old man has been dead many years.

" Jim Farrar's name is Sam Temple, and he lives near Banning. He is no good. He had no family at

the time he killed Juan Diego, but has since married. He has not a very high moral standard and a few years ago Constable McKim, of San Jacinto, shot him (in the arm) for resisting arrest. He is a braggart and a bully. He was teaming off the mountain (San Jacinto) at the time of the murder. It was one of his team horses that Juan took.

" Mrs. Wolfe was not an Indian, but part French and part negro, and Wolfe was a Frenchman. They had three boys and a girl that grew up.

" Estudillo was Indian agent at the time Juan Diego was killed.

" When they moved the Temecula Indians they had a great excitement and were afraid of an uprising among them. They either had troops from San Diego or had them ready to move at a moment's notice, I do not remember which.

" The lands they took from the Indians are the best in the valley and since then their cemetery has been ploughed up.

" The teamster who took 'Aunt Ri' up on the mountains was Will Webster, and the family who got up so early was the Websters.

" The Indians were moved from San Pasquale as told in *Ramona*, but Juan Diego was not one of them.

" The happenings of the book are all real, only that they are all put into Alessandro's life, whereas Juan Diego was not in all of them.

" I have just read this over to my father and he says Juan was an expert sheep shearer."

CHAPTER XIII

RAMONA'S STAR BASKET

RAMONA LUBO is herself a fine basket maker, but for many years she has not cared to exercise her art in this direction. One of the most highly prized baskets in my collection was made by her, but was purchased by me in ignorance of that fact. The basket is an almost flat plaque, with a flange, giving it somewhat of the appearance of a soup plate. In color it is a rich cream, with a large five-pointed star in the center and a host of small dots representing stars surrounding it, all worked out in stitches of deep brown of tule root.

The manner in which I learned the meaning of the big star and the little star from Ramona is as interesting as the story itself. It came about as follows. After hearing Ramona's story of the killing of her husband by Sam Temple, as recited in a former chapter, it seemed that it would be an excellent thing to preserve her story in the graphophone, told in her own way. Accordingly on my next visit to Cahuilla, I took a large graphophone with the necessary cylinders, and soon after my arrival set up the instrument in the wagon ready for use. Timid and afraid of every new thing,

as usual, it was difficult work to persuade Ramona to come into the wagon. Fearful as a doe she sat down, while I wound up the machine and adjusted the cylinder, on which was one of Nordica's songs. Our explanations of the mysterious powers of the graphophone only seemed to excite her fears the more, so that I was not surprised when the clear voice of the great artist burst forth from the horn to see a look of absolute terror come over Ramona's face, and the next moment to see her flying form darting through the wagon doorway. She fled incontinently to her little cabin, and it seemed as if our hopes of a record were doomed to disappointment. Mrs. N. J. Salsberry, the beloved teacher of the Indian school, and her daughter, Mrs. Noble, women in whose integrity Ramona had the highest confidence, united with me in persuasions to get her back to the wagon, but it was some days before she would consent.

In the mean time I had wandered about the village, buying all the baskets I could find, and among others this one with the design of the large star surrounded by all the lesser ones in the firmament. In vain I sought to know something of the design from the Indian woman of whom I purchased it. She did not make the basket, and she did not know the meaning of the design. "Who was the maker?" She refused to tell, and I had at last settled down to the thought that I must be content to be the mere possessor of the basket without knowing anything of its design or weaver, and had placed it with my other purchases in the wagon.

The Cahuilla Ramona and her star basket
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The Cahuilla Ramona telling her story into the graphophone
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A Saboba Indian basket weaver, and her "bat" basket
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The Hartsell (Wolf) Store, near Temecula
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At length Mrs. Noble's persuasions were successful, and she and Ramona came again to the wagon. While preparing the graphophone I suggested to Ramona that she look at my baskets. With the child-like interest and curiosity Indians always display in one another's work, she began to examine the baskets and question me as to their weavers, when suddenly she caught sight of this star basket. Seizing it with eagerness she exclaimed,—

"Where did you get my basket?"

"It's not your basket, Ramona," I replied. "I bought it and it is mine!"

"No, no! It is not yours," she excitedly answered. "It is my basket, my basket!"

"How can it be yours when I bought and paid for it?" I queried.

"Yes!" said she. "I know it is yours in that way, but that is not what I mean. It is my basket, mine! It belongs to me! I made it! It is part of me—it is mine!"

Need I say that in a moment my keenest interest and profoundest curiosity were aroused?

"Ah," said I, "I understand, Ramona; you made the basket. It is a part of you. Why did you put the big star and the little stars in your basket?"

"I will not tell you," was her reply, with the keen directness of an Indian.

"Surely you will tell me," was my response. "You often say you will not tell me things and yet you generally do. Do not say you will not tell me, for I want you to tell, and I think you will."

I forebore pressing the question, however, at this time, as I saw it would be useless, but securing her promise to allow me to come down to her cabin, and there obtain more photographs of her, I determined to use that opportunity for further queries on the subject of the basket.

In the mean time she told her story in the graphophone, and I now have the cylinder. Unfortunately she was so afraid of the machine that in spite of all my urgings her voice was low and timid, and did not make much impression. It is clearly to be heard, however, when one is perfectly still, hence is a valuable record.

The following day when I went to her house, I took the basket along, and after I had set up my camera I handed her the basket. As I put my head under the focusing cloth, while she sat before me at the end of the little cabin, holding the basket in her hand, she voluntarily began her story, her son, Condino, acting as interpreter:

"There are many times when I lie down out of doors, tired and weary, but I cannot sleep. How can I sleep? I am all alone, and as I roll and toss, all at once I think I can see that wicked man riding up to the top of the hill and looking down upon our little home, and I hear him cry, 'Juan Diego! Juan Diego!' Then I see my poor husband, tired and sleepy almost to death, stagger to the doorway, and that wicked man, shouting foul oaths, put his gun to his shoulder and fire, bang! bang! — two shots — right into the heart of my poor husband. And I see him fall across the doorway, and

although the blood was oozing from his dead body, and I knew I had now no husband, that cruel, bad man pulls out his little gun and fires again, ping! ping! ping! ping! four more shots into his dead body.

"When I see this, how can I sleep? I cannot sleep, and my face becomes wet with many tears.

"Then I look up into the sky, and there I see the Big Star and all the little stars, and I think of what the good padre Hahn has told me, that my husband, Juan Diego, has gone somewhere up there. I don't understand. I am only a poor ignorant Indian, but the priest understands, and you white people understand; and he says that Juan Diego has gone there and that he is very happy, and that if I am a good woman I shall go there, too, and I shall be very happy, because I shall be with him. And when I think of this, it makes me feel good here (putting her hand over her heart and body) and my head does not feel so dizzy, and I am able to turn over and go to sleep."

"So that was why you made the basket, was it, Ramona, that you might see the Big Star and the little stars even in the daytime, and it might make you feel good to see them?"

"Yes," she replied, "that was it."

"Then," said I, "if the basket gave you so much comfort, Ramona, why did you sell it?"

As I asked the question such a look of despair came over the face of the poor woman as I shall never forget, and raising her hands with a gesture of helpless hopelessness she exclaimed: "I wait a long, long time, and

I no go. I want to go many times, but I no go. I stay here and I no want to stay here. Nobody love me here, white people no love me, Indians no love me, only Condino love me and I heap tired! I heap tired! I want to go! I no go!"

And then flinging the basket away from her in a perfect frenzy of fury, she shrieked, "Basket say I go! I no go! Basket heap lie! Basket heap lie!"

So that I see in this basket not only a beautiful piece of work, with dainty colors arranged in exquisite harmony, but I see the longings of a woman's soul to be again with her husband in "the above," her aspirations to be at rest, and alas! the sickness of heart that comes from hope long deferred — a woman's despair.

CHAPTER XIV

AN INDIAN'S FUNERAL IN RAMONA'S GRAVEYARD

THE death of a strong man anywhere is generally accompanied by pathetic sadness, but it seems to me this is more true among a rapidly declining people than anywhere else. In a large community there may be as much, or more, *individual* sorrow and sense of loss, but when a strong man is removed from a community where there are but few strong men, and each one counts for much, the whole body feels the loss as if it were personal.

On the occasion of one of my visits to Cahuilla I saw the funeral of such a man, and at another time the funeral of a woman. Both bodies were buried in the graveyard where Ramona had shown me that Juan Diego was buried, so it required but a very slight stretch of the imagination to see this as the funeral of Diego himself. Hence the appearance of the description of the ceremony in these pages, for with exactly such a ceremonial was the body of the murdered Indian committed to the tomb.

It was a dark night when we set out for the house where the corpse was being "watched." The glare of a camp fire with a number of men sitting around it

led us to the spot. In the rear, where it was dark, half a dozen or more young men were sitting and standing, smoking, chatting, laughing and acting as young hoodlums of any race or color do anywhere. As we stepped into the house by the rear door, we saw by the dim light of two candles in the front room that in this small lean-to a sister and child of the dead man were stretched out on the bare ground by the side of the cook stove. The poor creature was utterly exhausted with her care of the dead man, and now Nature had kindly thrown the oblivion of sleep over her, from which we hoped she would not awake until morning. Other mourners were squatted in this small room. Standing at the doorway of the main room — a rude lumber shack — and gazing in, we saw the corpse dressed in black, stretched out on a tiny raised platform on the right. Two lighted candles were at its head. Seated around on the bare ground, which was the only floor to the room, were a number of mourners, many of them women. Two Indian men, acting respectively as funeral director and lay reader, sat at the foot of the body and occasionally sang in minor, dolorous strains some hymn or prayer. Parallel with the corpse lay an old woman, the dead man's mother, so utterly exhausted that she was sound asleep. She had been on her knees when she fell asleep, and had rolled over partially on her back.

Her face was turned up, and so full of woe and misery, even in her sleep, that one's heart bled for her.

We stood and waited! For half an hour there was

A Southern California Indian of to-day, at the San Diego Mission School
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Ocha and her husband
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Old Dox, the grandmother of the Mohave Ramona
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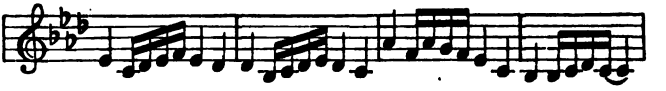
dead silence, broken only by the chatter of the boys and barking of the dogs without. Then the Indian lay brother stood up and prayed rapidly but quietly for a few minutes. Again silence reigned supreme, to be broken after a long lapse by his starting the hymn of prayer to our Lady of Guadaloupe. He sang sweetly and in good tune, but on a pitch much too low. The chorus was somewhat as follows:



In a sweet, gentle manner the women joined in this chorus which was many, many times repeated. Then another silence! Soon the lay brother and another man knelt and read an invocation to the Saints, in which, after mentioning the name of the Saint, all those present repeated "Ora pro nobis." The candles were then placed in a new position at the head of the corpse, and most of the women moved outside, where a camp fire had been built by the side of the house. Some of the women had children on their arms, who were fretful and peevish at being disturbed. Some had dogs which snarled at every one else's movements, and now and again rushed into the dark to bark and growl viciously at some unknown foe. And there, in the weird darkness, made all the more real and intense by the blaze which now and again rose from the camp fire, the mourners sat out the night. Once in a while they threw their shawls or a white cloth over their

heads, and, swaying to and fro, wailed and moaned and sobbed, or yielded to the frenzy of their grief and yelled in a piercing and blood-curdling manner.

A little distance from the camp fire, a *ramada* — a shack of tree trunks and branches — had been constructed, in which was a table covered with refreshments, biscuits, coffee and acorn mush. Now and again a man or woman went for a little refreshment and then resumed his or her place.

Before five o'clock next morning the corpse was placed in a box neatly covered with black cloth, and brought in a wagon to the church. The women sat on the right-hand side, on the rude benches, silent, subdued, and sorrow stricken, but only a few men came in and sat on the other side. These, except the lay brother and another, remained but a short time. After an hour or more of this silent waiting the brother read a short service and the coffin was placed in the wagon. Quite an excitement was caused by the frightening of one of the horses in the wagon, who fell down in his frantic struggles to get away. After the scared creature was quieted, the rude procession marched over to the graveyard, where a service was conducted as decorously as in any city. As soon, however, as the body was lowered in the grave, every woman arose and threw upon the coffin a handful of dirt, and then, throwing her apron over her head, yielded to an abandon of grief and despair that was heart-breaking. The wails were piercing. As the lay brother and captain began to cover up the coffin the chief mourners

continued their weeping and wailing by the side of the grave, but those who had dead, buried elsewhere in the graveyard, went each to the grave most precious to her, and, removing the weeds, smoothing down the unsodded soil, wailed and cried to her heart's content. Soon after the grave was filled and covered with the usual shaped mound, one by one the mourners departed to their homes — the relatives going last, bearing their sorrow from henceforth bravely, silently, and apparently with stoicism, but, nevertheless, with a keenness of feeling as deep and as sincere as that shown by any civilized person who has placed his beloved dust in the earth.

CHAPTER XV

THE INDIANS OF RAMONA'S COUNTRY

IN my volume *In and Out of the Old Missions of California* I have treated with some degree of fullness the condition of the Indians of California at three epochs, viz.: I, prior to the coming of the Franciscan padres, II, while under their influence and teaching, and III, after the demoralization of the Mission system by secularization. Necessarily the Indians of the Ramona epoch are those after the time of secularization, and as interest in them has been aroused in thousands of hearts by the story of *Ramona* it is appropriate that a glimpse be taken of them as they now appear. It can only be a glimpse, as the area in which they are to be found is large, and there are a number of villages to visit. They are commonly known as the Mission Indians, and most of them were, in the days of the padres, directly under Mission influence. A few were not, though belonging to the same stock as the others. Hence, ostensibly, the major portion are Catholics, while all retain, more or less, some features of their heathendom, and especially of their ancient dances and aboriginal superstitions. At Banning and Martinez are Protestant chapels, and there are Protestant

missionaries at several other locations. In the main the Mission Indians are a peaceable, industrious and home loving people, though, occasionally, when whiskey is introduced upon their reservations, or they come to the towns and obtain it, they give trouble, as do drunken whites. They are all supposed to live upon lands reserved for them by the government, but most of this land, as is often shown, is desert, waterless, and utterly worthless. There are some notable exceptions, as Martinez, Agua Dulce, Torres and other settlements in the artesian belt on the Colorado Desert, where the lands are marvellously fertile and productive, since water has been found for them. The new reservation at Pala has fine land and about five hundred acres are now being irrigated. This is the land purchased for the Palatingwas evicted from Warner's Ranch, and is one of the redeeming features in our evil treatment of the Indians. As one reads the reports of the various Mission Indian agents, since the Indian Department was established, he sees how constant and persistent has been our neglect of these people. Yet they have never gone to war and seldom given us more than a temporary excitement when treated with a little more injustice than usual.

Their reservations are wonderfully diverse, as are the locations of their villages. Torres, Martinez and Agua Dulce are on the western edge of the Colorado Desert, fertile and beautiful with mesquite and growing grain; the *Potrero* at Banning is a great fruit orchard, enclosed by three majestic mountain peaks,

all over eleven thousand feet high, snow-clad throughout the year; Santa Rosa is on an almost inaccessible mountain of the same name, nearly nine thousand feet high. So that no one description will suffice, and yet in life they are much the same. Here are a few brief notes I made at the Cahuilla Reservation on one of my visits:

In June, 1900, the Cahuilla Reservation, — those parts of it that are irrigable, was knee-deep in grass, and afforded pasture for many horses and cattle. Each morning during our visit we were awakened at sunrise by the singing of meadow-larks, linnets and many other birds whose songs I did not recognize. The air was calm and still, and sweet peace brooded over everything. By nine or ten o'clock of each morning, however, the winds began to blow, generally from the west or southwest, and kept it up all day until about sunset. It is a dry, electric wind and upon some temperaments is very exciting and nerve-wearing. But, as a rule, the Cahuillas are not of a nervous temperament. While they are, as Mrs. Jackson says, " a clear-headed, individual and independent people," they possess the full-blooded corpulency of the negro, rather than the slim, nervous habit of some tribes. As a rule the men are strongly built, muscular, robust and of the average height of the white man. In some cases this robustness is almost coarse corpulency, and among the women of middle age this is invariably the appearance they present.

The young boys and girls are trimly built, and show no indication of the fatness of later years.

The reservation is southwest of the San Jacinto mountains, and while comparatively large in area, has little arable or pasture land. The good land is found in small patches of a few acres in the midst of a hilly region strewn with immense granite boulders, many of which are of such size and form as to demand special attention. To some of these legends are attached, as, for instance: On the way from the school house to the Durasno Canyon, on the left hand side of the road, is a tall, shapely rock which the Cahuillas call the " Old Man." In the pasture to the right is the " Old Woman," with her brood of larger and smaller children around her. The story is that in the long ago the man was unkind to the woman and he was compelled to leave her and remain solitary and alone, in sight of his wife and children, envying them their happy home life and realizing that he had deliberately thrown his own share in it away. They were not allowed to die, but the Powers Above turned them into stone and placed them here in order that they might act as a warning to naughty husbands in the future.

In some of these rocky boulders are mortars used by the " old people " for grinding or pounding their seeds and acorns. Most of these have long fallen into disuse, although now and again a family will be found still using them.

Here and there are pictured rocks where rude representations of horses, etc. have been scratched, but the direct significance of which I have never yet been able to learn.

Some of the men and women are as keen and sharp in a trade as a "down east" Yankee. Rosario Casero is a great basket-maker. She is the wife of Celso Casero, the mail carrier. In her household are Felipa Akwakwa, Nina, and Fanny her sister, all of whom are skilful basket-makers. When I purchased baskets from her she was as keen and able to hold her own in a bargain as any one I ever knew. Although anxious to sell, she would never run any risk of getting a less price than that upon which she had determined, by showing her anxiety. Nor would she allow her price to be reduced. This care in her own business matters could well be understood, but she not only showed it for herself, but exercised the same watchful eye over all her household. When I questioned her about the basket purchased — Of what was it made? What the significance of the design? etc., she said: "You ask a lot of questions and take up my time. Then you go and tell other people what I tell you, or you write a book about it and get money for your knowledge, so you must pay me, or I tell you nothing more."

Reservation life is not exciting. The men are shepherds, cattlemen, cowboys, and engage in all simple and pastoral industries. Many of them labor in the nearest towns and villages as gardeners, pruners of orchards, haybalers and the like. They are fairly industrious and generally to be relied upon in whatever they undertake to do. The women attend to the gathering and preparation of food, make a little pottery and are fairly expert basket weavers. I once

asked Philip Costo, a very intelligent Cahuilla boy, to enquire among the weavers when and where they learned their art, and to get them to tell all they knew about the designs. His answer fully illustrates the ignorance of the present generation about this most fascinating branch of their work. I quote his reply verbatim:

"I have been among old women to-day and I have asked them where they learned to make baskets — or when and what tribe learned to do this work first, but these women, who are still alive, have said that they learned it from their mothers and grandmothers, but then they do not know when and where their mothers and grandmothers learned to do such work.

"But they have said that at first they never used to put dark work on it such as they do nowadays. It was all of white work on it, now they can make letters on their work. First when Mexicans were here they traded them for clothing and food. Now they sell them for one dollar up to seven dollars apiece. This is the main business among the Indians besides housekeeping and cooking, etc. But now they do not know, as I have said, when and where they learned to make baskets. So it is hard to find when and where it started from."

While I knew all about their games I asked Philip to write and tell me about them. Here is his answer:

"The games that the Indians play are peon and foot-and-horse races. Peon game is played by eight men, four on each side. There are eight sticks about

four inches long, four of them are white and other four are black.

" Each man has white and black stick, when they hide these sticks they must have one in each hand, and they must not have two black sticks or two white ones, but one black and one white. To have two of the same color is against the rules of peon game.

" And they also have fifteen sticks about a foot long, there is a man who keeps all these sticks and he also sings and keeps up the fire burning, which is built between these two sets of fours. This peon game is always played at night and there is some money lost in this game for they always bet money. When one side hides these short sticks the other side tries to find in which hand they have the white stick, for it is the white stick they must look for, the black one is no good.

"When two or three are found out, the man who keeps these sticks is called the umpire, he gives these long sticks to those that are not found. When all four of them are found, they give these short sticks to the other set of four. Then they try their luck to find them, they keep on changing till one side gets all these fifteen sticks; the side that gets these fifteen sticks wins. That ends peon game. This peon game sometimes starts in the evening and keeps on till sunrise in the morning. This game has been kept up ever since it started some years ago, and is still played in most of the Indian Reservations in Southern California. There are some Indians who are champion peon players just like base ball or foot ball champion players."

Though nominally Christians, these Indians still indulge in their ancient dances, whenever the old anniversaries come around. These are known as the Eagle Dance, the Sea Dance, when they sing a beautiful song known as *Mo-mo-mo-no-wo*, the Thanksgiving or Harvest Dance, the Death Dance, the War Dance, and the Dance of Puberty — one for maidens, the other for youths. All of these are exceedingly interesting and I regret I have not the space here to describe them. At these dances *ramadas* or brush-shelters are built, and Indians from other villages and friendly Mexicans and whites are invited to occupy them. Too often whiskey is brought in by some unprincipled outsider and debauchery is the result. On one occasion when I was speaking of this great evil, Soleda, a Warner's Ranch Indian, told me in the presence of Mrs. Babbitt, the teacher, that she used to sell whiskey to the Pala Indians at their *fiesta*, and that she did not know it was wrong to do it until she heard an Indian mother tell of it to her daughter. In her simple, naïve way she repeated what she heard somewhat as follows:

" Look at Soleda, my little daughter, you do not want to do as she did. In order to make some money she did a very wicked thing. When the *fiesta* days approached at Pala she would get a couple of large demijohns of whiskey, tuck up her dress, and barefoot, would walk over the mountains and there sell her water of fire and evil. When she arrived, the captain, though well aware of the influence this evil drink would have upon his people, would circle a *riata* on the ground

around her and her bottles and give her permission to sell her liquor provided no one crossed over the line. Then she would sell to all who came and soon everybody would be drunk. The Indians, crazed by the drink, would dance and shout and howl and sing and carry on, and fall into every kind of wickedness. Once in a while one man, aroused to greater evil than the others by the hateful drink, would try to do some especially desperate thing and then he had to be restrained by being locked up. So, my child, remember that while it is good to get money, it is not good to get it in an evil way."

Mrs. Babbitt asked Soleda if she did not think she was doing wrong when she began selling whiskey to the Indians at Pala.

"No!" she replied, "I was making money upon which my family and myself could live."

"Then why did you stop selling it?" was asked.

"Because I learned that it was wrong. I had not thought of that before, but when I was taught that it was wrong I said I would sell no more, and I never did!"

"Was not that because you were found out and punished?"

"No! No! I was not found out. No one said anything to me. I stopped myself, because I wished to when I found out how wrong it was. And it was something inside me told me how wrong it was when I heard that mother talk to her little girl."

This simplicity of heart is very often manifested and

yet, at times, the Indians show traits of character that are very like other folks, as the following true story reveals.

Motto and Modesto Casero were husband and wife, living at Cahuilla. Silvestre Saubel was *capitan*, Orvaldo Pawidt, *sheriff*, and Lee Arenas, *alcalde* or justice of the peace. The husband and wife quarreled. The ostensible cause of the quarrel was that both possessed an individual flock of turkeys, and she claimed that he was trying to sell her birds as his own. The real reason was that she was unfaithful to him, and the alcalde, Lee Arenas, was her paramour. As the quarrel was open and notorious, the captain was compelled to take official cognizance of it, and he decided that Motto was to blame. Accordingly, he fined Motto by taking away from him all his turkeys, leaving Modesto in full possession of her own flock. To prevent any hostile criticism, the captain shared Motto's flock with the sheriff and the alcalde. Though Motto felt as indignant and outraged as a white man would have done under a similar *legal* decision, he saw that he was helpless, so retired from the scene, going to Riverside to work, where no one could accuse him of quarreling with his wife. This was exactly what this shrewd woman and the treacherous sheriff had long been planning and hoping for. Now that he was gone it was easy to plot further against him. He owned some cattle. After he had been away two or three months Modesto appeared before Lee in his official capacity, and swore out a warrant for Motto's arrest on the plea that he

had deserted her, gone to Riverside, and refused to support her. The warrant was issued, but not served. As Motto did not appear he was fined a calf. This the judge shared as before with the captain and the sheriff.

When Motto learned that one of his calves was gone he came home, determined, if possible, to protect his property. But he was no match for his wife and the craft of these official grafters.

Modesto provoked him to a quarrel and she was so abusive that he had her put in jail. When the case was heard before the judge, he fined Motto another calf and released the woman. This calf was shared as before.

Now she had a pretext for leaving him, so she went away and lived with her relatives. Though she was so cruel and deceptive, poor Motto still loved her, and went to the captain, appealing to him to aid him to persuade her to return and live with him. Their appeals were vain. They then came to the teacher, Mrs. Salsberry, and asked her to appeal to Modesto. When she did so, Modesto positively refused to return to her husband. When asked if there were any reasons,—Was he unkind? Was he unfaithful? Did he not give her enough money to live on?—Modesto could not say anything against Motto, but she constantly iterated that his sisters were mean and unkind to her.

The affair had now become a village scandal, and the old men and women met several times in council to see if it could not be properly settled. But Modesto defied them all, and the old men were nonplussed.

In their dilemma they came to seek Mrs. Salsberry's advice and it was pathetic to hear them, as they unfolded the problem in all its complexities (certain features of which Mrs. Salsberry now learned for the first time), and said: "We're only poor ignorant Indians and don't know what to do. We come to you to advise us."

On the night that Mrs. Salsberry was appealed to, Modesto and Lee openly and defiantly settled the whole thing by announcing that henceforth they were going to live together as man and wife, and Modesto took up her quarters in Lee's house.

Disheartened and discouraged, Motto again left Cahuilla, disposed of his cattle and disappeared. About a year later Lee Arenas was arrested by white officers of the white man's laws for stealing white men's cattle. He was tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

One would naturally think the story and the conflict would come to an end here. But it is not so.

Soon after Lee's conviction, a girl baby was born to Modesto, it being commonly supposed of course that Lee was its father. Modesto lived and cared for the child for about two years, then died. On her death bed she willed the child to her mother, Maria Los Angeles. But no sooner was she buried than the mother of Lee Arenas, her pseudo husband, claimed the little one, and, making appeal to the captain, a council was called to decide the matter.

Again conflicting interests and lack of firm or clear

judgment prevented any decision being rendered. Maria Los Angeles appeared before the council, and so did Gertrudes, Lee's mother. It was evident to every one that Gertrudes really wanted the child, and that Maria was holding on to her more out of meanness than anything else, but there was the indisputable fact that Modesto, her daughter, had willed the child to her. Finally, after one of the councils, Maria sent word that she would sell her rights to the baby for thirty dollars and two ponies.

Another council was called to discuss the offer and while it was in session the baby herself settled the whole question by suddenly dying.

Taken as a whole Indians are like other people,—some are good, some are bad, most are mixtures of both. Appeal to the good in them and they respond; appeal to the bad and they yield to the temptation. Being human, and of like passions as ourselves, the wonder is that after their years of heartless and dishonest treatment they are as good as they are. While I see their faults and never allow myself to be blind to their evils, I am always glad to see their good. I find much of it, and when goodness is combined with the simplicity and childlikeness of the uncorrupted Indian, then there is a combination that is as delightful as it is rare. This combination I have found far more often among the Indians than I have in my own race.

CHAPTER XVI

THREE TRUE STORIES OF INDIANS IN RAMONA'S COUNTRY

INDIANS are not all good, any more than are white people. There are good, bad, and indifferent in all races. Occasionally a character stands out boldly from the rest, either because of striking and exceptional goodness, bravery, heroism, or the reverse. The annals of our own race are full of stories — true to fact — of men and women who have done brave, noble, heroic, tender, loving deeds, and we love to dwell upon these deeds. They elevate and inspire us, and thus lift our own souls above the deadly level of a mediocre monotony. But it is hard to be as just to a people we have often had to fight, who have often severely punished us, — outwitted us, outfought us, out-generaled us,— and against whom we have perpetrated many and varied wrongs, and to tell stories of their brave and heroic deeds, their acts of goodness, as we would of our own. It is a strange psychologic fact that men hate those they have injured. The fact of our having done the Indian so much injustice leads many of our race to hate them, to wilfully close their eyes to there being any good in them, and to see nothing in them but meanness, evil and that which is to be

despised. So long as I live I propose to utter, both by pen and voice, in season and out of season, appropriately and inappropriately, my emphatic and vigorous protest against this mental attitude of my own people. Condemn the Indian for his vices, just as you would the white man, punish him for his crimes, chastise him for his ignorance and meanness, scorn him for his pecadillos if, in your own wisdom, purity and perfection, you feel you must, but at least be honest and just, and when you see a good thing in him declare it to the world. In this spirit I recount the three stories that follow. They are true, and they truthfully represent many Indians. They are not rare and isolated cases. They are as much types as are any of the same kind of stories written about our own race.

PEDRO LUCERO AND HIS WIFE

(The Story of an Old Couple's Love)

Few people took him for an Indian. He was so intelligent and bright; then, too, he had a moustache and full beard of snowy white hair, and these were so rare that everybody imagined him to be a Mexican, a member of some dark-faced race, perhaps, but not an Indian. Yet he was pure-blooded and proud of it. "There is nothing but the blood of the Saboba in my veins," he would say, with pride. "I and my forefathers and foremothers are all Sabobas, and we have lived here for many, many generations."

Saboba was where they lived, near San Jacinto, in Southern California, and the story told me by Lucero

José Pedro Lucero and his wife at their home in Saboba
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Jose Pedro Lucero, a story-teller of the Saboba Indians
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Two of the Indians that were evicted from Warner's Ranch
Photo by George Wharton James
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as to the coming of the Sabobas to this place is given in another chapter.

Everybody knew Pedro and his wife. They were a loving couple, though aged, wrinkled and worn. " Poor " was no name to describe the abject wretchedness of their lot, yet in each other's love they were content, nay, even happy. But Pedro was blind. I never asked him whether he was born blind, or if it was the result of some later accident, but ever since I have known him he has been without the power of sight. His wife was a quiet, even-tempered, sweet-spirited, industrious old woman; one of the few remaining basket-makers of the Sabobas, and she would sit hard at work, day in and day out, shaping the pliant willow and tule root into the useful and pretty baskets that in these days we have learned so much to value.

They didn't have much of what we should call intellectual intercourse. There were no chats on the latest operas, or novels, or poems, or pictures. They did not discuss the newest scientific theories and argue about the descent of man, or life being a product of ferment. One would have thought there was little to bind them closely together. Poverty is said to be " grinding " ; and where one is " ground " he does not generally feel loving and gentle. Still this couple were ever loving and gentle one with another. The old woman would talk to the old blind man, and he would reply, and a look of content and peace would come over his face in spite of his sightless orbs. For they loved each other

deeply, truly, faithfully, lastingly. Theirs no fair-weather love, while youth and good looks lasted; no formal tie to be severed at will for a younger man or woman, but a true union of hearts — Indian hearts though they were — and their ever-present reward was a conjugal happiness to be envied. Happiness is a relative term, and, as the Christ put it, it comes not from without; " the kingdom of heaven is within you." Poverty and squalor cannot affect it, for it is a state within. The " diners on herbs " might enjoy it and the " feasters on stalled ox " know nothing of its calm delights and perpetual inner banquets. These two loved, and in the gentle serenity of that never failing devotion to each other the days passed in happiness and content, and one, seeing them as I did, could wish them nothing better than to pass out into the beyond together, thus loving and being loved.

But the cyclone considers not the gamboling of the innocent lamb. The tornado sweeps with equally direful force over the happy as well as the wretched, just as the rain falls upon the just and the unjust. The stormy blasts of winter have no discernment of the poorly clad, and the disasters of the earthquake smite the deserving and the good as well as the undeserving and the bad. So it need not seem strange that when the earthquake of a few years ago shook up Southern California it slew the wife of Pedro as well as several other women, none of whom, perhaps, were as happy in conjugal bliss as she.

Sad and bitter were the wailings when the mournful

news of these tragic deaths was told. Assembled together in an adobe hut, asleep under its walls after a *fiesta* of celebration of the happy Christmas time (and let us not be too censorious that their feasting was of the grosser kind), the *temblor de tierra* came, one of the walls fell and the lives of the sleeping women were instantaneously dashed out, Pedro's wife being among the number.

He himself was also a victim of the earth's unsteadiness. Leg and collar bone (I think it was) were shattered, and when the dead body of his wife was found and brought out into the sunlight, Pedro was lying in agony and pain, broken and shattered in body. Out of kindness he was not told of his aged companion's tragic death. The Indian agency doctor visited him and gave him all the benefit possible of his great skill and knowledge. Ever since Pedro had opened his heart to the doctor, when he and I some years before had talked with him about the origin of his people, the physician had taken the deepest interest in this old blind man and his wife, so that now he needed no urging to do all that could be done to restore him to health. The fractures were reduced and the wounds treated, and the pure natural life of the old man aided the surgeon's endeavors so that he seemed on the way to speedy recovery. But all the time he kept asking for his wife. Where was his wife? Why didn't he hear her voice comforting and consoling him in his pain? That it might not retard his recovery the dreadful news was still kept from him, and he was left under the impression

that his wife, like himself, was injured too seriously to come to him, but that she would doubtless soon recover. Tears rolled down his aged and wrinkled cheeks from his poor, sightless eyes as he thought of his loved partner thus injured and of his inability to minister to her.

"Those Above" had stricken them with severe blows. Why was it? He could patiently have borne for himself, but his poor old wife — she was so feeble, and so old. Could not she have been spared?

His distress was pitiable to observe, and it was only when the doctor urged self-control and speedy recovery for her sake that Pedro's agitation was overcome.

His broken bones began to knit and his wounds to heal. Speedy restoration to a fair degree of health was looked forward to, when it was deemed that the time had come to tell him the truth. The result was terrifying. In a few pathetic words this poor Indian exposed his whole inner heart.

"And she is gone from me? Shall I never hear the gentle love-sweetness of her voice in my ears again? From youth to old age we have walked hand in hand together, and now she has left me alone. She has gone on alone. I need her — she needs me. Care for me no more, I must go to her," and straightway he turned his face away from all succor, refused all food, and in a few hours was again walking hand in hand, though now in the Indian spirit land, with the aged wife, who doubtless, with himself, had renewed her youth.

An evicted Indian from Warner's Ranch
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One of the evicted Indians at her basket work
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Leonardo Owlinguwush, a Palatingwa Indian, who was a scout for General Kearny, in 1847
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A MOHAVE AND HER LOVE

On the transcontinental line of the Santa Fé railway at the town of Needles, California, the train always stops for meals or change of engines, thus allowing time to passengers to see the Mohave Indians who cluster around the cars offering bead-work and pottery for sale. These Indians are in various states of dress and undress, the women generally clothed in gaudy calicoes, over which four large and gay bandanna handkerchiefs, not yet severed from each other, are worn as a kind of shawl. It is no uncommon thing to hear the travelers comment on these Indians, and I have heard such words as dirty, filthy, loathsome, disgusting, abominable, inhuman, dull, unlovable, hideous, repulsive, and the like epithets, applied to them many times.

This story is of two of these very Mohave Indians. They have often been seen at the Santa Fé depot at the Needles, and I have no doubt such words of unkind judgment have often been passed upon them. It is a tale of love and devotion even unto and beyond death, a story of the affection of a woman who could not live when the beloved object was dead.

I cannot say that the hero was all that the imagination could paint him. Here is his true portrait. Of medium height, athletic frame, active body. His face was strong but by no means handsome, from our standpoint. His eyes were a dark brown, almost to blackness, his nose very broad at the bottom, with wide nostrils denoting strong lung power and capacity. His

lips were thick, but not unshapely, his brows prominent, while the upper part of the forehead was covered with a *banda*, or red handkerchief tied around his head, which served the purpose of holding his hair together. For he had the long flowing black hair of his people which came far down over his shoulders. Prominently outlined from below the eyes to the chin were deep tattoo marks which, of course, to white eyes, further marred the features of this rather coarse looking Indian. For his face was not clean, he was barefooted, and wore an excuse for a belt in such a way that his shirt showed between the bottom of his vest and the top of his trousers. Altogether he was not at all unlike scores of Indians who wear the white men's dress and who can be seen here, there and everywhere in the southwest.

The "woman in the case" dressed generally somewhat differently from the "full dress costume" she wears in the illustration. A calico skirt and waist, a *tedrum* of handkerchiefs thrown over her shoulders, rather scornful face and lips, face tattooed, hair down to the shoulders except where banged over the eyes, and her picture is complete.

The man's name was Na-qua — the blue heron — the woman's O-cha — green corn. He was much married. He had been wedded four times and three of his wives were still living. He was well thought of by his people, and was one of the lesser chiefs of the tribe. At one of the dances Ocha, who was just woman enough to take full note of the men, was particularly struck

with the earnest way in which Naqua did everything. He danced, smoked, sang with intense earnestness. She herself liked enthusiasm. She wanted to marry such a man, and she found opportunity to look love into Naqua's eyes. He saw and read the look. It awakened a response in his own soul. Before the dance was over (it lasted several days) he had talked with his three wives and told them he expected to bring a fourth soon to his *ava;* and when everything was arranged Ocha became the new wife of this by no means young man.

Did the old wives quarrel with the new? Did she cause trouble between them and the husband? Not at all! Polygamy with them breeds no discord, and Ocha and Naqua were as happy as could be, and the other wives accepted her as a matter of course.

But death comes to happy married people, even though they are polygamists, and Naqua was stricken sick and died. Now, by the stern customs of the Mohaves, a dead body must be burned almost immediately after the breath has left the body. While Ocha stood weeping by the side of the dying Naqua, his male friends were preparing his funeral pyre. A hole was dug, some four feet deep and wide and six feet long. This was filled with greasewood. Over this a layer of dry cotton-wood logs was placed. Then a kind of three-sided pen was built up around the hole — one end being left open to allow the entrance of the body. Great piles of cottonwood logs were placed ready to be put over the body when it was brought,

and all was ready. In the mean time eight of his sons, nephews and grandsons were stripped naked, except for the breech-clout, a small gauze undershirt, and a red flannel cap embroidered with beads. These eight youths were then gorgeously painted all over the body where naked, and over the shirt, in yellows, blacks, browns and reds, in stars, stripes and other designs, and provided with peculiar poles or wands. These wands are sticks about six feet long, wrapped with beads, feathers and buckskin, and with a small dangling fringe of stringed beads about six inches in length.

By the time they were ready, wailing from the *ava* of the sick man signified that the end had come. Wrapped in his blanket his sons and male relatives, four of them, brought Naqua to the pyre. They exercised the greatest care not to touch his dead body. That would be a great defilement. Two at the head, and two at the feet, they carried the corpse. At the pyre one of them grasped the head and, straddling the logs, entered the opening at the end before referred to, while the others helped him place the body in the prepared place. In a moment the foot opening was blocked with a short thick log, and the near by logs piled up quickly over the body. Then bundles of greasewood and arrow weed were placed on top, and almost before one could tell how, half a dozen men had applied fire in as many different places and the cremation had begun. The flames leaped and soared in their fury. The wood crackled and roared in the intensity of the quick fire and a great cloud of smoke arose to the heavens.

Near by one of the chief medicine men of the tribe stood, rattling and chanting the virtues of the dead man. Here was no untruthful panegyric. Everything he said must be true or great injury would fall upon the speaker. Only the good things that were known were spoken of.

"Naqua, O Naqua, thy body lies on the funeral pile. Soon it will be burned to ashes. Soon we shall see nothing of thee. But thy inner self, thy soul, will shoot into the air with the clouds of smoke and the attendant spirits will take thee to thy rest. We shall see thee never again. Yet the good thou hast done makes our hearts tender. With an eye like an eagle's and hands as strong and swift to strike thine enemies as his talons, thy foes have fled before thee in terror or remained to be slain. Thine eye was keen to see and thy foot swift to follow over mountain, hills or desert all who did thee or thine an injury. But they were equally keen and swift to do good to those who loved thee. Thy wives, thy sons, thy daughters have all felt thy goodness. Thy relatives and friends have been blessed often by thee. May all the good thou hast done accompany thee to the world of spirits and there give thee joy until these thy loved ones come to thee. I have spoken. It will thus be."

At the same time the eight young men were busily engaged in a kind of hopping dance to and fro over the small region comprising the immediate surroundings of the dead man's house and the funeral pile. Each man whipped the air with his sacred wand, waving it

up and down as he danced. This is supposed to drive away the evil spirits while the spirit of the dead man is preparing for its flight.

Nor was this all. The relatives and friends of the deceased, male and female, came near to the pile and each took off clothing, some more, some less, and threw it on the burning mass. Others brought beans, mesquite, corn-meal, melons, dried fruit, canned fruit, tobacco, and other good things and threw them into the flames.

Poor Ocha stood by, dry-eyed, leaning on the shoulder of a friend of mine, a white woman who had deeply sympathized with her in her grief. As the flames surrounded the corpse she cut off all her hair, rapidly stripped herself almost naked of all her garments and threw them one by one into those flames that were burning up the body of the object she loved most on earth.

Suddenly as the supporting logs gave way, leting the body fall into the red-hot pit, and the movement could be seen, my friend assures me that Ocha gave a deep sob and wail, and then made so sudden a spring as nearly to knock her down, and, in a moment, before any one could interfere, she sprang right upon the almost consumed body of her lord. The one pyre burned up the two bodies — that of the dead man and the living woman. Hand in hand they entered the spirit world together. Safe in each other's love, Indians though they were, they could brave all the dangers of the Unknown Beyond. Who can depict

the joy of Naqua's spirit as that of Ocha joined it? It is not only the love of the white man or woman that extends beyond the Gray Portals.

THE MOHAVE "RAMONA"

"There's no hope for the poor wretch; he's got to go, that's all."

"What's that? Do you mean to say his case is hopeless?"

"Yes, I do! He's got smallpox, and got it bad. He's sure to die and the sooner he goes to the pest-house the better."

The speakers were the post surgeon and the Commandant of Fort Mohave, and the subject of their conversation was a soldier who a few days before had come down with the dread disease. It is a dread disease, even when its victim is situated within the confines of civilization, where the best physicians, nurses, sanitary appliances and conveniences and medicines are immediately at hand. How much more dread, then, when its unhappy victim is located in the heart of a veritable Sahara, several hundred miles from civilization, and with no other conveniences than those known at a desert army post on the frontier. For such was Fort Mohave, even though located on the Colorado River. This river, instead of blessing, curses the region through which it passes, draining away all its moisture instead of distributing it.

So the poor soldier's case was indeed sad. He was removed, with several others who were attacked by the

same disease, to the rude wooden shack which served as pest-house, in order that their isolation might be the more complete. Oh, how the fever burned, how hot and parched his mouth and lips were. His tongue seemed to be ten times its normal size, and he only made a queer, half gasp, half groan, when he tried to speak. His blood was all on fire, and at times his brain burned so that reason fled, and he was tortured with the wild fantasies of delirium.

Outside, the scorching sun pitilessly beat down upon the gray sand, which radiated it back again, making the air as hot as if it were the breathings of a fiery furnace. Not a cloud moved across the richly blue sky and nothing tempered the fierce rays. Hotter and still hotter it became. Now the wind began to blow, and raised such furious clouds of sand as cut the faces of any unfortunate enough to be exposed to their fury. In the hospital-shack, heat and dust added to the discomfort, distress and suffering of the afflicted one, and he rolled and tossed in his augmented agony.

At one of his somewhat lucid intervals he felt a gentle hand on his fever-stricken brow. Soft, wet cloths were placed over his lips and they cooled and soothed him *so* deliciously. As he tossed uneasily in his bed to escape the heat he could tell that some different hand from that of the rude soldier, detailed to nurse him and the others, had arranged the bed clothes. There were no creases, no lumps, no hollows in the mattress. The pillow lay just where he best liked it, and wet cloths were hanging in the miserable

room to temper the fierce heat of the burning desert sun.

In vain the half conscious soldier sought to solve the mystery. He felt the comfort and the restfulness of the change, but was unable to understand it.

In the officers' quarters, however, it was known and understood. And there had been considerable talk about it.

"Why, it's perfectly scandalous," exclaimed the prim wife of the captain.

"I don't like it myself," said the colonel's wife. "It doesn't seem the thing to let an Indian girl nurse a sick soldier. If the men must form illicit associations with those rude, disgusting creatures, I suppose there is no help for it, but to have her go right publicly to nurse him is carrying the thing too far. I'll have to see what the colonel says about it!"

Accordingly the colonel was "seen," but the results of the interview were never made public. The only public fact was that Mrs. Colonel never said any more about it, from which it may have been inferred the Colonel thought she had better keep her hands off.

But others did not.

"Who is the girl, anyhow?"

"Why, she's old Dox's daughter. You remember her, that bright, laughing girl that used to watch the parade, dressed in a skirt and a bead collar."

"Well, it's shameful, and I think it ought to be stopped!"

All the same it was not stopped, and daily, the sick

soldier, ignorant of and oblivious to all the scandal the action of his Mohave nurse was causing, was slowly but surely overcoming the fierce power of the disease by the intelligent assistance she was rendering him.

At last came sanity. One morning he awoke perfectly clear-headed. It was early morning, and who but those who have enjoyed it know what that means on the desert. Cool! ah, so cool and delicious and refreshing. Its joy and comfort were marvelous; its refreshment divine. Surely he must be in heaven, after the weary weeks of fever and horrid dreams it had brought him. For three or four hours he enjoyed it, his thoughts going now and again to the subject that had puzzled him so often while he was in the throes of the loathsome disease.

All at once he thought he heard a step approaching. He could barely hear it on the soft and yielding sand, so he knew it was no white person, as the whites seldom, if ever, walk barefoot, and then, anyhow, no white man was coming to see him now. Then the door opened, and the key to the mystery was offered him. He knew now who was the good angel of his dreams. His nurse was Maha (the mockingbird), old Dox's daughter, who used to come for his washing and to whom once or twice he had spoken in a friendly manner. He had been friendly but not free; jocular but not rude, and perhaps it was that that had separated him in the mind of the Indian girl from his fellows. For such a thing had never been heard of before. The Indian girls were generally terrified at the presence of soldiers,

and would run far out of the way rather than meet them away from the protection afforded by "quarters." But here was one who, when it was known that Frank was dangerously sick and not expected to recover, had gone without any request or permission from anyone, gone just as naturally as a mother goes to her son, or a wife to her husband, to watch over, tend and nurse him. The army surgeon was a wise, level-headed old dog, whose heart, too, was in the right place, and he had sense enough to care nothing for "proprieties" when the recovery of one of his patients was at stake. Here was a chance for Frank's life, and he was going to let him make the best of it. So Maha remained, and the patient began to improve from the hour of her appearance.

Why had she come?

Let the conversation she had with her old mother, who lived on *Soapsuds Row*, be the answer.

"He is sick, my mother. He is to die, the white medicine man says, and I am never to have my heart warmed by his smile again."

"Daughter of my heart, my Mohave mockingbird, why have you given your heart to the white soldier? You know you can never become his wife. If you give yourself to him he will by and by go away and forget he ever knew you, and to do that is not good for a maiden who wants a mind full of peacefulness and a heart at rest."

"Ah, mother, but my bosom swells with love for him. One day's love with him would be worth a

lifetime of other love. I love him, I love him, and he knows it not, and now the medicine man says he will soon die. Sorrow is mine. Deep grief is my bedfellow."

Twice, thrice, for two days, did Dox and her Maha thus converse, Maha growing more restless and full of woe as the hours of the day and night passed. At length she could bear it no longer, and on the third morning she stealthily crept up to the hospital-shack and there felt the joyous pain of hearing the groanings of the white man she loved, and the wild ravings of his delirium. Yet, though changed by his sickness, her keen ear knew it was his voice, and though its agony smote her with cruel force, the fact that it was his and he was alive filled her with joy unspeakable.

By and by the door opened and the night watcher came out. Suddenly an impulse entered Maha's heart. While the watcher was away why should she not steal in and give of her loving care to the sick soldier? A child of impulse, she obeyed, and for a few delicious, stolen moments sought to assuage his pain. She was there when the watcher returned, but she was indifferent to his curses when he bade her begone. She sought her mother.

"I have seen him and given him sleep," she said. "Soon I shall go again."

And go again she did, to the watcher's amazement. She came as if she had the right, and he, knowing naught to the contrary, imagined perhaps the doctor had sent her, and, willing to be relieved of as

much of his unpleasant duty as possible, was speedily reconciled to having her stay.

When the doctor came he took in the situation at a glance; that is, he thought he did, and, being human, was inclined to overlook human frailty in others, though in this case his charity and complaisance were misplaced.

The result was that Maha remained, and day and night saw her at Frank's side.

Little by little, as he was slowly dragged back from the death-pit which had yawned wide open for him, he began to realize what she had done.

" Maha, why did you come? " one day he asked her.

He got no reply but one sharp, keen glance of fiery sweetness, and then she bent her head so that he could not see her eyes. Then she speedily went away and was seen no more until the dusk of evening fell.

Hour after hour Frank puzzled over it. At last it began to dawn upon him. He opened his eyes once, suddenly, and found her eyes swimming with love for him, and then he knew.

" Maha, come here. Do you know what you have done for me? Do you know whose my life is? Without you I should have ' gone out ' with the others. (Several had died and been buried during his illness.) Why did you do it? Was it because you loved me? Ah, Maha, I know not how to return such love as yours! "

But from that moment his heart became peculiarly tender towards her, and when she next placed bandages upon his head he seized her swarthy hand and pressed

several kisses upon it. Then, when night time came, and he tossed about, he found that her very presence soothed him, and that when she gently stroked his hand and brow he speedily forgot his feverish nervousness and slept.

When did he begin to love her?

He could scarcely tell, but before he was deemed convalescent and allowed to leave the shack, he had discovered it, and frankly told it to her, having bravely fought over the whole battle of " what his folks would say," and " what would the ' boys ' think of it? "

He was a man, and womanly devotion even to the gates of death had won his warmest admiration and sincere devotion.

Now came a revelation.

Though a common soldier he was the son of a proud officer father,— a colonel in one of the regiments located in the East. He would himself write to his father and tell him all the facts and also what he intended to do. For he had already resolved that Maha should be his wife. He had asked her, and she had said that what he had decided was a decision for her also. And so he decided as a brave man should.

The doctor was taken into his confidence and the Colonel was finally asked to consent. The former had carefully prepared the way and had shown the commanding officer that common humanity demanded that no obstacles be placed in the way.

As soon as Frank was well enough the strange couple was duly married by the chaplain, and quarters allotted

them. For nearly a year they lived together in a happiness that was ideal, and that taught many lessons to the few married white women of the garrison.

Then joy and sadness came to Frank in the same hour. Maha gave birth to a sweet, beautiful baby girl, but as the new life began her own ceased. The happy year was at an end, and it is no figure of speech to say that the light of Frank's life went out. He idolized his wife and was overcome with profound grief at her death. Such was the effect upon him that he was granted a leave of absence and he went back East, visited his stern old father, the Colonel, who, with his daughters, had been horrified at Frank's marriage. The profundity of his grief, however, soon revealed to them what his marital joy must have been, and to their new amazement they found their son and brother actually grieving to death for his loved one. Nothing they could do seemed to have any effect. Slowly but surely his life ebbed away and in a few months he, too, had solved the mystery of the beyond, with Maha, his Mohave wife.

As soon as she heard of Frank's death, the grandmother, old Dox, spirited the baby girl, who had already been named Ramona, away. For several years she was seldom seen by a white person. She was brought up as any other Mohave child, a true daughter of the desert. Then a superintendent took charge of the school, who, as soon as he heard Ramona's story and found she was old enough to come to school, determined that the white man's daughter should have

a white girl's education. He called upon his Mohave policemen to find the girl and bring her and her grandmother to him. There were many tears and much wailing and some open defiance, but when Dox was assured that she might see her darling granddaughter any and every day, so long as she behaved herself, she became more reconciled.

The child was put in school. Her white blood soon began to tell. She learned rapidly and showed a sweetness of disposition that won natives and whites alike to love her. Her voice was as soft as the sweetest notes of the Maha (mocking-bird) her mother had been named after. She was not rough and robust as most of the girls were, but gentle and dainty in all her ways. Had it not been for some trouble with her eyes, a common thing with the Mohaves, and which developed early in her case, everyone would have called her pretty.

One of the lady teachers became so fond of her that she could not tolerate the idea of her being ignored by her father's relatives, so she began to write letters to the stern old Colonel in the East, telling him about his Mohave granddaughter. Evidently the aunts got hold of these letters, for they replied. In a year or so they wrote they were coming to California and would like to see Ramona if they could do so without her knowledge.

Soon afterwards Ramona and half a dozen other of her companions were taken by this teacher down to the Needles to see the train come in. When it arrived two well dressed ladies beckoned to the teacher out

of one of the cars, and she led all the girls into the drawing-room where the ladies greeted them kindly, but watched Ramona with special interest. Not one of the girls had the remotest idea that anything strange or dramatic was occurring, yet it was dramatic in the extreme. It was the first meeting of Ramona with her white aunts.

The girls left, the train pulled on to California, and, except that the white ladies and their kindness were often spoken of, the incident was apparently forgotten at Fort Mohave. But not so with the aunts. They talked Ramona over, and, on their return East, had many and serious talks with her grandfather.

At length a letter reached Mohave from Indian headquarters with instructions that the scene at the railway train was to be repeated, but that, this time, there would be an elderly gentleman as well as the two ladies, and that, if, when the train went eastward, the gentleman signified with a word his desire, Ramona was to be left on the cars and her companions were to return to Fort Mohave without her.

The train arrived from the West. Happy and jolly, as thoughtless young girls generally are, the crowd followed the teacher into the drawing-room. The ladies greeted them kindly as they had done before, and the stern faced gentleman gazed at them, and then, when Ramona was pointed out to him, found his glasses suddenly covered with mist.

Candies and other sweets were distributed, and the teacher, hearing the All Aboard! of the conductor,

backed her young charges out, but somehow did not seem to notice that Ramona was left behind, and when one of the other girls remarked it, calmly said: "Oh, never mind."

And the train pulled away with the blinds of the drawing-room down, so that Ramona never even said good-bye to her companions or to Mohave. It sped away East and took her from the desert for evermore.

CHAPTER XVII

BASKET-WEAVING AMONG RAMONA'S INDIANS

IN their basket-weaving the Indians of Ramona's country show themselves a people of artistic skill in form, design and execution, and of religious and poetic feeling. Indeed if they could have been approached by the whites through their basketry, instead of by ordinary contact, they would have been placed upon a high pinnacle in the minds of the American people. To be more explicit: when we, with our superficial education in appearances meet with the rude and poorly clothed Indian, we judge him by his looks. He and his squaw are dirty, filthy, loathsome, disgusting, horrible, perfectly abominable, vulgar, obscene, unpleasant, obnoxious, repulsive, nasty, sickening, vile, nauseating, odious, offensive, and simply unbearable. These are all terms I have personally heard applied to Indians by short-sighted, ignorant, half-educated but elaborately dressed Americans, men and women, whose arrogance, impudence and assurance so panoplied them that even a surgical operation could not compel a true thought of the Indian's dignity of character, artistic abilities, and deeply religious nature to enter their heads. Clothes don't make the man or woman,

however much some fools among white men and women believe they do. To have one's face and hands well washed are not proofs of a cleanly body, nor is the reverse any more true. The Indian may seem dirty, mud may cover his (or her) head, his clothes may be dusty and dirty, and yet his body, his skin, *all over*, may be cleaner and more healthy than that of the well-dressed critic who stands by, judging entirely by appearances. The older Indians, who still use the sweat-house, or *temescal*, weekly, as a matter of religion, are more cleanly in body than most white people, for a Russo-Turkish bath, even though taken in the Indians' crude way, is a most effective cleanser of the skin. The stories told in another chapter reveal what my study of the Indian has taught me as to the inherent nobility of his character, and that Helen Hunt Jackson did not overstep the limits of probability or possibility in her delineation of the fine characters of Ramona, Alessandro and the other Indians she describes.

And in this chapter it is my purpose to show somewhat of their thought and ability in artistic lines by a necessarily brief, but analytical study of their basketry.

In a primitive stage of society man finds neither time nor opportunity for what we call the fine arts. Utility is the first need. Everything must be made useful. It is left for modern civilization to invent things that are " beautiful " and " artistic," made by machinery, that never had a use, never can have a use, and that degrade those who buy them by their false assumptions as to what constitute beauty and art.

The basketry, therefore, of the Indians had to serve useful purposes. The wide scope of these uses can well be seen if, for a moment, we imagine ourselves devoid of all utensils made of crockery, earth, metal or glass. Take the civilized woman and compel her to a domestic life with her kitchen denuded of all pots and pans and kettles and crockery and earthenware, and require her to *make* every utensil she needs; she would then begin to have some respect for the inventive ability of her dusky-skinned sister. Basketry was the universal ware. Everything, from cradles to houses, had to be made of basketry of one form or another. The result was that, in the course of the years, the Indian woman developed this art to the highest degree and became an expert in the invention of shapes, the originating of weaves or stitches, the conception of designs, and the digital skill required to make what she had conceived.

No collection of basketry perhaps better illustrates this than the one made by Mrs. Josephine Babbitt, for many years the honored, trusted, and beloved teacher of the Indians at the school at Warner's Ranch. She was with these Hot Springs (Spanish *Agua Caliente*, Indian, *Palatingwa*) Indians, during the trying times of litigation when the owner of the Mexican grant was seeking to have them evicted. She was their friend and counsellor when the final decision of the United States Supreme Court held that they must go. She accompanied them to Pala, where they were removed, and would doubtless have been with them still, had not

her kindly interest in their welfare led her to do some things that rendered her *persona non grata* to those with influence sufficient to secure her removal.

During her years of intimate association and sympathy with them Mrs. Babbitt learned much of their inner thought, and in every case she assures me that the interpretations of the designs of the here-pictured baskets were given to her by the Indian women who conceived and wove them. To be able to know the spirit and motive behind the work of the Indian basket-weaver is not given to every one. It is not to be bought. It is a slow process. It is only to those whose loving sympathy the Indian actually feels that she will open up her heart. The Indian is keenly sensitive to ridicule. She hates to be misunderstood and to be laughed at. She is but the child of the race and children never like to have their dearest thoughts laughed or sneered at. Hence the Indian woman has learned to be uncommunicative to the generality of white people, whom she knows look down upon her as an inferior being, a savage, a cumberer of the earth. But Mrs. Babbitt, in teaching Indian children, learned the larger lessons of life from their parents. And the result has been a wider sympathy with all peoples, and, as far as the Indians and their baskets is concerned, a knowledge of their inner thoughts granted to but few.

In the full-page illustration her choicest baskets are shown. In the main they are of but two colors, white or cream, with the design picked out in the varying

Mrs. Babbitt's collection of Baskets, made by the Indians of Ramona's country

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browns of the tule root. The center basket at the bottom and the one on the top of the overturned basket to the right are made of the tule stem, and are woven loosely, so that the basket acts as a sieve. I have seen corn placed into this kind of basket, and dipped alternately into lye and water. The hulls were thus softened and removed and hominy was produced.

As I have shown in my book on "Indian Basketry," the chief art instinct of the Indian weaver found expression in *imitation.*

She imitated the sun, the moon, the planets and the stars, the mountains, valleys, streams, lightning, rain, clouds, falling rain, whirlwinds, tornadoes, rivers, springs, snakes, birds, beasts and insects, men, women and children, and then, when her objects of imitation wearied her, she began to vary them, ring changes on them, as it were, and thus invented new designs, which, however, retained the names and meanings attached to their imitative originals. Thus the St. Andrew's Cross is a variation of the diamond of the rattlesnake, and the score or more beautiful star designs are all variations of the original five-pointed star. In the designs reproduced here are seen vultures or buzzards, hills and valleys, a net, arrow points, a rattlesnake with its diamonds, dancing men and women, flowers, twigs, a burro feeding at its trough, several stars, a whirlwind, and a variety of conventional designs that require much explanation.

They are all beautifully worked out; each one according to the thought of the weaver. It is interesting

and educative to the trained white artist, familiar with books on art, drawings, art designs, etc., to remember that the Indian woman has none of these. Her designs are in her brain, worked out without pencil or paper, and mentally projected upon the surface of her basket before she takes a stitch, and so perfectly, too, that she has determined the exact size and shape of her basket, the exact stitch where she will begin and place every portion of her design and how it will look when completed.

In their skillful use of the tule root which gives a variety of shades of brown, these Palatingwas produce a basket that for richness of color effects surpasses anything I have ever seen, except the more gorgeous feather baskets of the northern Indians of California. Sometimes the body of the basket is in white, indeed, generally so, and the design picked out in the varying shades of brown. On the other hand the weaver will sometimes make her basket of the brown splints and pick out the design in white. The effect then is most strikingly beautiful. Such a basket as this is shown in the woman's cap, the second from the right in the front row on the table.

One of the illustrations is of a Palatingwa weaver finishing a basket, which is now in the possession of Mrs. Alice Ward Bailey, of Amherst, Mass. It is of milk-pan shape, though the sides are a little high for a milk-pan, but it makes a most useful shape and size for a work-basket. As a rule the weaver leaves all the ends in her work until the basket is completed,

when she washes it and dries it thoroughly in the sun. Then with a knife or piece of clam shell in hand she picks off each loose end until the basket is quite "clean." This basket has particular interest to me as being the first basket finished by any weaver of the evicted Palatingwas after their arrival at Pala.

Another of the illustrations shows a saucer-shaped bowl, seven inches across the bottom and fourteen and a half inches high. The bottom is a star, wrought in shaded brown splints, and on the sides are four figures, two of which are donkeys or burros eating out of a trough. The body color of the sides is brown and the designs are in white. The effect, therefore, is most striking. The body of the burro is in white; also the trough, but the eyes, mouth, muzzle, the packs on the burro's back, the dividing lines between the legs, body and tail, the shadows in the troughs, etc., are all in brown. Under the body of the burro is a rooster.

This design affords a good deal of food for thought and reveals far more than, at first sight, one would imagine. For when did any one ever see an Indian burro feeding at a trough? Never. And yet this weaver intended this for her own burro. What then does it mean? You ask the weaver, and she averts her eyes, perhaps, or laughs, or gives a nervous little giggle, and says nothing, or deliberately lies to you. But Mrs. Babbitt had gained her confidence. To her, with a sigh of longing she said: "Some day, maybe so, I not be poor all the time, as I am now. Maybe so I

sell 'em lots baskets, I feed 'em my burro in a trough all same rich white man."

Ah! think of that! Longing, desire, prayer, all woven into that singular design of an Indian burro eating out of a trough, " all same rich white man's burro."

The weaver is a poor old woman, named Margarita, who lives near Murietta, and who has so many hungry children to feed that it is one of her dreams that some day she will be able to feed her burro in a trough. Pierpont Morgan and Rockefeller are not the only persons in the world who crave more wealth.

I do not need to urge upon my readers to look carefully at the illustration of the celebrated rattlesnake basket of Mrs. Babbitt's collection. It was made by Maria Antonia, originally a La Jolla Indian, and later living at Mesa Grande, and is a most beautiful specimen of the weaver's art. This poor weaver had a most unfortunate history. Well might she serve as an illustration of the fact that misfortune seems to follow some people all their lives. She was married to an Indian, who suddenly, without any apparent cause, went away and left her. As time elapsed and her husband did not return, she assumed marital relations with a man named Balenzuella, who was living alone. Two years ago he died, leaving a team of horses, wagon, a fair house with plenty of furniture and some money. As soon as he died his wife, who had abandoned him, appeared in court at San Diego and claimed all his property. The court awarded it to her, although it was clear that Antonia

A Palatingwa Basket
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The Burro and Trough Design
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Mrs. Babbitt's celebrated Rattlesnake Basket Page 222

Palatingwa Design
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had earned much of it, for she was a tireless worker. Thus she was cast adrift again and had to begin life afresh.

The basket is bowl-shaped and is three and one half inches high and about four and one half inches across the bottom. The top is six and one half inches across, and the circumference in the widest part, which is about an inch and a half from the top, is twenty-two and one half inches. The shape, colors, design and workmanship combine to produce a most pleasing result. The body color is white, but so important is the design that it takes up all but eleven coils, and its color is the brown of the tule root. Beginning in the fourth coil from the center is the rattle of the snake. Two stitches of white follow two stitches of brown, and thus the three small rattles are made. Then eight brown stitches connect with other brown stitches on the two rows below in such a way as to suggest another and larger rattle. The rattles are thus enlarged until there are four more, making eight in all. The real coil of the snake's body then begins, in six rows of brown weaving with diamonds picked out in white. As these six coils of brown come to the point of their commencement, they are ingeniously diverted upward, and three coils of white introduced. The six brown coils now become nine, denoting the thickening of the body of the snake. When these nine coils are complete a new diversion upward is made, diminishing the thickness of the snake's body to seven coils, and this continues around until the head is reached, which is clearly

depicted in the illustration. Two eyes are placed in perspective, and the general effect is most striking and unique. This is an original and interesting basket and one that may well be desired in any collection. Looked at either outside or inside the snake is very realistic, but more so on the inside. It thus seems to be coiled up most naturally, the head resting on the body, with the rattles in the center.

The snake design is placed in the basket as a propitiation of the powers of good and evil behind the living snake, in order that those which are good may remain so, and those which are bad and vicious may be restrained from striking or wounding any members of the weaver's family. Thus this basket becomes the enshrinement of a prayer.

To my mind the star basket is one of the most pleasing of the Babbitt collection. The body is white, the design is brown. It is " milk-pan " shaped, eleven inches on the bottom, three quarters of an inch high, and nearly thirteen inches across the top, so that it will be seen that the sides are almost perpendicular. The flaring is immediately near the bottom.

The center is a nine-pointed star, which is the *motif* of the whole design, the star enlarging in four successive series of rays. It is perfect in shape, harmonious and complete, the nine clusters of tiny stars on the upper part of the sides giving a finished appearance to the design that is pleasing and agreeable. The border coil stitch is in brown. The design continues from the bottom up the sides without change or interruption.

Its weaver is Ramona Balenzuella, a pure-blooded Indian, who lives at Mesa Grande. She is the best weaver in that village on the mountain overlooking Warner's Ranch.

Another basket is an interesting specimen. It is a fair-sized bowl-shaped basket, nearly eight inches high, five inches across the bottom and thirteen inches across the top. The body is white and the design is picked out in color. The interior " square heart " is in brown and the two enclosing squares are in grayish black at the top, shaded down to a lavender gray at the bottom. The effect is very delicate and most peculiar; indeed, I have never seen anything like it elsewhere. The lower third of the bowl is marked with designs in variegated brown, with the bottom line in black and shaded with the lavender gray. The maker was Ramona Cibimooat, who, with her sister, is one of the most intelligent basket-makers of the tribe. The lavender tint of splint is found in few places, and these are unknown to any others than Ramona and her sister. Hence their baskets are highly prized when these colors and tints are introduced. Possibly the color is caused by some chemical element in the water which dyes the tule stem while growing.

This " square heart " design is commonly known among the Indians as the " Bachelor's Walk." It has a symbolism that is very clear to the Indian and yet it must be carefully expressed to avoid misapprehension in the civilized mind. The inner part represents a maiden's heart. The young man who remains a

bachelor may walk around and around (as represented by the outer square) the object of his most ardent affections, but he will ever be kept at a distance. He may woo her most urgently and come nearer and thus encircle her (as represented in the inner square), but he is just as far as ever from entering the maiden's heart, the holy of holies, if he still remains a bachelor. It is only when he and she unite in the sweet and holy communion of heart, mind and body in the dear and blessed relationship of true marriage that the man can enter into and know the inner heart of the maiden, who has given up her maidenhood to become his devoted and true wife.

Some imagine that this design and thought apply solely to the physical relationship, but this is not so. While this relationship is well understood, and by the Indian (to her friends) spoken of with a dignified freedom that few white people understand, he who conceives it rests upon that relationship alone reveals his ignorance of the exalted nature of the true Indian's thought. It applies to the higher, the spiritual communion of souls, and, of course, the higher includes the lower.

Another illustration is of a basket made by Maria Antonia. It is four and a half inches high, seven inches across the top, and twenty-five inches in circumference in its widest part. The design is a star. There are six points picked out in brown, with a white background. The enlarging rays are also in brown, followed by another set of rays. The whole upper part

of the basket is finished in brown, thus producing a charming effect. This is a good illustration of a basket where the color of the design is the predominant color, without destroying the effect, indeed, materially enhancing it.

One of the most interesting in my own historical collection of Indian baskets is here pictured in the hands of its weaver. When I first saw this basket the old lady was busily engaged in its manufacture. As I chatted with her she told me that the design she was weaving into it was of the flying bat.

" Why do you put the flying bat into your basket? "

The answer came with a child-like confidence and simplicity that were intensely interesting and pathetic. " For a long time when I have gone to my bed to sleep, the flying bats have come through that hole "— pointing to a small hole at the junction of the wall and roof — " *and sucked away my breath.* You see I cannot breathe very well, for they have taken away nearly all the breath I have." (The poor old creature was suffering from asthma — a very rare complaint with them.) " So I am going to pray to Those Above to keep the bats away from me. I am making the basket to take the sacred meal to the shrine " (mentioning a place where the old Cahuilla Indians go to pray as in the old days before priests and missionaries were known), " and I am putting the bats in the basket so that Those Above will know what I am praying about. I shall sprinkle the sacred meal and then pray earnestly that the bats be kept away so that when I lie

down to sleep my breath be no longer taken away from me."

Impulsively I placed my hand on her shoulder and exclaimed: "And when you pray, will you remember that your white brother will pray with you."

I took good care, however, before leaving, to close up the aperture through which the bats entered her hut to disturb her. It was nearly a year before I returned to Cahuilla, but one of the first visitors to my wagon was this old woman. She took my face between her hands and kissed me on each cheek, and shook my hands with cordial earnestness, while tears streamed down her cheeks. Almost her first words were: "You see I now have my breath. Those Above heard our prayers."

Her gladness almost touched me to tears and they actually did flow when I realized the significance of the plural pronoun she had used: "*Our prayers.*" Here, indeed, was the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Then she continued: "I told you if our prayers were answered I would keep the basket for you, and it is there on my wall waiting for you to come and fetch it."

Is it to be wondered at that I regard such baskets as these as priceless; that money cannot buy them? For they are not only pretty pieces of basket-work, color, design, weave, shape, fine specimens of aboriginal digital skill, but there are enshrined in them the prayers, the longings, the hopes and the satisfactions of pure and simple hearts.

CHAPTER XVIII

INDIAN EVICTIONS IN RAMONA'S COUNTRY

THE stories of the evictions of the Indians in *Ramona* are statements of absolute fact, save that, for dramatic purposes, the order of occurrence is not adhered to. Alessandro is made to appear, and to be, different from other Indians because of his training by Pablo, his father, who was a Head Chief, or General, of his tribe. We are told (Chapter V) that "one purpose and one fear filled his future, — the purpose, to be his father's worthy successor, for Pablo was old now, and very feeble; the fear, that exile and ruin were in store for them all." The white man had clearly shown his purpose. While there was land in plenty for everybody the Indian was not disturbed in his possessory rights, but as soon as gold-mining failed and agriculture and fruit-culture were engaged in, land, *with water*, was found to be valuable; and with such a consideration in view, what were the rights of the Indians? When California became one of the sisterhood of states and made its own laws, it knew full well that it had to deal with the Indians within its borders. The legislature passed a law to the effect that they were to be protected in their inherent rights of possession, *provided within a*

certain time they registered and made claim to the land they occupied. Such a law, on the face of it, to unthinking people, seems to be just and right, but to have made it an equitable law in its operation the most ample provision should have been made of honest, capable, humane agents, appointed to safeguard the Indians in their rights. For what could Indians, who knew nothing of our language, our habits, our system, know of our law? How could they know that *they* had to do something in order to preserve to themselves the land that had always been theirs?

They could not know, and they did not know, hence many of them failed to register their lands. The result was they were trespassers, or, at best, squatters upon public lands. And when public lands are surveyed, the first person who files on them in the land office stands the best chance of having a patent — or government deed — given to him. But in the case of the Indians they did not know enough of our land system to understand surveying, filing or getting a patent. They were as helpless as children. Some of them were anxious when they saw the white race crowding in upon them, and in their simple way tried to negotiate for fair treatment. Those who made treaties, or relied upon the solemn pledges of United States army officers or other officials, soon found the pledges were as easily broken as made.

When, driven from pillar to post, and back again,— but never back to good and fertile lands,— they settled on waste land, and, with an almost hopeless despair

Ruins of the Indians' Church at San Pasqual
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Indians at Agua Caliente spinning yucca fibre to make door-mats, etc.
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that is pathetic in the extreme, desperately sought to wrest a living from it for their families, it was no uncommon thing for a white man to come along, discover that the land was public land, go to the Land Office and there file upon it, driving off the Indian, often by force, paying him nothing for his improvements or growing crops; and then call upon the United States officials to protect him in his " rights " if the Indian withstood his actions, or demanded juster treatment.

After Mrs. Jackson's stirring appeals had aroused the whole country to the need of honester relationships between these Indians and ourselves, and public opinion demanded that reservations be set aside for them, corrupt politicians and others saw to it that land was set apart that was absolutely useless to any one in its present condition, and if, by chance, a bit of good land or a spring were included in the boundaries, they petitioned for a new survey and invariably managed to leave the Indians all that was worthless and themselves or their friends the " pickings."

Lest it be thought I exaggerate, let me here quote from a report, made March 21, 1906, by C. E. Kelsey, special agent for the California Indians, in regard to one reservation,— that of Campo.

" There are five reservations usually known as the Campo reservation, as follows: Campo proper, area two hundred and forty acres, population twenty-five, elevation about two thousand five hundred feet; Manzanita, area six hundred and forty acres, population

fifty-nine, elevation three thousand feet; La Posta, area two hundred and thirty-nine acres, population nineteen, elevation about three thousand two hundred feet; Cuyapipe, area eight hundred and eighty acres, population forty-four, elevation about three thousand eight hundred feet; and Laguna, area three hundred and twenty acres, population, five; elevation about four thousand five hundred feet. *The areas given are their areas on paper*" (the italics are mine). "*Most of the land is of the most barren description.* The actual area of arable lands is as follows: Campo forty acres, Manzanita thirty-five acres, La Posta thirty acres, Cuyapipe thirty acres, Laguna seventy acres — (a total of two hundred and five acres, to one hundred and fifty-two people). The rainfall is scanty, and grain and hay are about the only crops that can be raised without irrigation. *There is no water for irrigation on any of the reservations, and barely enough water for household use. The entire five reservations would not support more than one or two white families, and yet forty Indian families are expected to make their living there.*"

Can any honest person read such a report — and I can personally vouch for its literal truth — and not feel humiliated and ashamed? If there be such a thing as a nation's caring about a blot upon its escutcheon, certainly the whole United States ought to *care* enough to be deeply shamed at its wicked treatment of these peaceful and helpless Indians. They were the wards of the State and the Nation. Both have

been remiss in the discharge of a manifest duty, imposed by honor, let alone humanity, and both have miserably failed, notably the State. For, in the making of laws pertaining to the lands occupied by the Indians, the State should have so guarded them that by no lapse, no failure on the part of the Indians, no ignorance, no shrewdness, no double-dealing on the part of the whites, could their inheritance have been stolen from them.

Now, it is the desire of the Department as far as possible and practicable to find good land for each family, and to allot it in severalty, and thus do away with the reservation system. That will be an advance, as there can be nothing much worse than the reservation system.

The evictions that Mrs. Jackson described, of San Pasquale and Temecula, were made by duly authorized officers of the law, after due processes in court before competent white judges, and were therefore legal and presumably just. They are a forceful evidence that things are possible under our legal system that are manifestly unjust and dishonest. The *law* permits things and protects men in the doing of things that are dishonorable and soul-searing. When men themselves become honest they will destroy so dishonest a system. Equity, truth, honor are of greater importance than mere legality, and our legality has worked great woes upon an ignorant and childlike race that it was our duty to protect.

The Warner's Ranch eviction is one that would have

come under Mrs. Jackson's caustic criticisms had she been alive when it occurred. Everything was done legally, and after being legally defrauded in the state courts, the United States Supreme Court rendered a decision that this was a domestic or state matter and its policy was not to interfere. Hence the Indians must go.

When these facts were succinctly stated to the country at large, public opinion in California and elsewhere was so aroused (mainly through the educative campaign of the Sequoya League and its energetic chairman, Charles F. Lummis), that an appropriation of $100,000 was made by the government to provide a new home for the unjustly (though legally) evicted Indians. Pala was chosen as the new location after months of careful, expert and painstaking investigation of every available spot. When the time came they were peacefully and humanely removed to Pala. But no provision had been made for permanent homes. Temporarily they were established in tents. Now let me quote from Mr. Kelsey's report: "The matter of houses for the Indians who removed from Warner's Ranch to Pala was a vexed question of the times immediately after the removal. The suggestion was made that the Indians be at once set to work building adobe houses. This particular band had been making adobe, building adobe houses, and living in adobe houses for more than one hundred years, and the adobe house was the one kind of house they knew all about. Adobe as a building material has some defects, but it also has some excellent qualities. It is suited

The Hot Springs on Warner's Ranch, San Diego County, California
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The village of Palatingwa, Warner's Ranch, from which the Indians were evicted
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to the climate, being warm in winter and cool in summer. It is wind-proof, dust-proof, and even when the roof was of thatch, the Indian houses were usually water-proof. But for some reason the adobe idea did not meet with favor. It was said to take too much time. This objection was also made against the project of buying rough lumber for the Indians to build into houses, and things were rather at a standstill until the brilliant idea was evolved of getting temporary houses for the Indians to live in permanently. The Indians were inclined to be mutinous and openly threatened to return to Warner's Ranch. There was evidently need for haste, so fifty portable houses were ordered by telegraph,— *from New York.* The order seems to have been filled in due course of business, and the delay in coming by freight, more than four thousand miles, was no greater than usual with transcontinental freight, but as a time-saving device, it was hardly a success. *It was nearly six months before the Indians got into the houses. The expense was double what wooden cabins built on the spot would have been, and about four times the cost of adobes.* There would be less room to cavil at this purchase, if the houses were fairly adapted to the purpose for which they were bought. The houses are well enough constructed for the purpose for which they are advertised and sold, that is for a temporary house, or wooden tent. As a permanent dwelling place for human beings they are far from satisfactory. Being composed of but a single thickness of board three-quarters of an inch thick,

they are hot in summer and cold in winter. The California sun has sprung the narrow strips composing the panels, and made cracks in about every panel. The sun has also warped the roof panels, and injured the tarred paper which constitutes the rain-shedding part. The houses are neither dust-proof, wind-proof, nor water-proof, and are far inferior to the despised adobes."

Is comment necessary upon this cool and judicial statement of facts? The next item is in regard to the expenditure for an irrigating ditch. It cost nearly eighteen thousand dollars, or about forty-five dollars per acre for the four hundred acres of irrigable land *which is all that the ditch can possibly be made to serve.* Its capacity is given as 1,700 inches of water. The largest duty imposed upon water is to irrigate one to six — one inch of water to six acres of land, or, a more conservative demand, one to four. At the lower estimate one hundred inches of water would supply all the needs of the four hundred acres. Then why spend eighteen thousand dollars in building a ditch to bring in 1,700 inches?

Under the humane supervision of Mr. C. E. Shell, the Indian agent at Pala, the younger Indians are settling down to their new life. The older Indians, naturally, will never cease to regret their loved Agua Caliente — *Palatingwa* — the Hot Water Springs of Warner's Ranch. We can only hope that this will be the last Indian eviction in California and that truth and justice, rather than law, will be meted out to our helpless wards in the future.

CHAPTER XIX

MOUNT SAN JACINTO AND ITS LEGENDS

MOUNT San Jacinto is made forever memorable owing to its connection with the story of *Ramona*. It is one of the notable mountains of Southern California, to the description of which I have given considerable space in "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert."* On a clear day its bold nature-battlemented summit is distinctly to be seen from the hills of Los Angeles and Pasadena, eighty miles away. It is ten thousand eight hundred and five feet in height and in some respects is one of the most remarkable mountains in the world, for on one side it looks over that great Sahara of California, the Colorado Desert, portions of which, under the power of man's industry and the use of the water which has flowed, in hidden rivers, from its own sides to make a thousand artesian wells, is now blossoming as the rose, while on the other it sees the fair land of Southern California, where bloom the orange, lemon, guava, almond, peach and a thousand and one fruits, with a million exquisite flowers of every hue, tint, color and shade, and where

* The Wonders of the Colorado Desert, 2 vols., published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

millions of healthy people are destined to make happy and peaceful homes.

On the north it gazes down from its ten thousand eight hundred and five feet of elevation to the San Gorgonio pass, through which the trains of the Southern Pacific enter the Colorado Desert. The lowest elevation of the pass is two thousand eight hundred and eight feet. A drop of eight thousand feet in what appears to be little more than a stone's throw is a wonderful sight to gaze upon, and it is made so comparatively easy to see that I wonder that more nature lovers do not avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy it. One may go on the Santa Fé train to Hemet, take the stage there for Strawberry Valley, where a comfortable and well-conducted hotel houses travelers and visitors, and then, securing horses and guide at the livery stable, the ascent is easily made in a day, camping in one of the high valleys over night and returning to the hotel the following day. In 1906 I made the ascent in order to gaze on the Salton Sea from the summit, that wonderful sea made by the diversion of the Colorado River from its native channel to the Gulf of California. To me, as to others, it was a remarkable sight and seemed altogether incongruous with all our previous desert experiences, and yet, within a comparatively recent period, this was the normal condition of affairs. The Colorado River used to empty naturally into this great desert basin, which was then a part of the Gulf of California, and the very foot of the mountain upon which we then stood

The author and friends on the way to the summit of Mt. San Jacinto
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Camping below Lily Peak in the San Jacinto Mountains
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used to be laved by the salt waters of this arm of the Pacific.

Perhaps no mountain in California has been written about so much and from so many different standpoints. The student of earthquakes has made it his theme again and again; the climatologist affirms that it is one great secret of the wonderful Southland climate; the physiographer denotes it the steepest mountain, on its desert side, in the world; the novelist makes it the scene of her most thrilling plots; the government sets its forests apart as a reserve and appoints guardians to watch for their protection; the ethnologist wonders at the linguistic variety of the Indians found around its base and in its canyons and valleys; the geologist brings his students to observe the characteristic phenomena it presents; the lawyers and judges have fought and are fighting for the pickings of its Indians' lands; the humanitarian finds exercise for his deepest sympathies and profoundest emotions; and the physician and invalid look on it as a health-giving mecca in whose precincts it is life to reside.

But it is chiefly in its relationship to the story of *Ramona* that this chapter must deal, together with the legends told of it by the Indians of Ramona's country.

It will be recalled that when Ramona and Alessandro were going up to the secluded valley he had found they first saw Mt. San Jacinto: "It was in the early afternoon that they entered the broad valley of San Jacinto. They entered it from the west. As they came in, though the sky over their heads was overcast

and gray, the eastern and northeastern part of the valley was flooded with a strange light, at once ruddy and golden. It was a glorious sight. The jagged tops and spurs of San Jacinto mountain shone like the turrets and posterns of a citadel built of rubies. The glow seemed preternatural."

I have seen it again and again when it was thus flooded with crimson and gold in every conceivable shade. For, while we consider that "crimson is crimson," and nothing but crimson, Nature has a way of dealing with colors so that crimson is made to take on the peculiar suggestion of tints of the surrounding mountains and heavens. Few mountains in the world can boast of such color effects as Mt. San Jacinto, and the reason for this is found in its unique location already described.

The Indians of the region invest it with strange powers, and in its most secret recesses dwells Tauquitch, the evil being of whom I am about to write. Certain noises are heard at times on the mountain, and the superstitious Indians regard these as the groanings of the victims of Tauquitch, or the wild roars of anger of the god as he seeks to frighten the poor wretches he has inveigled into his lair. Mrs. Jackson, in *Ramona*, thus refers to the heights of San Jacinto, and the noises, and Alessandro's feelings: "Safe at last! Oh, yes, very safe; not only against whites, who, because the little valley was so small and bare, would not desire it, but against Indians also. For the Indians, silly things, had a terror of the upper heights of San Jacinto; they

believed the devil lived there, and money would not hire one of the Saboba Indians to go so high as this valley which Alessandro had discovered. Fiercely he gloated over each one of these figures of safety in their hiding-place."

The noises are explained in one of their legends as follows:

"Long ago all the clans of the San Jacinto valley were united under one chief, named Tauquitch. He was a tall, handsome man, keen and bold; so that he gained ascendency.

"But as years went by, Tauquitch became very arbitrary. The people grew dissatisfied and began to dislike him. Yet they feared his strength and cunning, and knew not how to cast him off. At last a beautiful girl, daughter of the chief of one of the tribes, disappeared, and no trace of her could be found. Then another maiden was lost, and while they were still seeking her, word came that the daughter of another chief was missing. Every woman in the valley trembled. The men were enraged; they suspected Tauquitch. They searched his cabin, and the scalps of the girls were found in the pouch of the hated chief. He was seized and brought before a council of the principal men of the clan, who condemned him to death by fire.

"The preparations were made, and all the people came together. Tauquitch, grim and silent, with eyes of fire, was bound to the stake and the wood was lighted. But look! as the blaze went up, the form of Tauquitch suddenly disappeared, and a great spark of fire flew

into the air, was wafted eastward toward the mountain, and vanished. Then all the people knew that Tauquitch was a witch, who had disguised himself as a man among them to work them harm.

"And ever since that time, these strange sounds have been heard from the mountain. It is because Tauquitch has taken up his abode there in a cavern; ever and anon he goes out to catch a young girl whom he imprisons there; and the shock that we hear is the sound of the great stone as Tauquitch claps it upon the mouth of his cave."*

What are the noises! Who can account for them? They exist, and there must be some reasonable scientific theory that explains them. Some think that there are internal changes going on within the bowels of the mountain, caused by the more rapid radiation of heat than is common elsewhere. If this be a volcanic centre, though there are no great outward manifestations, internal changes undoubtedly are occurring all the time, and these perhaps take the form of falling masses of rock, which, echoing in the hollow vaults beneath, produce the alarming and terrifying noises.

Others claim that there is a vast limestone cave in the heart of the mountain through which passes chemically charged water that decomposes the limestone, and that the noises are caused by the falling of walls, the supporting bases of which have been thus decomposed.

In some way these noises have become associated (in the minds of the Indians) with Tauquitch. This

*Miss Helen Coan, in *Out West.*

Don Antonio Coronel and his wife, at their home in Los Angeles
From a painting by A. F. Harmer
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evil power made his appearance soon after Uuyot brought the Saboba and kindred peoples to the American shores from across the Great Western Water — the Pacific Ocean — and took up his abode on Mt. San Jacinto. Here he lived in a cave, and was guilty of many and great crimes against the people. He had the power of assuming all kinds of disguises, and would inveigle men, women, and children to his lair, where he fell upon them, and ate them.

These fearful practices continued for many years, long, long after Uuyot was dead, and until a new captain of great power was the leader of the Saboba peoples. His name was Algoot. He had a well-beloved son, a young man of fine presence, of frank and generous nature, a leader among the young men, and one upon whom Those Above had smiled. He was a favorite with everybody, and none had a word of unkindness to speak of him.

One day this young man and two of his adventurous companions started to climb up Mt. San Jacinto, which, however, in those days, and ever since, to the Indians, has been known only as Tauquitch, the abode of the evil spirit. They were a brave and fearless trio, and laughed to scorn the idea that Tauquitch could do them any harm. They felt they were a match for Tauquitch, and were proof against all his arts of witchcraft, sorcery, and impersonation. With shouts of laughter they scaled the rugged peaks, stopping now and again to look down at the quiet and peaceful villages below, where their people were busily

engaged in their regular vocations. Algoot had not been apprised of his son's intention to climb the mountain and brave the demon Tauquitch, and only learned of it accidentally some hours after the youths had departed. At first he felt no fear, but suddenly a deep dread fell upon his soul. What it was he feared he could not tell. It was as if the shadow of some great evil that had happened or was to happen had cast its black pall over his heart. Then fear for his son arose like a bodily presence before him. He reasoned with himself. What, have fear for his strong, brave, and manly son,— a fine athlete, the best runner, and climber, and wrestler, and boxer, and swimmer of the Land of the Sun-Down Sea? It was foolish, weak-minded, womanish. Still, all the same, the fear grew instead of diminishing, and finally yielding to it, he determined to set forth, climb Tauquitch, and return only with his son.

His fear and dread grew greater as he climbed higher. Soon came a blind, unreasonable terror, which lent him wings and superhuman strength. He fairly flew upward until he reached a quiet little valley, a mile or so below where the noises were heard that were said to emanate from Tauquitch's hidden cave. Here, stretched out as if dead upon the greensward, were the two companions of his son, but Algoot's heart grew heavier and heavier as he saw no signs of that beloved form. What could it mean?

Administering restoratives to the young men, he soon brought them back to life, and as they looked

around in terror and amazement, Algoot saw that something dreadful had happened to them. They almost fainted again with dread when they saw the rugged spires of Tauquitch peak against the clear afternoon sky. They begged to leave the accursed spot before they told what had happened, so Algoot, in a frenzy of fear and dread, hurried them along, until he could wait no longer, and then pressed them to tell what had become of his son.

"Oh, Algoot, how shall we tell you, and we ourselves live? Better had it been that Tauquitch had taken all three than to have left two of us to tell you the dreadful news. Your son, ah, Algoot, your son, our friend and companion, never shall we see him again!"

"What!" exclaimed Algoot, in agony and despair, "never see my brave and manly son again? Never see him to whom the sun gave the brightness of his eyes; the giant trees of the northern mountains his straight and stalwart form; the grizzly bear the strength and power of his body; the dove the soft sweetness of his disposition; the fox his stealthiness in following his foes; the fire its scorching power to destroy them; the mocking-bird the sweetness of his voice; oh, my boy, my boy, the beloved of my beloved and me, the only son of my loins, shall I never, never see thee again?"

And he listened in mute anguish while the two lads told how that everything had been happy and gay with them until they reached the Tauquitch Valley. Here, suddenly, loud roars and echoing noises were heard. They were affrighted and wished to return, but

the son of Algoot declared he had not come so far to retreat at the first sound of danger. As he was speaking, the heavens were overcast, and suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning came, followed by greater darkness, denser clouds, loud thunders, and more lightnings. But undaunted the young man continued his journey, regardless of the appeals of his friends until, suddenly, in a loud clap of thunder and in the brilliancy of long-continued lightning, the monster appeared before them. Almost dead with the fear that seized them at the awful appearance of the frightful demon, they were just able to recognize what happened. With one fierce sweep of his hand, in which he held a rawhide-covered battle-axe, he smote down the brave and fearless youth, who had thus laughingly rushed to his doom. With his skull crushed in he must have died instantly, but that was nothing to what followed. Picking the dead body up in his hands as if he were a merest nothing, he pulled an arm out of its socket, and slinging the body over his shoulder, marched back to his cave eating the still warm flesh of his victim, the blood covering his hands and jaws. As the two youths looked upon the horrid sight and heard the crunching of the bones between his teeth, they fainted, and knew nothing more until they came to consciousness with Algoot standing over them.

The anger of Algoot was now terrible to behold. Though silent, he seemed fairly to tower to the tops of the trees and swell into a monstrous giant. In those moments of silent anger he made a fearful resolution.

He called upon the gods silently and in his heart, but seriously and earnestly, vowing to them that he would never rest until he had slain Tauquitch or been slain by him.

Silently he returned to his home in the valley, and silently he set to work to carry out his vow. He spake never a word to any one of it, but each day saw him energetically training his body for the great conflict ahead of him. He ate only good food that gave him strength and power. He drank no injurious liquors; he went to bed with the sun, and rose at earliest dawn. He took long walks; he climbed over steepest mountains; he wrestled with the wild bears and struggled until he slew them. He followed the trail of the mountain lion, and without weapons engaged in deadly battle with him and tore him limb from limb. He ran, day by day, long distances, until his lungs were twice the size they were before, and his muscles were tougher than the fibres of the hardiest trees.

Many moons waxed and waned, and still he kept up his training. Then one day he called all his people together, and with a stern and forbidding countenance said: "I have not asked you to sorrow with me, to shed your tears with mine, to mingle your cries and groans with mine, at the fearful death of my noble son. I did not want to weep and sorrow and cry away the anger of my soul. I wanted my heart to keep burning hot with fury against his hated destroyer. As the sun reaches its height to-day, I leave my home and you my people, never to return until Tauquitch is slain. He

shall die or Algoot will die. Those Above cannot resist my plea for aid. Send up your prayers with mine that I may find this enemy of my people, and that I may have strength to slay him."

With loud shouts the people gave their approval to the brave words of Algoot, and when he started forth in search of Tauquitch they followed him, to cheer him not with words but by their silent presence and sympathy. Ascending Mt. San Jacinto to the neighborhood of Tauquitch cave and valley, Algoot called with a loud voice taunting and sneering words to the mountain giant.

Tauquitch did not reply.

Then Algoot came nearer still, and cried aloud: "Slayer of young children and women, coward, braggart, thou darest not to come forth and fight a man!"

Tauquitch came to the entrance of his cave, stretching and yawning, pretending he had been asleep. "What is it, funny creature, you have to say to me?"

"I say you are a braggart and coward, a slayer of women and children, that dare not meet a man in conflict. Come out and I will spit on you and cover you with ordure!" cried Algoot.

Then the people all shouted, "He is a coward! he dare not fight Algoot!"

At this Tauquitch glared with furious anger. He said, "Fight thee? Yes! and a dozen such!" Then, craftily laying a plot by which he thought he might be able to slay not only Algoot, but many of the people, he said, "Go you away to the valley where the river of

my mountain flows into the lake, and there I will meet and fight you, and in less time than it takes for me to talk to you, I will crunch the bones of your arms and legs between my teeth."

He wanted to get the people down there to watch the conflict where they could not readily escape, so that when he had slain Algoot he might seize a lot of them and slay them for his horrid and cannibalistic feasts.

Though Algoot knew he must be ready for treachery from the wicked Tauquitch, he assented without a murmur, and went down into the valley, where Algooton, once called Lakeview, now is. In those days the San Jacinto River emptied into a large lake here, and there was no passageway cut through to make the lake at Elsinore as there now is.

Soon, with wild roars, Tauquitch was seen coming over the mountain. Instead of descending into the valley, he picked up huge granite boulders, and threw them with great force at Algoot. The poor people looked on with terror, feeling certain that their hero and champion would speedily be slain. But they little knew how Those Above had prepared Algoot for this tremendous conflict. His eyes were so keen, and his strength of limb so great, that he could always see where the great boulder was likely to fall, and as it came he rapidly sprang aside, and the massive rock fell harmlessly into the ground. Scores of such rocks were thus thrown, and to the great amazement of the people Algoot himself began to pick up the rocks, and, as Tauquitch ventured nearer, threw them with

accurate aim and awful force upon the monster. Not expecting such attacks as this, Tauquitch was unable to get out of the way, and the rocks smote him so thick and so fast that he began to roar with rage and anger, as before he had roared to scare Algoot. But Algoot paid no attention to his roarings. He steadily fought on. Now and again he rushed upon Tauquitch, and grappled him, but just as he was getting the upper hand, the monster, who had all the powers of a wizard, changed his form, and disappeared from the hands of Algoot. This would disconcert Algoot, but he did not allow it to discourage him. He was determined to fight until one or the other of them fell dead. Again Tauquitch had recourse to the throwing of the rocks, and those who now wander about the San Jacinto and Moreno valleys will see the piled-up granite boulders there, all of which were thrown by the mountain monster during this terrific conflict.

But little by little Algoot began to get the better of his foe. Hour after hour they fought, and at length, in despair, Tauquitch turned himself into a great sea-serpent, hoping thus to frighten Algoot and compel him to give up the battle. Instead of this the hero rushed upon the hideous monster, and grappled with his long and slimy body. He held it so tightly that Tauquitch writhed and wriggled and lashed the water and all the surrounding country with his tail, in his frantic endeavors to shake off his persistent enemy. In one of these lashings his tail cut through the rim that formed the shore of the lake, and made the deep cut through

the hills through which the waters now flow to make Lake Elsinore. Speedily all the water was drained away, and thus Tauquitch gave help to Algoot to slay him. For, not having the water to swim in, and having assumed the form of a sea-serpent, Tauquitch was helpless on the dry or muddy land. Fearlessly and relentlessly Algoot fell upon him, and soon with a great and mighty effort strangled the brutal murderer of his son.

Then the people rejoiced with such rejoicing as could not find expression in words.

But Algoot was not through with his dread foe. There the scaly serpent lay dead on the ground, and Algoot determined there would be no peace unless he were burned and utterly destroyed. Calling upon the people, therefore, they brought down great piles of wood from the mountain. He himself went up, and in a quiet spot of the San Bernardino Mountains, naked and tired as he was, sat down on the rocks to rest, while the people prepared the funeral pyre upon which he was to burn the body of his foe. And to this day the rock there bears the impress of his naked body. No one can mistake the marks, but the Indians do not care to show the place to the white man, for the white man has always used his knowledge to the injury of the Indian. After he had rested for a while, he returned with a great armful of green wood, and, adding together all the wood, some green and some dry, that the people had brought, he soon had a large enough pile. Then he placed the long body of the sea-serpent

(Tauquitch) upon the pile, and set fire to it. In silence the people watched the fire reach the body, and in silence they waited until it should be consumed.

But, alas, the use of green wood was a great misfortune. For as the fire burned the body of the sea monster, those who were watching saw the spirit of Tauquitch ascend to the sky in a dim wreath of smoke. Had only dry wood been used he would have been entirely destroyed.

Hence, although Algoot slew Tauquitch, his spirit was not dead, and he soon returned to his cave in the San Jacinto Mountains. There he still makes the terrible noises, and never appears now except in disguise. He it is that makes the earthquakes, and he is bad and wicked in every conceivable way. Some years ago he appeared as an old man, well dressed and honest looking. He went to where some Sabobas were working and sat and watched them. When they went home, they all became sick and soon thereafter died. He was on the watch to seize their spirits, and that is why the Sabobas never leave a dead body until it is buried. For it is at this time, while the spirit is hovering near, looking at his own body, that Tauquitch has the power to seize it. He has no power after the body is burned or buried.

Another time he appeared as a "dude." He had gloves on his hands, and a cane in his fingers, and walked "all same swell white man." It is when he appears like this that the earthquakes come. So the

Indians still hate and fear Tauquitch. They dread his cave in the mountains, and never go near it.

" Perhaps some day Those Above will kill the spirit of Tauquitch, and then we shall no longer be afraid." Thus exclaimed my Indian friend as he concluded his interesting story.

CHAPTER XX

THE LEGEND OF THE ADVENT OF THE SABOBAS

ONE of the most interesting of the Saboba Indians was José Pedro Lucero, the touching story of whose death is told in another chapter. He and his wife thus related to me the legend of the peopling of Southern California:

"Before my people came here they lived far, far away in the land that is in the heart of the setting sun. But Siwash, our great god, told Uuyot, the warrior captain of my people, that we must come away from this land and sail away and away in a direction that he would give us. Under Uuyot's orders my people built big boats and then, with Siwash himself leading them, and with Uuyot as captain, they launched them into the ocean and rowed away from the shore. There was no light on the ocean. Everything was covered with a dark fog and it was only by singing as they rowed that the boats were enabled to keep together.

"It was still dark and foggy when the boats landed on the shores of this land, and my ancestors groped about in the darkness, wondering why they had been brought hither. Then, suddenly, the heavens opened, and lightnings flashed and thunders roared and the

rains fell, and a great earthquake shook all the earth. Indeed, all the elements of earth, ocean and heaven seemed to be mixed up together, and with terror in their hearts, and silence on their tongues, my people stood still, awaiting what would happen further. Though no voice had spoken they knew something was going to happen, and they were breathless in their anxiety to know what it was. Then they turned to Uuyot and asked him what the raging of the elements meant. Gently he calmed their fears and bade them be silent and wait. As they waited, a terrible clap of thunder rent the very heavens and the vivid lightning revealed the frightened people huddling together as a pack of sheep. But Uuyot stood alone, brave and fearless, and daring the anger of Those Above. With a loud voice he cried out: 'Wit-i-a-ko!' which signified 'Who's there; what do you want?' There was no response. The heavens were silent! The earth was silent! The ocean was silent! All nature was silent! Then with a voice full of tremulous sadness and loving yearning for his people Uuyot said: 'My children, my own sons and daughters, something is wanted of us by Those Above. What it is I do not know. Let us gather together and bring *pivat*, and with it make the big smoke and then dance and dance until we are told what is required of us.'

"So the people brought *pivat* — a native tobacco that grows in Southern California — and Uuyot brought the big ceremonial pipe which he had made out of rock, and he soon made the big smoke and blew the

smoke up into the heavens while he urged the people to dance. They danced hour after hour, until they grew tired, and Uuyot smoked all the time, but still he urged them to dance.

"Then he called out again to Those Above, 'Witiako!' but could obtain no response. This made him sad and disconsolate, and when the people saw Uuyot sad and disconsolate they became panic-stricken, ceased to dance and clung around him for comfort and protection. But poor Uuyot had none to give. He himself was the saddest and most forsaken of all, and he got up and bade the people leave him alone, as he wished to walk to and fro by himself. Then he made the people smoke and dance, and when they rested they knelt in a circle and prayed. But he walked away by himself, feeling keenly the refusal of Those Above to speak to him. His heart was deeply wounded.

"But, as the people prayed and danced and sang, a gentle light came stealing into the sky from the far, far east. Little by little the darkness was driven away. First the light was gray, then yellow, then white, and at last the glittering brilliancy of the sun filled all the land and covered the sky with glory. The sun had arisen for the first time, and in its light and warmth my people knew they had the favor of Those Above, and they were contented and happy.

"But when Siwash, the god of earth, looked around and saw everything revealed by the sun, he was discontented, for the earth was bare and level and

monotonous and there was nothing to cheer the sight. So he took some of the people and of them he made high mountains, and of some, smaller mountains. Of some he made rivers and creeks and lakes and waterfalls, and of others, coyotes, foxes, deer, antelope, bear, squirrels, porcupines and all the other animals. Then he made out of other people all the different kinds of snakes and reptiles and insects and birds and fishes. Then he wanted trees and plants and flowers, and he turned some of the people into these things. Of every man or woman that he seized he made something according to their value. When he had done he had used up so many people he was scared. So he set to work and made a new lot of people, some to live here and some to live everywhere. And he gave to each family its own language and tongue and its own place to live, and he told them where to live and the sad distress that would come upon them if they mixed up their tongues by intermarriage. Each family was to live in its own place and while all the different families were to be friends and live as brothers, tied together by kinship, amity and concord, there was to be no mixing of bloods.

" Thus were settled the original inhabitants on the coast of Southern California by Siwash, the god of the earth, and under the captaincy of Uuyot."

On another occasion Pedro talked to me of the " days of the old " as follows:

" In the ancient days the Sabobas had little rain, even as now, and without rain and water, crops were bad. Uuyot taught them it was their badness, their

sinfulness, that caused the water to dry up in the heavens and in the springs of the earth. Siwash refused to give them the vivifying rain unless they were good. When a drought was long continued Uuyot called all the people together and spoke to them about their wrong-doing. He examined each one of them separately in order to find out each one's personal sins.

"Then it was that Siwash taught him all the good there was in *pivat*, the native 'coyote tobacco.' If a mixture was made of hot water and *pivat*, and this was drunk, it would produce vomiting, and in this manner the souls or hearts were made clean and good. They had used *pivat* to make the big smoke for a long time, but now, under Uuyot's direction, it was to be used to cleanse the bodies, souls and hearts.

"And Siwash? You ask who he was. Siwash was God of the Earth. He was nothing and yet he was everything. He could not be seen and yet he could be felt. He was all powerful and yet all gentle. He was in the wind, and in the sun, in the rain and in the stream, in the lightning and in the storm, in the brightness of a clear day and in the darkness of the darkest night. He was *Siwash* — the great power, the something I cannot see.

"When Siwash had taught Uuyot how to use the *pivat*, and Uuyot had made my people use it, then he required them all to dance, and after they had danced, to go down on their bended knees and bow their faces to the ground and silently pray to Those Above for

pardon for all the wrong they had done. And when he was told to grant the people pardon he told them his words would be no good to them unless they had first told all the wrong they had done, and then by the use of *pivat* made their bodies, souls and hearts clean.

" When all were in proper condition then they might ask Those Above for the good gifts they needed; and each one asked for what he desired. Some asked for rain to make the seed grow, others that the springs might be full, and the women for water to clean themselves. Then Siwash brought the clouds loaded with rain in great numbers. There were plenty of them. He didn't hesitate and send only a few, but he made them come in large numbers, and the rain fell and watered the earth and made everything grow famously.

" Alas! it is not so now. Siwash never hears us call to him now. We cannot get rain now. The earth comes up dry no matter how deeply we dig. We do not pray, we do not dance, we do not smoke *pivat*, we do not vomit. Our hearts and our souls are not right, so the rain does not come."

This reference to the vomiting may seem strange to some of my readers, yet it is a most common ceremony. In the Snake Dance of the Hopis, which I have fully described elsewhere,* the concluding act is that of internal purification by the swallowing of a mixture that produces emesis.

When I asked José Pedro why his people were so

* *The Indians of the Painted Desert Region.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1903.

scattered, he made answer somewhat as follows: "In those early days our women were well and strong and children came quick and in large numbers. No woman suffered pain when a child was born any more than a vine suffers when ripe grapes are taken from it. As fast as families increased and became large enough, Uuyot sent them into new neighborhoods to make new settlements. Then it was nothing for our people to have ten and twelve and fourteen or more children in a family and we were never afraid of being overpeopled. The world was large and as soon as one place had too many people in it they would move elsewhere. Thus it was that my people soon covered the earth."

Here is a story he told me of a battle between his people and the neighboring Temeculas:

"Once there was a great battle between the Sabobas and the Temecula Indians. Ever since the days of Uuyot the Sabobas had gone and gathered seeds in a certain place where they were abundant and easy to gather. But one day some evil power, no doubt Tauquitch, the devil of Mt. San Jacinto, urged the Temeculas to come to that same place also to gather seeds. And who does not know the result. When two bands of women seek to gather the same seeds there is trouble, much and serious trouble, for women fight with tongues as well as hands and arms, and tongues often hurt more than wounds on faces and arms and bodies.

"After a sad and disastrous fight among the women,

the men met and they fought. With bows and arrows and spears and heavy hammers wrapped in buckskin, and axes with sharp edges, and deer horns sharpened to a dangerous point, my people and the Temeculas fell one upon another. The air resounded with their bloodthirsty yells, and the rocks sent back the same horrid sounds. The Temeculas were in the valley, where the seeds had been growing, and they dared my people to rush upon them. As they did so the Temeculas fired arrows at them and drove their spears through their basket shields and struck them on the head and body with their deadly hammers and battle-axes, and it soon seemed as if they would beat my people. Then, led by Nicanor, one of our great captains, the Temeculas were driven away, and many of them killed. The Sabobas aimed so well with their arrows that numbers were slain, and the others ran up the hillside to escape from those deadly arrows. And that was the worst thing for my people that could have been done. When the Temeculas climbed up the canyon sides, they picked up heavy rocks and threw them down upon the heads of my people and soon killed them all but Nicanor, who managed to hide under a rocky ledge and who was not discovered. The canyon and its sides were covered with the dead Sabobas, and the vultures from afar came sailing around and around and they soon told the great message of sadness to the women and children at home.

"And then, when Nicanor came home and told how of all the Saboba warriors he was the only

one left, the whole mountainside resounded with the mournful wails of my people.

"That was the beginning of the downfall of my people. They never again were strong in numbers. When the Spanish priests came they took away more of our power. They compelled our men and women to work for them, and took away the best lands and waters. And when they went away, the Mexicans came and took away more of our lands and waters, and made our people work the harder for them, and at last the Americans came, *and took all we had,* but this barren, desolate spot, and we have dwindled and dwindled, until soon one tiny little dot will be all that will be required to represent what was once the great and powerful Saboba people."

CHAPTER XXI

THE STUDY OF FOLK LORE IN RAMONA'S COUNTRY

WHEN we consider the archæological and ethnological advantages and opportunities presented to Coronado and Espejo and Oñate and Vargas, we feel like reviling their stupidity and want of insight and foresight. We, to-day, can see what a glorious wealth of fascinating material was scorned by them,— passed by with as much indifference as though it had not existed. And we feel as indignant at their apathy, or worse, as we should at a friend who might return with a handful of stones he had picked up in a foreign land, where there was a countless mass of them, which a little examination would have revealed to be flawless diamonds. Castañeda and a few others did pick up a few diamonds, and for these we are thankful, but our regret at their scarcity is greater than our joy at what we have.

And so is it with our diamonds of knowledge of the life and habits of the aborigines of California. A hundred — nay even fifty years ago — one might have gathered a harvest of diamonds, piled up stores of them for centuries of enjoyment yet to come. Now the field is almost barren, and only by careful search

and hard labor can even a few be found. More so, perhaps, than in any other part of the West or Southwest of our country, opportunities among the aborigines of California for Folk Lore research are fast disappearing. As Stephen Powers ably argued in that remarkable letter of his to Major J. W. Powell, published as a preface to his *Tribes of California*, the richly fertile valleys and foothills and the pine-clad mountains of California once sheltered and fed a vast, teeming, happy and healthy population. The estimates given so astounded Major Powell that he hesitated about publishing them, and asked the author to modify them. Instead of qualifying them the sturdy writer defended them, justified them and vouched for their accuracy. He had carefully and thoroughly pondered their magnitude before he had written them, and insisted that if they be published at all, they appear as he originally wrote them. And the speedy diminution of the population from the time of which he wrote is almost paralleled by the rate at which they are now passing away. In a few decades what frightful and marvellous changes have occurred.

In his useful monograph Powers gives comparatively little of the Folk Lore of the California Indian, and, in what he does give, there is no reference to any of the important peoples who lived south of the Tehachipi Range. All the powerful tribes of the valleys, of the mountains, of the seashore, of the islands, of Southern California were unvisited, or, at least, not

described by him. And soon they will be — to use the Old Testament word — " not."

The story of *Ramona* suggests some of the material that awaits the Folk Lore student in the country therein described. As I have shown elsewhere, Mt. San Jacinto is full of suggestions to the Indians who cluster in tiny settlements all around it. They tell of the Bear Valley Lake, long since dried up; they have stories as to how Elsinore Lake was formed, and high above Arrowhead Springs can be seen the spot where their warrior hero sat down to rest after his great battle with the foe that cut the waterway of the San Jacinto River from Moreno Valley into the Elsinore Valley.

When one finds himself among the Indians of the desert, south and east of San Jacinto Mountain, what stores of interesting lore might be accumulated of geysers and mud springs and earthquakes and new formed lakes and disappearance of old lakes, if one could win the hearts of these desert peoples so that their tongues would reveal the long hidden secrets of their souls.

Among the younger people of the Indian tribes new interests are being awakened. Mexican and American influences have largely changed the current of their thoughts. They are growing civilized into a money-grubbing, whiskey-drinking materialism which scoffs at the mysticism, the simple-hearted supernaturalism of the older members of the tribes, and many a time has a story been stopped in my hearing by the

sarcastic and scoffing voice of a young school Indian, whose respect and veneration have been civilized away to give place to a veneer of white man's learning, vices and trousers. The old *majellas*, the proud, old, conscientious basket-makers, who realized that they were "the people," are fast passing away. They wove their religion, their faith, their hopes, their fears, their national history into the designs of their baskets, and, as yet, we have only just begun to learn how to interpret them. In ten years' time there will be but few of them left and the younger women who make baskets know nothing and care less about poetry or religion in design. They make what will sell, and make as speedily and easily as possible. So, if the lore of the basket-maker is to be collected, it must be done now, or it never can be done.

Around old Fort Tejon and on the Tule River are a few Paiutis, who came over years ago from Nevada. They are the weavers of many of the fine Tulare Baskets that are the envy and the despair of the collector. Not more than twenty of the original stock still live, and who shall be able to make up to us for the loss of their Folk Lore, not yet gathered, when they shall pass away. The hundreds and thousands of Indians that once roamed over the San Joaquin Valley, and occupied the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, or the eastern canyons and foot-hills of the Coast Range, — where are they? A scattered remnant, — a few here, a few yonder, losing their identity, producing a mongrel race of half-breeds. Where is all the lore of

their tribal life? Rich it must be in stories of mountain, flood, storm and plain, and we know next to nothing of it.

Perhaps there are half a dozen of the original Yosemite Valley Indians still left. It seems a crime to let them pass away without leaving us their complete stories of Bridal Veil and Yosemite and Vernal and Nevada Falls and Mirror Lake and El Capitan, the Domes, the Spires and all the other " thoughts of the Divine," sculptured in the granite walls of that picturesque valley. And Hetch Hetchy and Bloody Canyon and Mt. Whitney and the Canyons of Kings, Kern and other Sierra rivers are full of objects that have made Folk Lore for the Indians who used to live among them.

How fascinating it would be if a white man could stand side by side, mentally and spiritually with a medicine man, *shaman* or *tingaivash* of the Southern California Indians and learn to look with his eyes at disease, its origin, philosophy, meaning and cure. An old *tingaivash* died recently at Cahuilla who would have opened his inner heart to me ere long had he not " passed on." And, unfortunately, he is the last of his class there, and the number elsewhere is rapidly diminishing.

Whence originated the almost universal idea that dancing and smoking would propitiate "Those Above?" And *how* do the dancers and smokers of to-day feel and believe that their efforts are received?

When I think of the infinitude of subjects upon

which the Southern California Indian has doubtless thought and formulated ideas which have crystallized into ceremonies, I feel more than ever an intense longing that this great field should be explored before it disappears. The thoughts of the heavens, — the sun, moon, planets, stars, milky way; the revolution of the north polar constellations; the winter and summer solstices, etc. Their own personal origin and how mountains, valleys, clouds, oceans, rivers, trees, animals, insects, fishes came into existence. Whence come the storms and whither do they go? The ceremonies and their meaning at birth, during childhood, adolescence, man and womanhood, marriage, death. Their occupations, handicrafts, amusements, pleasures, personal and social, miseries, diseases and conceptions of death. Their love of offspring and treatment of children. Their use of charms and fetiches. Their medicine men and their incantations, sorceries, etc. Their foods and methods of preparation. Their knowledge of plants and their properties. Their conceptions of soul, mind, body and a thousand and one other things that must occur to the inquisitive mind.

But how is all this lore to be gained? "Who shall go up and possess the land?" Surely there are enough keenly intelligent and interested people in California to make some kind of a concerted effort to bring about this desirable end. In knowledge of the moon our scientists unite the world over, allotting one portion to one set of observers and another to another, and so on, until there is not a single mile of the observable moon

that is not nightly watched by several careful and conscientious astronomers in some quarter of the globe. The result is that we know every change that takes place as speedily as it occurs. Is it not worth while to adopt some such method in our ethnological work? Cannot enough enthusiasm be gendered to lead a sufficient number of voluntary students to offer to do some portion of this important work? It matters not whether the leader of such a society be preëminently a scientific man, provided he have organizing and directing ability and enough of the "sinews of war" to be able to give a little aid where needed to accomplish extraordinary results.

And as one who, in a humble way, has done a little of this work during the past twenty-seven years, may I suggest what I conceive to be the right spirit to go into it. Those who engage in it, to be successful, must be able to go amongst the Amerinds as their friends,— not as consciously superior beings who look down with contempt upon them and show scorn of their social, domestic and religious rites. It would be of little use for one to come to us and seek to know the inner meanings of our ceremonials if the attitude he assumed showed clearly at the outset that he regarded them as foolish, senseless, superstitious rites. There must be sympathy. In one case when I was being admitted to one of the most secret rites of a tribe, my guide and friend — my Indian brother — turned to me and in a tone of mingled suspicion and fear said "You no laugh?" I assured him I was as serious as he was.

Often when in the kivas of Hopi and Acoma and Zuni at the ceremonials of the fraternities I have been asked to go out because of this fear that I should laugh, but my invariable "You lie, when you say I laugh!" though severe and harsh to a white man's ears always brought relief and comfort to my Amerind friends, and, with but one exception in my experience, gained for me permission to remain.

I have also found, too, that an earnest and honest attempt to join in songs, prayers and ceremonies has gained for me the approval of the aborigines. In the secret kiva ceremony of "washing the snakes" prior to the Snake Dance I have sat among the priests, and, when a great rattlesnake crawled around my feet and up my leg I gently took it in my hands, as I had seen the Hopis do, stroked it and then passed it over to the nearest priest. This and my evident endeavor to sing their songs led them to tell me that I had a white face but a Hopi heart. I was "lolomai," — good — and few ceremonies occur in that tribe to which I cannot now gain entrance.

Another thing should be observed. One must not take things for granted, or accept as infallible the statements of agents and teachers who, owing to their daily association with the Amerind, are supposed to speak with authority. For instance, during the time of the ghost dance craze, I was at the Pyramid Lake reservation and also at Walker Lake. At both places I was assured by agent and teacher that no dances were going on there, and yet in thirty-six hours at the

latter place I found the dances in full operation and that, indeed, it was one of the hot beds for sending out the germs of the craze throughout the country.

When I determined to seek some knowledge of the symbolism of the basketry designs of our Southern California tribes, I asked a lady to accompany me, who, for many years, had lived among them as girl, teacher and finally as physician. She had had fullest access to their homes and might have been supposed, naturally, to have had full information in regard to the subject on which I desired knowledge. She assured me, however, that their designs meant nothing and that my endeavors would be in vain. Yet as I write this I have before me, as the result of that visit, a good-sized note-book full of most interesting lore, not only about basketry designs, but about their mythology and early history. My friend gazed at me in blank amazement when I began to read her some of these notes and assured me that in all the years she had been with them she had never once heard any of the subjects mentioned.

Another suggestion. I do not know how other people work, but I seldom ask questions. If I wish to know the mythology of any particular people I gather together two or three of the leaders and the best story-teller of the tribe. I give them a good dinner, then plenty of tobacco, and when they are in the first enjoyment of their smoke I begin to tell them stories either of the white people, or of some other Indian tribe, making the story bear directly upon what

I desire to gain from them. Almost invariably, even before I have done, some one of the listeners is ready with a story which effectively answers all the questions I might have asked, and which, often, in the very asking, close up the springs of knowledge.

Patience is another essential characteristic. For over ten years I waited before I was *invited* to enter the *To hol wa* or sweat-house of the Havasupai Indians. When the invitation did come there came also what was practically an open sesame to all the songs and ideas of the people in regard to its establishment by To-cho-pa, their good God, and its religious significance. Patience paid.

Seldom do I use money to gain anything I desire. Often the mere proffering of it does more harm than good. There are subtler and less harmful ways of "bribery," if that be deemed necessary, as, for instance, the presenting of food at the altar of one of the kivas when a ceremony is going on, or the purchase of some desirable ceremonial paraphernalia and presenting it to the priest.

But whatever the methods employed, or by whom, I shall rejoice if the reapers enter the over-ripe harvest before it is too late. Many hands make light work, and concerted effort will accomplish wonderful results.

CHAPTER XXII

RAMONA AND THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS

RAMONA is inseparably connected with the Franciscan Missions of California. Many so-called historical novels pervert and distort facts and are therefore an injury to their readers. But *Ramona*, in its references to Missions and the *padres*, is so true to life, so true to their *spirit*, that it can be used as an auxiliary textbook with great advantage to those who wish to gain a true conception of the Franciscans and their work. While herself a Protestant, Mrs. Jackson, as her life and work show, was a woman of broad mind, generous culture, and liberal sympathies. There was nothing of the narrow sectarian in her. Nobleness of soul manifested in nobleness of life appealed to her, whether displayed by a Catholic, a Protestant, a Hottentot, an Indian, or a Patagonian. Hence when she came to know of the self-denying labors of the pioneer *padres*, Serra, Palou, Crespi, Lasuen, Martin, Catala, Sitjar and others, her soul was filled with reverence for them. Who can forget her enthusiastic exclamation as she first looked upon a picture of Serra at the Santa Barbara Mission: "Ah! faithful, noble, dear old face; what an unselfish, devoted life you led! All I ask is to be permitted to meet you in the other world."

It is in this spirit she looked upon all the work of the Franciscans that was noble, self-denying, self-sacrificing, heroic. In her articles on the Missions in the *Century Magazine*, which have since been reissued in book form by Little, Brown, & Co., of Boston, under the title *Glimpses of California and the Missions*, she gives full expression to her warm appreciation of the labors of these noble men. This book should be read as a companion volume to *Ramona*. In my own book, *In and Out of the Old Missions of California*, issued by the same publishers, I, also a Protestant, have endeavored to do some small measure of justice to the great work accomplished by these humanity-loving, God-fearing men of a faith alien to my own. Hence, in this volume, there can be no extensive attempt made, either to describe and expatiate upon their work as builders of the picturesque Missions that are the commanding features of so many California landscapes, or as laborers in the vineyard of souls, seeking to win these heathen Indians into the fold of the church. The other books referred to must be read for these details, but a few personal points of interest and a brief sketch legitimately belong here.

Few who read *Ramona* fail to fall in love with the Franciscan *padre* there known as the Padre Salvierderra, and the question naturally arises: Was he a real character? As if in anticipatory answer to this question, Henry Sandham, in his notes to the Pasadena Edition of *Ramona* says: "As illustrative of the author's fidelity to truth in character drawing, I shall mention

but one of the many real characters; namely, the original of Father Salvierderra. The character is positively startling in its accurateness. I knew the original Father well and often sought his assistance and advice. I remember I needed him once while at work in the Santa Barbara Mission, and failing to find him in any other of his favorite haunts, I entered the church, where I found him kneeling before the altar, praying. He looked up as I entered, and with his usual lovable smile said, 'I will be with you in a few minutes, my son.' Shortly he rose to his feet, threw his arm around my neck, and leaning on my shoulder (he was then well past seventy years of age) he asked as we passed down the corridor, '*What can I do to help you?*' In this question lay the key-note of his whole life.

"At another time, as we walked through the garden, he stooped, and putting his hand under one of the gorgeous Californian poppies, remarked as he turned its face up to me, 'Is not our little brother beautiful?'

"Though the Franciscans usually wear a broad-brimmed hat when in the open air, I never saw the original of Father Salvierderra wear a hat except when riding; when on foot he would often walk with his cowl thrown back, his head exposed to the sun. Occasionally I have seen him gather a handful of leaves, place them on his head and draw his cowl forward, remarking, 'My big brother is too strong for me.'

"In my studio I have the venerable Father's complete costume, given to me at the time I was making

the *Ramona* sketches; it includes the cassock, cowl, sandals and hempen girdle with its symbolical five knots. The sandals are well worn, and the cowl bleached and faded by the sun,— marks of the endless round of toils and duties so faithfully described by Mrs. Jackson."

Another writer finds fault with the spelling of the name: "It has always been a fly in my ointment that the proper names in that noble work are so much misspelled — and to me absurd. 'Alessandro' is not Spanish, but Italian. It ought to be Alejandro. No American Indian, I am sure, ever bore the other name. 'Father Salvierderra' is as painful. There was a Father Zalvidea among the Franciscan Missionaries; but this seems to me to be a struggle for 'Salvatierra.'"

The Salvatierra here referred to was one of the noble army of Jesuit missionaries of the early days of Spanish colonization in Lower California. It was in June, 1680 that he came fresh from his studies at the college in the city of Mexico to the mountainous tribes of Northern Sinaloa. Soon he was appointed *Visitador* of all the Jesuit Missions of the province, and in the discharge of this duty he met, at Mission Dolores, in 1691 the indefatigable Father Kino, whose plans for the Christianizing of the Indians were far-reaching and comprehensive. Together these two enthusiasts visited Kino's Missions, possibly as far north as our present Arizona, and then parted only after agreeing to meet again on the shores of the Gulf of California, from whence they would cross to the California peninsula.

In 1697 they received a license empowering them to attempt the Christianization and colonization of Lower California at their own expense, and as soon as funds were collected they embarked. Of the noble work done there Mr. Arthur North's book *The Mother of California* fully treats. Suffice it here to state that no historian has ever questioned the pure disinterestedness and genuine spiritual zeal of Juan Maria Salvatierra in his undertakings. His was a pure soul, burning with desire to do good to the degraded savages of California, and he stands forth as one of the greatest characters in early (and lower) California history.

Father Zalvidea, on the other hand, was a Franciscan, who for twenty years, 1806 to 1826, ruled the destinies of Mission San Gabriel Arcangel near Los Angeles. He was by no means the original of the gentle, sweet-spirited *padre* of the novel *Ramona*, for he was a rigid and severe disciplinarian. He had, at one time, as many as four thousand Indians under his control, whom he fed, clothed and taught, and the traditions have come down that he ruled his large family with a rod of iron. He it was who completed the stone church still standing at San Gabriel; the sawmill and grist-mill at Wilson's Lake; brought water in ditches from beyond Monrovia from the San Gabriel River to irrigate the hundreds of acres of field crops, orchards and vineyards; established numerous and distinct mechanical trades amongst the Indians to manufacture or prepare for market the products of flocks, herds, fields and the chase, and carried on a large business

with ships of all nations that anchored at San Pedro. His efficient *mayor-domo*, Claudio Lopez, was alive in San Gabriel until quite recently, and delighted in recalling to those interested the stories of the old days when the Mission was at its height of influence and power.

There is no doubt, in my own mind, that the character of Salvierderra, like the spelling of his name, was a creation of Mrs. Jackson's own mind, only she succeeded far better in delineating the man than in spelling his name. Sandham tells us where she got her inspiration; her own soul saw the rest; and then, with a literary skill that love converted into genius, she drew the picture for us to see and love.

As many Protestants will doubtless read these pages, it will not be deemed out of place if I give a brief explanation as to who the Franciscans are, and the Jesuits, and what place they occupy in the Catholic Church. At the outset let it be understood fully that there is but one head to the Catholic Church. That is the pope, the papa, the father, of all the faithful,— as all true Catholics are called. But in this great church, as in other churches, there are many and diverse minds, all seeking the common good, but ready and anxious to work for that good in individualistic ways. This individualistic spirit led, in the fourth century, to the founding of societies, within the Church, under the full control of the head of the Church,— the pope — each society making its own rules, subject to the pope's approval.

In rapid succession other societies were founded,—all with the full permission of the authorities, until the year 529, when Benedict, a Roman noble, founded a monastery near Naples and there formulated his "Rule," which soon became the model for all monastic communities. Early in the thirteenth century Domingo de Guzman, a Spaniard, established in Languedoc, in France, an order which he named the *Fratres Prædicatores*, or preaching friars. The rule of this order enjoined not only the poverty, obedience and chastity of the Benedictines, but also fasting and silence, save when they interfered with active duty.

About the same time Francis of Assisi founded his order, later to receive his name, and be known as the Franciscan Order, as that of Domingo was called the Order of Dominicans. The rule of both orders was confirmed by the pope, that of St. Francis in 1210 and again in 1223, and that of St. Dominic in 1216. The Franciscans laid special stress upon preaching and ministry to the body and soul. Both orders wore a special habit, that of the Dominicans being a black mantle with a white habit and scapular (hence their common English name, Black Friars), while that of the Franciscans is a gray or dark brown, with a white girdle. They also wear sandals. They are known as the Gray Friars or Barefooted Friars.

For many years there was great rivalry, if not jealousy, between these two orders, though there was work enough for each to do, and there is no doubt they both accomplished much good.

In the sixteenth century, a new and powerful order entered the field. It was that of the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits, founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1534, and such was its perfection of organization and discipline that it rapidly bounded into high favor. There are several other orders, which, however, having had nothing to do with California history, are not now referred to.

As already shown the Jesuits were the first to engage in Mission work on California soil, they having established eighteen Missions among the Indians of Baja or Lower California (on the peninsula) from 1697 to 1767. In this latter year King Carlos III of Spain issued his famous — or, as many regard it, infamous — edict against the Jesuits, expelling every priest of that order from his world-wide dominions, including Lower California. The Franciscans, who still basked in the royal favor, were ordered to take their place in Lower California and also advance and missionize Alta or Upper California. Junipero Serra was unanimously chosen to be the *padre presidente* of the Mission band sent out to undertake the work, and it was under this command that, during the years 1769-1823, he and his successors established the chain of twenty-one Missions, reaching from San Diego on the south to Sonoma on the north. To protect these Missions from attack by rebellious Indians or foreign invasion, four *presidios* or military establishments were founded, viz., at San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco. While in their ecclesiastical and religious

work each Mission was controlled by its *padres* (or priests) who were answerable solely to the *padre presidente*, and while the priests had full control of all temporal and material affairs connected with their respective charges, if they required aid from the military they were only empowered to call upon the *commandantes* of the *presidios* to which they were attached, and in all military matters they had no power of control. These *presidios* were officered and soldiered from Spain and Mexico, and the salaries of these men were supposed to have been paid from the national treasury; but in the later days, after Mexico had severed itself from Spain, the Missions were often called upon to contribute grain for men and beasts, hides for shoes, money for wages, as well as wine, fruits, vegetables, cattle, cheese and other foods for the tables of the soldiery.

There have been many foolish, mendacious and irresponsible statements made by prejudiced or ignorant writers, caught up and repeated by equally ignorant readers, for the mere sensation of the moment, regardless of the injury such reckless statements produce, to the effect that the Missions were great money-making establishments of which the priests got the benefit, while the Indians were held in a kind of *peonage* or bondage. Farther, that when the temporal power over the respective Missions was taken away from the priests, many of them fled to Mexico and Spain with vast purses of gold they had secretly been hoarding up for years.

The absurdity of these assertions should have been their own answer, but, unfortunately, prejudices are as potent to-day in the hearts of men and women as they were in the dark ages. Many people will believe anything of a Catholic priest on the word of an individual whose word on many matters would not be considered reliable. To any one familiar with the vows and history of these Mission *padres* no refutation of these statements is necessary. Each priest, entering the Franciscan Order, takes a perpetual vow of obedience, poverty and chastity. He needs no money for himself, has no use for it, as there is nothing he can spend it on. His clothes are chosen for him, and he can wear no other, his food is provided and he needs no other. Luxuries in their rooms are forbidden, and each lives so openly before all the others that, though one were inclined to be disobedient and disregard his vows, such a course would be impossible.

Then, say the objectors, what became of the proceeds of all the cattle-raising, the weaving, the farming, the wine-making, the tanning, and the many industries that were carried on at the Missions? This is a more subtle and misleading question than on the face of it appears. If the Missions *to-day* possessed herds of many thousands of cattle and horses, *to-day* had armies of many hundreds of Indians, working without wages, making blankets, cloth, leather, saddles, harness, soap, confections, bread, shoes, clothes, ironmongery, baskets, and many other articles of use, ploughing, sowing and reaping thousands of acres of

barley, oats, wheat and corn, cultivating acres of vines and making thousands of gallons of wine, growing large orchards of olives and crushing them into delicious olive oil,— I say if these things were being done *to-day*, with the great population of whites surrounding the Missions as purchasers of these products, each Mission would soon become as wealthy as the owner of a good diamond mine. And this is the effect the asking of the question referred to has upon the minds of the unthinking and ignorant. They do not have the power of transferring themselves in thought to the early Mission days when there were no other inhabitants in California than the Indians, the priests, the few soldiers and the small handful of colonists who were too poor to purchase anything from anybody. Later, when these colonists became more wealthy, it was because they raised grain, wine, olive oil, cattle, horses, etc., for themselves. They had no need to purchase from the Missions, for they were in exactly the same business — looked at from this material standpoint — as were the Missions themselves. The fact is that in the early days the Mission fathers were often reduced to such straits that they had to depend upon the Indians for food necessary to sustain life. As their material condition improved, and the Indians were trained to varied labors, there was no market for the things raised. They were not raised for market. They were raised for themselves. Each Mission was a self-supporting community. The women wove blankets, material for their own dresses and for the clothes of

the boys and men, and made them up. The herders of sheep and cattle needed saddles. Leather was required for the shoes of all who wore them, and the tanners and shoemakers were kept busy supplying the needs of the community.

When, occasionally, a trading vessel arrived with goods that could be used by the *padres*, either for themselves or the Mission churches or the Indians, they traded for these goods with such articles as they themselves possessed. Money, doubtless, often passed in such transactions. How else could the *padres* have purchased the elegant vestments, the ornaments and other things needed to make their churches and the worship conducted therein interesting to the childish minds of the Indian. Thousands of dollars were expended by the *padres* in these things, for they loved to beautify the churches for their own enjoyment, and they knew that the more attractive they could be made the more effective would they be to the Indians.

When the military authorities became financially distressed, owing to their failure to receive remittances from Mexico, the *padres* gladly contributed of their substance to aid the soldiers whose duty it was to defend them, just as peasantry will aid one another during a time of famine; and if they had been successful in selling some of their produce, and were carefully hoarding up every cent to purchase some needed article for the improvement of worship in their churches, they sacrificed their own feelings by contributing these

sums of money to the more immediate and urgent needs of the soldiery. Hence, instead of these things being held against the *padres* as offences, they should lead us to revere them the more.

As to the sending of money to the mother house of the Franciscan Order in the City of Mexico, it is stated authoritatively, on honor, that not even a curio has ever been received there from California.

Whatever money was raised was expended on the spot for the benefit of the Indians, either in the beautification of the Mission churches, or in the purchase of goods for their use. Occasionally, in times of stress, one Mission would contribute to the necessities of another.

Another question that is often asked by visitors to the Missions is: Why is it, when the Missions were doing so much good, they were allowed to go to wrack and ruin? This is a far more important and elaborate question to answer than appears on the face of it. In brief, here it is, and I refer the reader to my book on the Missions or the larger historical works of Hubert Howe Bancroft for a full and complete discussion of the subject. When the Missions were originally established it was the avowed intention of the King and his advisers that, after the Indians had been duly Christianized and trained by the *padres* in the ways of civilization, they should be removed from under their care and given the right of individual citizenship. This fact must not be forgotten, as it was the chief weapon in the hands of those who demoralized the Missions

and argued that the Indians had been under the control of the *padres* long enough.

Here the question arises: How long does it take to elevate a degraded and heathen race from barbarism to Christian civilization? As far as I can learn it took several centuries to perform this miracle for the Anglo-Saxon race, and the job is not yet completed, *vide* our whisky-shops, assignation-houses, gambling-dens, slums, prisons, penitentiaries, patent medicines, armies, navies, adulterated foods and the like. Yet the *padres* — without the refining influences of good women — were expected to make the change among these California Indians in a few generations. They certainly worked wonders to accomplish what they did in so short a time, and the Mission buildings stand as a marvellous tribute to their power, for the main work upon all of them was done by these same savage Indians.

After Mexico was severed from Spain, Santa Anna, the dictator, was short of money and he set the example to his followers by "borrowing" the "Pious Fund" for "governmental purposes," giving its holders in exchange certain bonds which were guaranteed to bear five per cent. annual interest. This "Pious Fund" consisted of real estate and other securities which had been donated by generous sons and daughters of Mother Church for the express purpose of aiding in the work of Christianizing the Indians of the Californias — *Baja and Alta* (Lower and Upper). Santa Anna failed to pay the interest promised, hence

Franciscans ploughing at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James
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Bringing in the cows at Santa Barbara
Copyright by G. P. Thresher, Los Angeles
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his borrowing became in reality a confiscation. Here was an elevated example for vulture politicians to follow. Professing to act upon the original intention of King Carlos that the Indians should become citizens, they passed bills in the national legislature of Mexico and in the provincial legislature of California authorizing the appointing of *comisionados* whose business it was to take over the temporal concerns of the church from the *padres*, partition the Mission lands among the Indians, and then invest the latter with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. All this sounded well in speeches on the floors of the legislative halls, but the fine-sounding phrases were but intended to tickle the ears of the people, while the plunderers (modern *grafters!*) perpetrated their nefarious schemes. Had the thing been done honestly, as it might have been, it would have required a score of years or more properly to carry out the plan. There was but one wise and legitimate way, however, in my humble estimation, by which this could have been accomplished. That would have been by giving the *padres* warning and notice that the State would require from them in twenty years (or whatever time was mutually agreed upon) a statement setting forth the facts that every Mission Indian family or person had been allotted his proper quota of land, that those Indians entitled to citizenship were so and so (presenting their names), and that certain lands (as agreed upon), had been set apart as an endowment for the church. This would have given the *padres* time to bring about the needful

change healthfully. But the politicians did not want the change to come in that way. It was only by removing the Indians from under the watchful and fatherly care of the *padres* that these scoundrels could plunder the trustful and guileless natives. We have seen a somewhat similar procedure, several times, under our own enlightened (! ! !) administration, a procedure that seems to have been especially designed and formulated to aid swindlers, thieves, corrupt politicians, lawyers, land-grabbers and all-round scoundrels to rob the helpless and childlike Indians of all they possessed.

Here was the way the scheme of secularization actually worked. The commissioner took charge of *all* the herds of cattle, *every single* head of the horses, *all* the sheep, *every single acre* of land, save and except enough for a kitchen garden for the priest. He then sold the live stock, etc., and divided the proceeds among the Indians, after having apportioned to each person or family its due proportion of the land. But there was no check kept upon his sales or the prices obtained, and herds were sacrificed or simply given away in exchange for political favors, and, as soon as the Indians came into legal possession of their lands, they were hoodwinked out of them as quickly and as skilfully as the thimble riggers and the gold-brick sellers of the city swindle the countrymen.

The moral degeneration of the Indians was even worse than their physical and material demoralization. To get the better of them they were inducted into

every kind of besotting vice, and while under these damnable influences their ruin was accomplished. There is nothing more horrible in the history of all civilization than the true story of how the Indians of California were swept with the besom of destruction down the slippery road to hell.

But, you ask, where were the *padres* while this was going on? Why did they not exercise some restraining influence over their former charges?

Therein is one of the most fearful counts in the indictment against the secularizing politicians. They absolutely deprived the *padrés* of all lands, all herds, all sources of income. At one stroke they threw them on their own resources. The Indians were inflamed against them by demagogues who prated to them of their long slavery and bondage and who aroused their basest physical passions with unlimited *aguardiente.* Without means of support of the poorest kind, what was there left to these saddened and broken-hearted men, but to acknowledge their defeat and retire from the field.

It will be seen, therefore, that for thirteen years prior to the military invasion of California, when Fremont, Sloat, Stockton and Kearny took possession of the country for the United States, the Missions were rapidly on the decline. When the last governor, Pio Pico, saw that the overthrow of Mexican rule in California was inevitable, he hurried to make whatever advantage he could for himself by aiding in this disreputable work. Even Mission buildings were sold

for a mere song, and the small acreage that had been retained for the Church was bartered away for a mess of pottage. The result was that when the Catholic Church began to reorganize its forces under the new, or United States *régime*, in several cases it was found that aliens and strangers held title not only to the lands of the Missions; but even to the Mission churches themselves. In some cases suits were brought against the holders in the courts, and in others possession was obtained by friendly intercession. Even to-day some of the Mission churches are owned by outsiders,—as at San Fernando and La Purisima Concepcion, and also, until purchased by W. R. Hearst for the California Historical Landmarks League of San Francisco, Solano (at Sonoma) and San Antonio de Padua.

In Southern California, under the enthusiastic and efficient leadership of Charles F. Lummis, the present librarian of Los Angeles, the Landmarks Club has leased certain Missions and obtained control of others and $8,000.00 have been collected by popular subscription (owing to appeals made in his magazine, *Out West*), and wisely expended, not in restoring the Missions, but in preserving and safeguarding them against further destruction by the weather and by the insane vandalism of treasure hunters and souvenir collectors.

At two of the Missions in Southern California, San Luis Rey and Santa Barbara, the Franciscans have established communities. The Jesuit order now controls the Mission of Santa Clara, and has there

Franciscans shelling peas, at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James
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Feeding the chickens at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James
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established a college of a high order for the education of boys and young men.

The Franciscans control Santa Barbara, and a community of priests, *fratres* and lay brothers now occupy the quarters once used by the old Mission *fratres* and their dusky flock. Community life is not a new idea. Sages, statesmen and philanthropists of all ages have tried to compass it and have generally failed. Plato, Aristotle, Sir Thomas More, Ruskin, Robert Dale Owen and others have outlined what such a community should be, and in New England, California and elsewhere attempts to found ideal communities have been tried without success. Bellamy makes the nation a vast community, but even the most favorably disposed of his critics must recognize the idealism of his *Looking Backward.*

A community established upon individualism is almost certain to fail beforehand. Where ten, a score, forty people have a hand in the management, diversities will crop up that will ultimately become irreconcilable. Then will inevitably follow disorganization and disaster.

Men are not yet so attuned to individuality that they can bear with equanimity any other individuality than their own. We are all to a greater or lesser degree Torquemadas or Dantes. We cannot affiliate with those whose religious and social opinions are opposed to our own. We would all ostracise from our circles, our clubs, our churches, our towns, those who think and act in marked variance to our own "thinks" and acts.

Man must develop much, and woman more, ere the world will be ready to allow to every man, to every woman, *real* freedom. The Baptist could seldom be happy with the Catholic, or the Methodist with the Theosophist, and all four are at sword's points with the Christian Scientist, the Mormon, the Spiritualist and the Confucianite. I know a " republican " who refused to attend his church because its pastor was a political prohibitionist. Freedom of thought is as yet a name. We are far from having attained to it as a Nation. And this is the secret of all community failures.

There are but two methods on which a community can successfully be conducted. These are definitely opposed methods. One is that of the most absolute freedom,— the individualism of the *highest* social state and culture, which as freely recognizes the individualism of others as it does the right to free air and sight. The other is that of a purely autocratic government, where there is one guiding and controlling head to which all others yield unquestioned obedience. The former method, as I have already stated, the world is not yet prepared for; the latter is, and has been in existence for many years. It is one of the necessities of some minds that they yield up their individual will to some stronger mind. Especially is this so in religion and war. The Catholic Church is based upon this readiness of the human mind to yield to authority in spiritual affairs, and within its fold, as I have already shown, are several orders, the superiors of which

demand and receive the most implicit obedience from all the members.

Who does not know, or know of, Santa Barbara? The quaint old town, rapidly becoming modernized, dedicated to the sweet virgin saint and martyr? It passed through all the vicissitudes of the secularization era, but fortunately was never alienated from the possession of the Church. In 1853 the Mission was erected into an Hospice, as the beginning of an Apostolic College for the Education of Franciscan novices. In 1885 it was made a part of the Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the headquarters of which are in St. Louis, Mo.

Hence it will be seen that it is an almost independent community, two thousand miles or more from its head, and required to be entirely self-supporting and self-controlled, in the latter, however, subject to general directions from the Provincial Head. There are now about thirty-two persons in all in the community, six of whom are priests, sixteen clerics or *fratres* and novices and ten lay brothers. The clerics are those who have taken the Franciscan vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, and are preparing for the priesthood. After a certain number of years of study they are duly ordained and they then become priests. The lay brothers are simple, godly men who take the same vows as the priests, and then place themselves under the control of their superiors to do whatever work is assigned to them.

The local government is practically vested in a

padre presidente, or guardian, who allots to each man his work. As near as possible, it is the intention of the Franciscans to make each community self-supporting. Therefore, all necessary farming, gardening and all the work of a large household of the olden time is done by the members of the fraternity. Those who need the major part of their time for study or devotion are called upon for little work; others spend most of their time in labor. To one has been allotted for years the work of showing visitors around the Mission, and when many visitors arrive others are detailed to give him assistance. One member of the Franciscan order, Father Zephyrin Englehardt, was found to have an aptitude for the study and formulation of history, so for several years he has been engaged in travel for observation of the Missions, search of the old records, study and translation of them, arrangement and translation of letters and documents found in the Mission and Church archives, and in the writing of a large and comprehensive history (in three volumes) of the Missions of *Baja* and *Alta*, California. While the rigid rule of the order of Franciscans requires that each member implicitly obey his superior, and that, under the domination of an evil man, this might result in oppression and injustice, the practical working out of the system really gives to each man large choice as to his calling or work. Every man's capacity and taste are consulted, and the community is more like a large and happy family than a gathering together of gloomy, ascetic men who have cast out all thought

Brother Eugene and some of his wood-carving at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James

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of the joys and happinesses of life. Of course no woman is engaged about the place. Yet it is a hive of industry. In olden days the Indians wove blankets and cloth, and performed all the other tasks set them by the *padres;* now the priests and lay brothers do all the work themselves. It is by no means an uncommon expression " that lazy monk," yet the accompanying pictures show these Franciscans at their regular occupations. Some of them are farmers, not *gentlemen farmers* (as the English say), but actual, real farmers, who take hold of the plough, guide the harrow, run the mowing machine, shock the hay and stow it away in the barn. On one of my visits I found the friars clearing a piece of ground and ploughing it for the first time. There were many large rocks in it, which required crowbar and pick to remove. The day was warm and a Franciscan's gown is heavy and each man sweat copiously as he vigorously attacked his work. Laughingly I called them " lazy monks " and said I wished to picture their laziness to the world. There was no posing. Each man worked straight along and when I was ready to expose the plate I called out " Remain as you are," the cap was removed, and at my " Thank you! " they resumed.

In the " good old days " of the Missions, the lands for miles were practically under the control of the *padres,* in the interest of their wards, the Indians. But the order of secularization left them a very limited number of acres. Every part of this they keep well under cultivation. Not only do they grow

grain, but they have olives, oranges, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, prunes, guavas, loquats, almonds, apples and other fruits. In the vegetable garden everything conceivable is produced, from sweet potatoes to strawberries.

In this cultivation of the ground and production of food is one of the chief reliances of a community. Raise all you need for food, and living expenses are then reduced to the minimum. Not only that: raise your own food and you are apt to see that it is good and healthful. There will be no dangerous luxuries. Quaint old Dr. Abernethy took hold of one of the principles of healthful life when he advised a rich patient to "Live on sixpence a day *and earn it.*" Physical labor out-of-doors is an almost sure guarantee of reasonable health. Physical labor, especially when performed in the open in such a genial climate as that of California, is the assured way to health. And there is a joy in the accomplishment of real labor that the exerciser for mere pleasure can never know. These monks, though many of them are theological students, need no gymnasium with an expensive and elaborate outfit for the purpose of compelling them to take the exercise that is essential to a healthful body and a well-balanced brain. No! They believe in the dignity and good of real labor, and each one does a full share of it daily.

One of their duties is to keep the old Mission church in order, and this requires much and varied work. Not only must the grounds be kept clear of weeds, but

the ordinary cleansing — scrubbing, dusting, etc. — of the interior is done by them. They also keep the walls in order, repairing them, whitewashing, plastering, cementing when necessary.

They are also experts with the saw, and one of the historic treasures of the Mission is an ancient cross-cut saw which bears evidence of heavy use when the Mission was still young. The wood-pile is an excellent gymnasium. If men with sedentary occupations could be induced to believe that the use of the cross-cut or buck-saw assures more physical blessings than is possible to secure from gymnasium or golf, it would soon be rescued from the category of "menial" labors and restored to its pristine dignity and place of honor.

Bee culture also engages their attention. Last year they secured some seven hundred and fifty pounds of honey from their bee stands. One brother has charge and goes to and fro caring for them and occasionally hiving them, as needs arise. With net, mask, and gloves he takes the honey when the proper time arrives, and this becomes one of the food luxuries the friars are allowed to indulge in.

On one of my visits a hive of bees " swarmed." The *frater* was ready and without trouble " hived " them. With a long canvas bag, weighted down so as to keep it straight, and swinging suspended from a heavy iron prong at the end of a long pole, he was able to cover the swarm, shake the branch and so secure the excited and humming little creatures and place them where he desired.

It is biblical to associate honey and milk, so these friars are biblical. They have cows, for which they personally care, taking them to pasture and bringing them in at night, doing all the milking, churning and butter making. If the cows have been used to singing milkmaids they find little difference in the monks, for their long gowns are only a little more somber and rough, as perhaps also are their voices when they "sing to make the milk come."

Though by no means vegetarians the monks at Santa Barbara are not great meat eaters. Eggs, therefore, of their own raising, are a desirable addition to their dietary. Hence they have plenty of chickens, and one brother finds the time he can spare from other work well occupied in caring for "setting" hens, attending to young broods of chickens, and breaking the desire of those hens who have a persistent mania for endeavoring to hatch out an old door knob or a porcelain egg. I am not able to vouch for the brother's gentleness and patience with the persistent hen; I can but judge from his general appearance, and I feel safe in asserting that his treatment in all cases will be most firm, tempered with sympathizing kindness. The chickens evidently know his voice. When I called them they scattered, but when they heard him they ran and flocked around him fearless, unafraid and expectant.

In such a community as this there is necessarily much blacksmithing. Horses are to be shod, ploughs and other farming implements repaired, and all the

Securing a swarm of bees at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James
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Recreation hour for the monks at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James
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odd jobs done that make a blacksmith's shop on a large and isolated farm imperative. So here are the forge and the anvil and the blacksmiths. The blacksmith is recognized as an all-round genius. He can turn his hand to many things and do them all well. His assistant is a burly, well-muscled brother, and when both are at work, sparks flying and the chink of hammer and sledge merrily ringing through the air, there is no onlooker but would hear the words "lazy monks" with scorn and laughter. These monks have no time for laziness. Their duties are laid out for them, hour by hour, and they are kept steadily at work from "early morn to dewy eve."

The blacksmith is also the basket-maker for the community. He is not a maker of fine baskets, as were the Indians of Santa Barbara a century ago,— those fine works of art so perfect in form, stitch, design and color that to-day they are almost priceless, — yet he makes a basket that is strong, durable and eminently practical. Sitting by the side of the fountain in the old Mission garden, its gentle splash murmuring in his ears, and the sweet odors of a thousand fragrant flowers tickling his olfactory nerves, the religious basket-maker takes two small barrel staves, and binds them with willows at right angles to each other. Then after forming his web by securing strong willows in place across the portion he intends to make into the basket proper, he works in the weft, "slewing" or "waleing," as the necessity of the shape demands, and,

after wrapping willows around the handle, the basket is complete.

The Mission garden at Santa Barbara is famed for the rich beauty and fragrance of its flowers and also for its rigid exclusion of the gentler sex. It is contrary to the rules and regulations of the Franciscan order that a woman shall enter the "closed" precincts, just as it is impossible for a man to enter the "closed" portion of a convent of cloistered nuns. Only two women have been permitted to override this interdiction, and these were especially honored visitors: one was the wife of President Harrison, and the other the Princess Louise, daughter of England's queen and wife of the Governor General of Canada.

In what I have recounted of the work performed, the list is not completed of the outdoor occupations of this religious community. Sewer pipes, water pipes, etc. are to be laid, together with masonry, brick-laying, cement-work, carpentering, repair of fences, and everything that must be done on a large farm. All this is accomplished without outside help. If new work is to be done the friars learn to do it by doing it. Experience is their main teacher, and necessity to them is not only the mother of invention, but the compeller of knowledge.

Their indoor life is as varied and interesting as is that of the out-of-doors. Of their studies little need be said. They have regular class-room work as have other schools. Divinity, philosophy, the sciences, art, homiletics, history and all the various studies that

In the vegetable garden, Santa Barbara Mission,
Photo by Howard C. Tibbitts
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Cultivating in the Santa Barbara Mission garden
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go to the education of a priest are theirs. They have a library that would astonish many disbelievers in their faith. While there are books in abundance on dogmatic and moral theology and apologetics, there are the historians, the poets and novelists that many a good Protestant would regard as profane and lax. Shelley, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and many another are to be found there, and the condition of the books shows clearly that they receive a fair share of use in " recreation time."

In the corridored building by the side of the church are class-rooms for study and also the bedrooms or " cells " of the priests. These open off from a long hall which extends from one end of the building to the other. At one end of this hall is an altar and on the walls are some of the old Mission pictures of saints, angels, archangels, popes, bishops and churches that were brought from Spain or Mexico over a century ago. Here, however, is no luxury or needless adornment. No rich carpets cover the floor, or expensive decorations charm the eye. All is simple, plain, inexpensive but scrupulously clean. The *fratres* are their own housekeepers, and while there are none of those evidences of womanly refinement that are so pleasing to, and so expected by, the man of family in the home, everything is as spotless as if the most rigorous female housekeeper had personally superintended its keeping in order.

When one steps into the bedrooms the same plain, unadorned, stern simplicity is observed. Bare walls,

except for one or two pictures of saints, a crucifix and the like; bare floors, even by the bedside; bare ceiling, — that is, the rafters and shingle boards are exposed; the windows are curtainless, the table coverless, and the chairs cushionless, except for the aged and infirm fathers or brothers and for guests. The coverlet on the bed is home-made and of dark material, and nothing but the "necessities" are in evidence. Yet the rooms are clean, well lighted by the sun and healthful.

But who clothes all this household? Is a French tailor imported to keep up with the fashions in dress? Ah! no! There is but one fashion in the Franciscan costume, and that has not changed through the ages. The rough, brown serge habit, with the white cotton waist cord and a pair of sandals, is the prescribed dress, and all work on it, save the making of the serge and the leather, is done here by the friars themselves. The serge is purchased from an Eastern factory. The friars cut out the garments and are experts on the sewing machine. One room is devoted to this work and the tailor, assisted by allotted brothers, performs it as needed. All repairing is also done here, and certain brothers are expert patchers and darners.

In another room one of the brothers makes the cotton cords for the waist. The appliance is of the simplest and yet most ingenious and effective character. It is a kind of double circular heddle, the upper heddle being perhaps an inch and a half in diameter, through which the warp cords are threaded. This upper heddle is bolted to a lower and much larger one, which

spreads out the warp cords. Then with a shuttle in hand the weaver threads his weft cords through and through the warp, pulling down the latter as he requires it.

There is also a shoemaker's shop. Here are lasts for all sizes and shapes of feet, and shoes for the students of the neighboring Franciscan College, or the regular sandals of the members of the order, are made. The work of the friars is not of a style that would suit *milady* who desires exceedingly fine leather, fine stitches, fine polish and high heels. Theirs is strong, practical and guaranteed to wear well. The use of the sandal is a good and healthful practice, especially in such a climate as that of California, and wise should we be if we adopted the custom for ourselves and our children.

Somewhat similar to the life at Santa Barbara is that of the community at San Luis Rey, presided over by the venerable and beloved Father O'Keefe, who used to live at Santa Barbara. Under his direction some of the lay brothers are rebuilding parts of the monastery, so that in the years to come life at San Luis Rey will present a little closer resemblance to the days of Padre Peyri. But instead of the buildings being occupied by Indians receiving training in the every day duties of life, they will be devoted to young priests who are in training to go forth to any field to which they may be sent as missionaries of the Cross, according to the tenets of the Catholic church.

At Watsonville, some two hundred and seventy miles north of Santa Barbara, the Franciscans are

conducting an orphanage. With fervent devotion these good men give their lives to the care of these deserted children, as in the older days the *padres* gave themselves to the Indians and their children. At San Diego Mission, Indian children are being taught at the Sisters' School. At Mission San Jose the Dominican sisters conduct an orphanage, and at Santa Clara the Jesuits, long years ago, established a college for the higher education of young men. In San Francisco several of the orders and sisterhoods have schools, orphanages and hospitals and, in their way, are carrying on for the white race the work for which the Mission of San Francisco was originally established in 1776, for the Indians.

In the blacksmith shop at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James
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A monk's bedroom at Santa Barbara
Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles
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CHAPTER XXIII

THE INDIGENOUS ARCHITECTURE OF RAMONA'S COUNTRY

FOR any one section of the United States to claim a new and true style of architecture as its own is to make a large and rather startling claim. Yet I unhesitatingly make that claim for Ramona's country. There is no purely original and indigenous American architecture of the domestic type save that which has been developed here. The so-called Colonial architecture of the East and South was the gift of Thomas Jefferson to the land over which he was ultimately to sit as the honored President. While Ambassador to France he was constantly asked by his Virginia compatriots and others of his home-land, who valued his artistic perceptions, for architectural suggestions for plantation homes, court-houses and the like.

Being a great lover of the Greek classical styles he sent pictures of the buildings of his admiration and affection, and suggested the following of these classical lines in the important structures of the new world. Hence grew the Colonial style, which is but a modification for modern civic, educational and domestic uses of the well known Grecian models.

But in Ramona's country no such direct modifications took place. About seventy years before the discovery of gold in California the Franciscan *padres* began their work of Christianizing the aborigines of what was ultimately to become the Golden State of the great sisterhood of American States. Thousands of miles away from the base of supplies in Mexico; with no ready means of transportation even for the lightest and smallest of necessities; with none of our present railway facilities; with no other architectural knowledge than they themselves had been able to gain in their limited Spanish travels and studies; with but a handful of soldiers and skilled mechanics to aid them in controlling the untrained savages they were compelled to use as builders, these wonderful men proceeded to design and build churches, monasteries and workshops for the Indians that are the growing astonishment and admiration of the world. Their very poverty and limitations of resource compelled a rigid simplicity that, while they doubtless deplored it as an evil, eventuated in the production of buildings that for purity of style, dignity of outline, majestic impressiveness and peculiar adaptability to the climatic and scenic conditions of the new country are beyond criticism.

These "Missions" have been described and pictured again and again, as well as commented upon most glowingly by accomplished architectural authorities and art critics of the old world. In my own trilogy of books on the Missions (one already

published and the others in preparation) the subject will be found fully discussed .*

When the wealth and culture of the American race began to wake up to the picturesqueness and appropriateness to the landscape of these Mission structures — awakened perhaps more by the warm-hearted but discerning descriptions of Helen Hunt Jackson than any other cause — bold and daring souls determined to appropriate some of the distinctive features of the architecture to their own dwellings. These features I have elsewhere enumerated, expounded and defined. Suffice it to merely name them here. They are:

1. Solid and massive walls, piers and buttresses.
2. Arched corridors.
3. Curved, pedimented gables.
4. Terraced towers, surmounted by a lantern.
5. Pierced campanile, either in tower or wall.
6. Broad, unbroken, mural masses.
7. Wide, overhanging eaves.
8. Long, low, sloping roofs covered with red clay tiles.
9. Patio, or inner court.

The building that contains all of these in perfect and harmonious arrangement is the *type* Mission structure. It is found at San Luis Rey Mission, near

* "In and Out of the Old Missions of California." Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1905.
"In and Out of the Old Missions of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas."
"Modern Mission Architecture."

Oceanside. Other buildings contain several of the essentials, but in this one only are they all found.

The " Mission Style " is now as fully recognized by leading architects and critical and artistic laymen in Ramona's country as are the Greek, the Gothic, the Moorish, or the Elizabethan. Buildings of every style, and used for every purpose have been, and are daily being, erected in this style. Churches, court-houses, hotels, hospitals, stables, railway-stations, schools, parish-houses, dwellings, stores are but a few of the uses to which it has been put.

I am fully aware that eminent authorities have decried the use of ecclesiastical architecture of any style for domestic purposes, but practical life has demonstrated throughout the ages, and with the approval of the discerning and artistic, that this contention is more academic than real.

For myself I am keenly alive to the beauties of the style and its especial appropriateness to the climate and scenic conditions of Ramona's country. That there are many base uses, many degraded forms, many bastard productions, many sham and pretentious structures that reveal the ignorance of their architects of what truly constitutes the Mission style no one can deny. But these are the inevitable tribute sham pays to reality, untruth to truth, and in the very crudeness of their imitation show the sincerest and realest flattery.

A group of Mission Indian children at the Sister's School, San Diego Mission
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A group of Southern California Indian children, after taking a ride in an automobile with the author
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CHAPTER XXIV

THE CORONELS AND THE AUTHOR OF RAMONA

IT is well known that Mrs. Jackson received much of her information and inspiration for *Ramona* from Don Antonio F. Coronel, State Treasurer of California before American occupation, and Doña Mariana, his beautiful and accomplished wife. Of Don Antonio she wrote in *Echoes in the City of the Angels*:* "He is sixty-five years of age, but he is young; the best waltzer in Los Angeles to-day; his eye keen, his blood fiery quick; his memory like a burning glass bringing into sharp light and focus a half century as if it were as yesterday."

There is no doubt the story would have been written without Don Antonio, but those who know can see many traces of his gracious helpfulness all through the book. And as one rereads the *Echoes* he feels how deeply and sympathetically Mrs. Jackson understood Don Antonio, and how lovingly she enjoyed telling of him to the world-wide audience of her readers. She describes his house, as it appeared even twenty years ago, perfectly — the low adobe, built on three sides of a square, surrounded by orchards, vineyards and orange groves, and looking out on an old-fashioned garden. And the gracious owner, the gray-haired Mexican señor, and his young wife, with her clear olive

* *Glimpses of California and the Missions.*

skin, soft brown eyes, delicate, sensitive nostrils, and broad smiling mouth of the Spanish madonna type, how enchanting the pictures she gives of them, as he told of his exciting experiences as a Mexican colonist during the Revolutionary days, his early struggles in California, his taking up arms against the Americans and his final acceptance of the foreign element, while his wife acted as interpreter, with that delicious Spanish accent. She went for but a few moments' call upon them and stayed three hours. That was but the beginning of a friendship that grew keener and warmer until death: a beautiful friendship that it does one good to consider. Don Antonio and his wife both opened their hearts wide and took in as their very own this equally warm-hearted, impulsive, sympathetic gringo woman, whose poetic feeling corresponded with their own, and whose love for the Indians was equally firm, abiding, honest and true. Of whom but such friends could it have been written, as Mrs. Jackson wrote of them: " Near the western end of Don Antonio's porch is an orange tree, on which were hanging at this time twenty-five hundred oranges, ripe and golden among the glossy leaves. The Señora never allowed me to depart without bringing to me, in the carriage, farewell gifts of flowers and fruit; clusters of grapes, dried and fresh; great boughs full of oranges; more than I could lift. As I drove away thus, my lap filled with bloom and golden fruit, canopies of golden fruit over my head, I said to myself often: 'Fables are prophecies. The Hesperides have come true.'

When Mrs. Jackson came to California commissioned to write on the Missions and Mission Indians, she was furnished with a letter to the Roman Catholic Bishop. He, knowing the keen interest Don Antonio had taken in both, gave her a letter of introduction to him, and thus began the friendship, some of the fruit of which appears in *Ramona*. Don Antonio was especially fitted to give Mrs. Jackson the help she needed. He was a life-time friend of the Indians, and being educated and enlightened in the Spanish and Mexican laws regarding them and in the whole history of the Franciscan Mission system — having served under Governor Micheltorena in 1844 as Inspector of the Southern Missions — he was, perhaps, better equipped to help her than any other living man. In addition to these facts was the most important one that the Indians trusted and loved him, came to him in their troubles and disputes, asked and patiently received his advice and generally followed it. It is said that on the occasion of Mrs. Jackson's second visit to "El Recreo" — the old Coronel home — on Christmas Day, 1882, while she was conversing with Don Antonio and Doña Mariana about the Indians and their wrongs, a delegation of five mounted men disturbed their talk. It soon transpired that these were all chiefs of tribes and that they had come far and fast to inform Don Antonio that legal papers had been served upon them demanding the immediate withdrawal of certain Indians from lands they occupied. What could be done? Don Antonio was their advisor! They were

in the deepest distress, and counsels among themselves were divided. The older and wiser of them knew that armed opposition to the will of the white men was hopeless; the younger men were eager to fight and only the exercise of great influence could restrain them. Mrs. Jackson became so interested that she herself took part in the conference, and so deeply impressed the chiefs with her sympathy and insight into their side of the case that, when, like an inspiration, the thought came to her to visit the Indian villages in person that she might see and know their condition for herself, they assured her of a cordial welcome.

Don Antonio had every reason to be the Indians' friend, as well as they his. On three separate occasions they had saved his life, and in her *Echoes* Mrs. Jackson tells of these exciting adventures, which display in a marked degree the faithful trustworthiness of the aborigines.

It was to Don Antonio, it will be remembered, that Mrs. Jackson confided her purpose to write a novel, and she asked largely of him for assistance. This letter is published in the chapter devoted to Mrs. Jackson's letters. He gave to her particulars of the Temecula eviction.

It is commonly stated that part of *Ramona* was written at the Coronel house, even Mr. Davis writing in *Out West:* " While Helen Hunt Jackson was engaged upon the superstructure of the story of *Ramona*, at the Coronel Ranch, etc." In the letter before quoted Mrs. Jackson clearly shows the inaccuracy of this statement:

Some of the buildings of the Sherman Institute, Indian School, Riverside, California Page 376

Indian girls and their teachers at the Ramona Home, Indian School, Riverside, California

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"I wish I had had this plan in my mind last year, when I was in Los Angeles. I would have taken notes of many interesting things you told me. But it is only recently, since writing out for our report the full accounts of the different bands of Indians there, that I have felt that I dared undertake the writing of a long story. I am going to New York in a few days," (she writes from Colorado Springs); "I shall be busily at work there all winter on my story."

In the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, in a room especially set apart for the purpose, is Don Antonio's valuable collection of historical and ethnological material gathered during a lifetime spent in California. It is a priceless historical treasure and shows the wise foresight of the man. It is in the charge of Mrs. S. A. P. Wheeler, the acting curator, whose kind helpfulness I gratefully acknowledge, and who is ever ready to give information upon the collection and kindred subjects to those who seek. Don Antonio himself is gone, his wife is remarried and now living in Mexico, his interesting house destroyed and his fertile ranch of seventy-five acres now so completely covered with structures of brick, stone, concrete and wood that he himself could scarce discover the old boundaries, and yet his work, memory and influence live. If there was nothing more to his life than what he gave to Mrs. Jackson and she incorporated in the pages of *Ramona*, he was a benefactor to his kind.

CHAPTER XXV

MRS. JACKSON AND ABBOTT KINNEY

AS has been elsewhere related Mr. Abbott Kinney was Mrs. Jackson's companion on her visits to the Indian villages. At her request he had been appointed a commissioner, with her, to investigate and report to the Government upon the condition of the Mission Indians.

For the benefit of my readers I once asked Mr. Kinney how he came to know Mrs. Jackson and to give me some reminiscences of their travels together. In effect he said:

"I came to Southern California in search of health in 1873. Mrs. Jackson came about the same time.

"I had been in business in New York but my health had failed, and, under the advice of my physician, for some months I had been traveling, looking for a place where I could live. In September, 1873, I landed at San Diego from a Pacific Mail liner. It had been a dry year, and everything showed it, and you can imagine what San Diego looked like, in 1873, and a dry year. We climbed up the bank and walked up to the hotel looking for refreshments. The first 'boom' had passed. The Horton House was built, but everything had

'flattened out,' and when we reached the hotel the windows of the lower story were boarded up, and the place closed. By and by, however, the janitor let us inside, but the state of affairs, inside and out, was too much for me and I left, never expecting to see California again.

"But in the spring of 1880 I came again,— this time to San Francisco. The fall of snow had been severe in the Sierra Nevada range and the Central Pacific was blockaded, and I wanted to go on East. I was tired of San Francisco, and a friend said: 'Why don't you go down into Southern California. There's a beautiful spot near Los Angeles called the Sierra Madre Villa. You'll be happy and comfortable there and can while away the time until the blockade is raised.'

"Immediately I bought a return ticket and hurried down to Los Angeles. It was raining when I arrived and the streets were one vast mess of mud. Getting out at the old River Station I didn't like either the look or the smell of things, for that mud absolutely stank. I went up to one of the hotels, but there was nothing pleasing about the place, so I hired a carriage to drive out to Sierra Madre. How that mud on the 'old adobe road' stuck to our wheels! In due time we arrived to be met with the cheering intelligence, 'There isn't a room in the house.' That was all very well but I was there and had to stay, so they put me in the parlor, where I remained three days. The weather began to improve, the whole country was

one rich panorama of flowers, trees, sunshine and beauty. I soon saw why people loved Southern California and my appreciation grew day by day. Then I decided that this was good enough country for me and I let my return ticket expire. And I'm here yet! In due time I bought over 500 acres near Sierra Madre and there determined to make my home, and having first come from the Hawaiian Islands it was natural that I should call my home place 'Kinneyloa,' — the loa, as you know, being Hawaiian for hill or mountain.

"Occasionally I had to go into Los Angeles and when I did I would often stay a week or ten days. In those days, everything was primitive. The hotels, the Pico House, Cosmopolitan and St. Elmo, were impossible places for those who loved neatness, comfort and decent meals, so I found a place on New High St. called the Kimball Mansion — a reputable boarding-house, where the food was good and well served. Here it was I first met Mrs. Jackson. Her brightness, vivacity and keen interest in everything she saw attracted me to her, as it did everybody else, but we didn't have much to say to each other until one day she went out driving with Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, of Pasadena. Mrs. Carr took her to Kinneyloa, which I had painted white and when Mrs. Jackson saw it she exclaimed: 'How is it possible that any sensible creature could paint his house white in such surroundings as these?' The white house was too striking a contrast against the green of the hills and the verdure of the

Mount San Antonio in the snow, from Wilson's Peak
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman

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valleys. When she returned Mrs. Carr laughingly told me of this, so, a few days later, I drove down to her place in Pasadena — where Mrs. Jackson was now stopping — and invited her to take a drive out with me. We chatted pleasantly and agreeably as we drove along until I stopped in sudden and full view of Mt. San Antonio, then completely crowned with virgin snow. 'Oh, how perfectly beautiful! How entrancingly lovely!' she exclaimed. I let her expatiate on its charm for a few minutes, then I quietly remarked: 'How is it you like this so much, this snow white mountain in contrast to the green and pure blue of the sky, but you thought my white house was entirely out of harmony?' She laughed, made some joking response, and from that time we became very good friends. She found out that I spoke Spanish, and as she was anxious to talk with Indians and Mexicans, and also call upon some of the Spanish families at the old ranch-houses, she gently intimated that it would be a great favor to her if I would go and interpret for her. My natural sympathies being largely in tune with her own you can well understand how she interested me, especially as I went about with her more and more. When she began particularly to interest herself in the Indians and the condition of their lands she often sent for me to interpret. The whites were fast crowding the Indians out. Patch after patch of land was being wrested from them, and she saw that the Indian agent was absolutely indifferent to their wrongs. No one seemed to have any care or any

interest in their affairs, except to rob them. Everybody was looking out for himself. The Indian being the hindmost, the devil was looking after him. The officials merely shrugged their shoulders and laughed when anything was said to them. The cruelty of the whole thing, combined with its fearful injustice, so worked on her, that, knowing Mr. Teller, then the Secretary of the Interior (and who, as you know, came from her own State of Colorado) she wrote to him in such a way that she was soon asked to undertake the commission, for the government, of visiting all the Mission Indians of California, reporting on their condition, and suggesting what should be done to help them.

"It was quite natural, as hitherto I had been associated with her, in a friendly way, in her work, and as I was a business man, reasonably conversant with the land laws of California and their operation, that she should ask me to go along with her. And, of course, my familiarity with Spanish made my presence desirable as an interpreter. Then, too, she was a woman of considerable perspicacity. She knew that her report would be apt to deal largely with the question from the sympathetic and sentimental side, and cold-blooded statesmen would not be much influenced by that kind of thing, so she wanted me to help balance the thing by paying attention to the business and legal sides of the proposition.

"That report, as you know, was made by Mrs. Jackson and myself, and it was in the investigations that led

to the making of it that the book *Ramona* was born. We actually saw some of the incidents described; many of the facts were developed by the witnesses, all of whom we examined under oath; we met with many of the characters whose pictures were afterwards drawn with startling fidelity by Mrs. Jackson in the pages of her book.

"She was a wonderfully interesting traveling companion. Her sympathies and knowledge were so broad. Everything appealed to her,—the flowers, trees, plants, shrubs, insects, birds, beasts, the sky, the mountains, the valley, the islands, the ocean, the clouds, the stars, the different colored rocks, the geological formations, the streams we passed, the farms with their crops, and especially the people. Nothing escaped her, and when it came to human beings she seemed to have intuitions that were more than human. She could go up to utter strangers, people of the most diverse kind, — diverse in nature, social position, work, education, ideals, — and in a few minutes, without any leading or prompting, they seemed to pour out their inmost ideas to her. I have seen her go up to a Scotch shepherd, uncouth, suspicious, uncommunicative, and without any effort engage him in conversation, and in less time almost than it takes me to tell it, he was pouring out to her all about the difficulties of his life, the charms of it, his love for particular creatures in his flock, and the like.

"It was the same with the Indians. They fairly crowded around her as if they longed 'to touch the

hem of her garment.' Her very presence seemed to them a blessing. Their eyes glistened and their faces shone almost as soon as they saw her, for they felt, by an intuition keen as that of the unspoiled animals, the deep and sincere sympathy that filled her very being on their behalf. At Cahuilla this was very manifest. They wanted to sing and dance for her. They wanted to do everything they could think of to show their delight at her presence. And so we saw them dance, and heard them sing; we visited them in their little *kishes* or tule huts, and adobe houses; we went and saw their fields where they sought, with pathetic industry, to wrest a living from the inhospitable soil.

"When she went East we regularly corresponded. I always addressed her as General — she was the directing spirit in all our work while visiting the Indians — and she called me her Comrade, and in writing shortened it to 'Co.' When she returned to Southern California, after she had broken her leg, I did not see much of her, but she took the most kindly, —and, as you will see from her letters, almost sisterly interest in me and my affairs. When she died in San Francisco I not only felt that I had lost a dear and gracious friend, but the world had lost a useful woman, whose work was beneficent in the highest degree.

"A curious incident happened to me personally on that trip. We had stopped over night at Bergman's, an old stage station on the road between Yuma and Los Angeles, and as I sat there that evening before

Looking from Mt. Wilson towards Mt. San Antonio, after sunrise in summer, with fog in San Gabriel Canyon, and flowing mist in Santa Anita Canyon
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman Page 397

In the snow on Mt. Wilson on New Year's Day. The Pasadena Tournament of Roses is being held in the valley, five miles away
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman Page 397

the fire I noticed that Bergman kept looking at me with a special significance. At last he spoke: 'Pardon me, sir, but would you mind telling me your name?' When I told him he asked: 'Did you ever have a brother in the army?' 'Yes!' I replied, 'I have a brother, a major in the regular army. He's in the First Cavalry!' 'Well, sir!' said he, 'I know him. He passed through here in 1866 and I sold a horse to him and he said he'd send the money back to me. I never expected to receive it, but in due time it came. You looked so much like him, I was sure you must be his brother.'

"And so it was. My brother had gone through the country in the year of the drought, for when I wrote to him after I settled here and told him what a beautiful country it was he sarcastically wrote back and said he knew all he cared to know of its beauties,—one ride over it in drought time was enough for him.

"We had quite an experience when we reached Santa Ysabel, near San Diego. We had gone up into the mountain, and were suddenly caught in a severe storm. It was spring-time and the nights were cold, and it was impossible to travel in such a storm, so we took shelter in an old shack we found there. It was a wretched, tumble-down building, and do what we could it was impossible to make it proof against the fury of the wind and the rain. The storm beat in upon us through the cracks in the walls and wet us, yet it seemed too perilous to dare the fury of the storm outside. For three days we were imprisoned there, hoping the fury

of the elements would subside. At last, after a very wretched night, we decided we couldn't stand the shack any longer, so the horses were harnessed, and right in the teeth of the gale we started to drive down to the Santa Maria Valley below. In less than an hour we were in an entirely different climate, where everything was sunshiny and agreeable. The storm was just confined to the mountain, and we drove right out of it.

"At Pala (where the Indians evicted from Warner's Ranch are now living) there was quite a little *rancheria* of Indians, and we found several camps in and near that valley, all of which are gone out of existence now. They were on lands they had occupied since before the advent of the Spaniards, and as you well know, the old adobe chapel with the picturesque campanile was built for their spiritual edification by Padre Peyri, of San Luis Rey. But one by one they were ousted from these lands by scoundrel white men, and the miserable wretch of an agent stood by without endeavoring to raise a hand to prevent. It was this utter indifference to such crimes on the part of the men who were paid by the government to protect and guard the Indians in their rights that provoked our ire, but it worked upon us in different ways. With Mrs. Jackson it aroused her to a frenzy of strong determination to battle for them to the death. Me, it disgusted. I saw the utter hopelessness of the whole thing, and wanted to wash my hands of it.

"I don't mean that this was the immediate effect by any means. No! that feeling came later. At

the time, we worked faithfully and energetically to do whatever we could for their relief. For instance, at Temecula we camped right on the scene so vividly described in *Ramona*. We saw the empty houses, some of them in use by white men, and others torn down. We saw the evidences of a hasty and practically compulsory eviction. We visited the graveyard and there found a half crazy woman weeping over a grave, as Mrs. Jackson describes. And when we reached Saboba, near San Jacinto, we found that the same things were just on the eve of occurring there. With her tireless and characteristic energy, Mrs. Jackson determined to prevent it, and I entered into her plan with all the powers I possessed. We personally saw the parties at interest in the ejectment suit. We discovered more than one discreditable incident connected with the general treatment of the Indians by the whites, which we strongly rebuked and, as far as possible, remedied. Then, as you know, a lawyer was engaged to fight the ejectment suit and we finally won it, so that the Indians remain at Saboba to this day."

Here Mr. Kinney interjected into his narrative a few words upon the recent Warner's Ranch ejectment suit decision by the Supreme Courts of California and the United States. "I can't understand those decisions. The questions at issue were exactly the same as those at Saboba, and were argued in the same way. It is well known to all students of the subject that the general laws of Spain for the conduct of

Spanish officials towards the Indians in all parts of the dominion of Spain were imperative that the rights of the occupation of all Indians must be respected, and that, whether expressed or not in grants and deeds, they were inalienable and prior to anything else.

"Now there are justice and national honor for you! We find it a common thing to sneer at Spain and condemn her treatment of the Cubans and others, yet in their laws and recognition of the rights of the Indians, they certainly have something to teach us.

"When the Warner's Ranch case came up before the California courts, the plea was that the Indians had not observed the California law, which declared that they must appear before the Land Commission and show their immemorial use of the land. As they failed to do that, they lost all their rights. And so the court declared. When the case came up to the Supreme Courts of the State and the United States practically the same attitude was taken. Whatever the *law* may say about it, the cruel injustice of it is self apparent.

"Another thing should not be forgotten. The archbishop, bishop and priests of those days were not, as a rule, much concerned about the condition of the Indians and the old Mission churches. Many of them were Catalans, who had little or no sympathy with the high ideals of the noble Franciscans. Of course all the priests were not Catalans. There were notable exceptions, as in the case of Father Ubach in San Diego, whom Mrs. Jackson knew well and fully described in her character of Father Gaspara. We actually

found some of these priests, or those in higher authority, selling part of the lands that had originally been held by the Franciscans *in trust for the Indians.* While the courts had turned them over to the Church, and legally they could be disposed of as the Church decided, morally it was well enough known that all the land connected with the old Missions was held *in trust* by the Franciscans for the Indians. Not a foot of it belonged to the Church. Yet they were selling land. At Santa Inés, in Santa Barbara County, we found a man ploughing on such land which he said he had bought, while the Indians were crowded out. When we remonstrated with him he said if he had not bought it, some one else would, so why did we blame him? This was Downey Harvey's attitude about the Warner's Ranch.

" It cannot be denied that the Catalan priests cared very little either for the Missions or the Indians. We actually found them tearing down the arches of one Mission (and we knew where it was done in other cases) in order to sell the brick for building purposes to outsiders. And there was clear evidence that some of them were not what they should have been morally; that they were corrupting the girls of the helpless people they were supposed to protect. The result of what we saw and discovered by unquestioned evidence in this regard was that Mrs. Jackson gained an intense dislike to the Catalans, and as she was a good hater, as well as an earnest lover, her dislike is clearly evidenced in *Ramona.*

" Just let me tell you one incident which came under our own observation. Where it occurred doesn't matter. An old Indian woman had died, and all the Indians, as well as the Spaniards and Mexicans of the neighborhood, attended the burial service. The priest was a Catalan. During the ceremony something went wrong, and he began to abuse the sexton. For fully twenty minutes he poured out a volume of vile oaths and abuse upon the head of the poor wretch, while the Indians, filled with grief for the loss of one whom they loved, cowered there in bewildered amazement.

" Mrs. Jackson's emphatic protest to those in authority about such disgraceful scenes soon had effect, and this class of man was removed, never to be seen again, let us hope, in the pulpits of this or any other country."

Mrs. Jackson's interesting story for children, " The Hunter Cats of Connorloa," was written at Mr. Kinney's home, Kinneyloa, and, as to the main facts, is perfectly true. It will be seen that the name was changed somewhat. " The faithful black servant Jim, who went with Mr. Connor everywhere, and took the best of care of him," was a Virginia mulatto who lived with Mr. Kinney for many years.

Mr. Kinney is now engaged in building up a new seaside town, Venice. He was one of the chief projectors of Ocean Park, now one of Southern California's leading seaside resorts, and Venice is its sister on the south. Active and energetic as ever, and perhaps more so, full of pressing business and its anxious cares, he is yet interested enough in *Ramona* and her story, and

especially in the creator and author of *Ramona*, Mrs. Jackson, to stop and talk of the days when they were co-commissioners in the human and humane work of seeking to benefit the condition of the Mission Indians of California.

CHAPTER XXVI

A FEW LETTERS BY THE AUTHOR OF RAMONA

IT is natural that the personality of an author whose work has touched the deepest springs and tenderest emotions of the human heart should be interesting to her readers. It is not a mere vulgar curiosity, a spirit of rude prying, but a reverent desire to know more of the one who has become as a near and dear friend in the close and personal intimacy of a book. The reading of a book often partakes of the nature of the confessional, or a sacred interview. The words of the author may reveal to the reader his own soul, and thus a relationship is made between the two that is as peculiar as it is wonderful. For, should the two persons — author and reader — ever meet, the latter might feel a shock of surprise at the " outer covering " of the individual who, in his or her book had so completely won his interest and sympathy.

Mrs. Jackson has " passed on." Her earthly work is completed, save as her " works do follow her." Yet her personality is of intensest interest to many thousands of those whose hearts have been awakened to a keen desire that justice be done to the Indians, by the stirring words she wrote while in the flesh. Hence I deem it

that the publication of these extracts from her letters to Mr. Abbott Kinney, her Associate Commissioner or agent to visit and report on the " Condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California," and others, cannot fail to be a source of added interest and satisfaction, especially as they reveal her beautiful and tender womanhood, her exquisite sympathy for the downtrodden Indian, her keen interest in the life and welfare of her friends, her humor, and the many little things that only an intimate correspondence or acquaintance can reveal.

On the seventeenth of January, 1884, she begins the following letter, which was completed February 2.

" Dear Co.

. . . . . .

"When I arrived here on Nov. 20 and found that you had left on November 19, 'a madder man than Mr. Mears you would not wish to see.'— You surely could not have got my note saying I would start on the 16th — I took cold on the journey. . . .

"Feby. 2. Whether from the horrible weather, or from overwork I don't know, I collapsed for a week, and had an ugly sore throat and did no work. Now I am all right again and back at my table, but shall go slower. I am leading a life as quiet as if I were at Mrs. Kimball's — I go nowhere — am never out after 5 P. M. I am resolved to run no risks whatever till after I get this story done. I hope it is good. It is over one third done. Am pretty sure the 1st of March will see it done. Then I will play.

"The weather has been horrible — snow after snow, after snow; raw and cloudy days,— I have sighed for Southern California.

"But in the house I have been comfortable — have not once seen the mercury below 60 in my rooms. The apartment is sunny and light — 6th floor — east windows — all my 'traps' as Mr. Jackson calls them came in well, and the room looks as if I had lived in it all my life.

"Now, for yourself — What have you done? How are you running your home?— Who is at the Villa? Is Mrs. Carr well? My regards to her. Don't you wish you had carried home a wife? I am exceedingly disappointed that you didn't.

"Miss Sheriff writes me that a suit is brought for the ejectment of the Saboba Indians. Let me know if you have heard of it — what Brunson & Wells say. I wrote to Wells a long time ago asking for information about the suit by which the Temecula Indians were ejected — but he has not replied.

"What do you hear of the new agent?

"I got Miss Sheriff's salary restored to old figure.

"I have just sent a list of 200 names to Com. Price to mail our report to. Of course you had copies. I feel well satisfied with it. Do not you? I wish they'd send us again somewhere. They never will. I've had my last trip as a 'junketing Female Commissioner.'

"Do write soon;— and answer all my questions — and don't wait for me to reply, but write again. I am writing from 1,000 to 2,000 words a day on the story and letters are impossible, except to Mr. Jackson. Whether I write or not you know I am always the same affectionate old General.

"Yours ever,

"H. J."

This letter definitely fixes the date she arrived in New York — November 20 — where she felt she could best finish the story *Ramona*. She took an apartment, as she says, on the 6th floor, east windows, at the

Berkeley, and the traps to which she refers were not only the usual impedimenta of the traveler, but a number of Indian articles she wished to surround herself with while writing the story and which she had collected from the Southern California Indians.

The Miss Sheriff referred to was the then teacher of the Indian School at Saboba near San Jacinto, and from whom she had first heard the story of the killing of Juan Diego by Sam Temple, and which was afterwards incorporated *in toto* in *Ramona*. Miss Sheriff afterwards married and lived for many years in San Jacinto, where she still resides.

It may be interesting to present here in connection with Mrs. Jackson's interested questioning about the Saboba suit of ejectment, a letter she received over a year later from Mr. G. Wiley Wells, which gives some idea of the obstacles one had to encounter who was working for the good of the Indian. It must be remembered that Mr. Wells's firm had offered to conduct all cases for the Indians *without fee*, provided their expenses were met by the government or the contribution of philanthropic individuals.

"LOS ANGELES, CAL. Mar. 31st, 1885.

"MRS. HELEN JACKSON;
Corner of Sutter and Leavenworth Sts.
San Francisco, Cal.

"*My dear madam;* You probably will not believe me when I say that until this moment, I have been unable to give your letter the attention necessary in order to comply with your request.

"I desired very much to see you while here, but you inhibited me from visiting you except during the middle of the day.

"It was utterly impossible for me to visit you at such hours; as I very seldom have any time during the day, which I can call my own; and very seldom in the evenings; therefore it was impossible for me to see you while you were here.

"I am sorry indeed that you did not find relief from our climate. I hope the San Francisco atmosphere and climate may be more congenial, and restore you speedily to health.

"In regard to the Saboba case, I think I understand; you desire to know precisely the status of the case since it came into the hands of our firm. Soon after our firm was employed, a suit in ejectment was commenced in San Diego County, for the purpose of ejecting the Indians from their village.

"Mr. Hotchkiss appeared as the attorney for the party commencing the suit. We appeared in the case, and our Mr. Brunson went to San Diego, to look into the matter of evidence, made arrangements with the attorney that the matter should be continued; awaiting negotiations with the Department for the sale of the lands to the Government for the benefit of the Saboba Indians. I went once to San Francisco to consult with the District Attorney regarding the matter, and upon my return we concluded to cause a removal of the suit to the United States Court, provided there was no adjustment outside. We telegraphed to the Interior Bureau asking instructions to be given to the Indian Agent at San Bernardino, to make the bond required by law for the removal to the United States Court from the State Court; for we well knew that unless the case could be removed from the jurisdiction of the State Court, there would be little if any chance for the Indians. The Indian Department directed the Indian Agent to call upon us and make the bond; about this time Mr. Hotchkiss agreed to continue the case until further

negotiations were had between him and the Department regarding the sale of the property to the Government. We had advanced money in paying our expenses as well as given much time and attention to the matter. However before we had expended any money in travelling or looking up evidence, we applied to the Department for an allowance not to exceed two hundred dollars, under an agreement which we had with the Government to appear on behalf of the Indians. This the Department very readily allowed. After our expenditures had been made, not including time, we presented our bill for allowance; whereupon we were very politely informed, that the bill had been disallowed, for the reason that we had not furnished vouchers for every item of expenditure. You can quite well understand that this would be an utter impossibility, unless we had been so informed before we had made any expenditures; for it does seem rather small when travelling upon a train to ask the restaurant, or eating-house keeper to sign a receipt for 25 cents for a meal which we may have taken at his restaurant.

"Besides with the sleeping-car people, it is quite unusual for them to give receipts for moneys received for the occupations of berths. The expenditures were made up of small items of this character, simply covering our expenses.

"You can well understand that it gave us a supreme disgust for this kind of business. However notwithstanding the very unkind and ungenerous treatment which we had received from the Department, we continued our efforts on behalf of the Indians, and have prepared ready for copying the petition and papers necessary to remove the case from San Diego to the United States Circuit Court.

"The Government cannot expect us to expend our money in going to the village, or paying persons to go there for us, hiring teams to go to other portions of the country in order to get together such evidence as is necessary, and such as can be found, in order to defeat

the project which is now on foot, namely, to eject these Indians from their homes.

"I am firmly impressed that the legal rights to the land upon which that village stands, is vested in the Indians who have resided there all their lives, and whose ancestors next preceding them never knew any other home. It is a burning shame and disgrace that there is no more interest taken in the welfare of these Indians than is shown on the part of the Government; that they should expect attorneys to lay aside their business, spend their own money for the purpose of protecting them from the onslaught made by men who are anxious to obtain their homes, is something which seems to me to be unreasonable. While we are willing, and shall, since we have been retained, do all that we can to protect them as far as the law will protect them, I am now prepared to say that we shall not travel to and from San Francisco and pay our expenses while boarding there, and surrender our business, without any expectation of being reimbursed for the money expended, much less for our services and time employed in defending these Indians. We will file the papers and give all the help and assistance we can to the United States District Attorney; but we do not feel inclined to go, unless the Government sees fit to reimburse us for what we have already expended.

"If this matter is properly attended to as it should be, the parties now seeking to eject these Indians from their homes can never accomplish their object.

"I feel that it is an outrage, and an attempt to rob them of that which the Government is bound to protect them in.

"I am very truly and

"Sincerely your friend,

"G. WILEY WELLS."

To return to Mrs. Jackson's letter. Her earnestness to complete *Ramona* is seen in her seclusion, her

resolve to "go slower" and "to run no risks whatever till after I get this story done." And one thousand to two thousand words a day meant rapid progress. It was at this time that Charles Dudley Warner visited her and wrote:

"The theme had complete possession of her; chapter after chapter flowed from her pen as easily as one would write a letter to a friend. . . . When she became interested in the Indians, and especially in the hard fate of the Mission Indians of California, all her nature was fused for the time in a lofty enthusiasm of pity and indignation, and all her powers seemed to be concentrated to one purpose. . . . I am certain that she could have had no idea what the novel would be to the people of Southern California, or how it would identify her name with all this region, and make so many scenes in it places of pilgrimage and romantic interest for her sake."

Yet though she was so deeply and seriously interested in her story and what she hoped it would do for the Indians she had so learned to love, her saving sense of humor allows her to joke with Mr. Kinney about the criticisms that had been made upon her as a "junketing female commissioner." Hers was a junketing with a purpose, and it was undoubtedly because she had so thoroughly accomplished that purpose, — had so completely and mercilessly exposed to the world the hideous inhumanity of the whites in their treatment of the Indians, the dishonorable violation of all treaties by incompetent and corrupt agents,

the incompetency of the Indian department, even the open perfidy of men high in the counsels of the nation — that she was assured "they" would never send her again.

February 20, 1884, she again writes from the Berkeley:

"DEAR CO:

"Your first letter made me wretched. If we had 'been and gone' and got a rascally firm set over those Indian matters I thought we might better never have been born.

"But your second reassures me.

"I sent you one of the reports. You can get all you want, I think, by writing to Commissioner Price. I sent him a long list of names to mail it to. They said I could have all I wanted. Of course you can too. There is a bill of some sort, prepared and before Congress. I have written to Teller asking for it, or sum and substance. He does not reply. None of them care for anything now, except the election.

. . . . . .

"I am working away at the story (*Ramona*) — twenty chapters done. I'd like to consult you. Do you think it will do any harm to depart from the chronological sequence of events in my story?

"For dramatic purposes I have put the Temecula ejectment *before* the first troubles in San Pasquale.

"Will anybody be idiot enough to make a point of that? I am not writing history. I hope the story is good.

"I wish you could see my rooms. What with Indian baskets, the things from Marsh's, and antique rugs, they are really quite charming, luckily for me who have been shut up in them by the solid work.

"Such weather was never seen. There are no

words — proper ones — suitable to describe it. I sigh for San Gabriel sunshine.

"I hope you are well and jolly. I'm awfully sorry you are not married. Good night. Always

"Affectionately yours,

"GENERAL.

"Regards to Mrs. Crank, Mrs. C———, etc. I don't wonder the latter does not succeed as landlady. I'd as soon board with a cyclone."

Here is the letter which tells to Mr. Kinney the story of the accident that was the chief cause of her death. From it one can see the active, energetic mind that animated her body; and at the same time the vein of pessimism that was within her soul — the fear that bones would not unite and that she might have to limp. It also tells of her story, *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa*, and locates the time of its completion and publication.

"COLORADO SPRINGS, July 16, 1884.

"DEAR OLD CO:

"What has become of you?

"Is it love — politics — or what?

"I have been a long time waiting for a word from you.

"Bad news to tell you, Co. How sorry you will be for me. I do really hate to tell it, but I may as well. I have broken my leg — left leg — horrid break. About as bad as it could be. Fell from top to bottom of my stairs! Saturday eve June 28. In bed, still — leg in plaster — have suffered fearfully — worst over now. Am as comfortable as is possible under the circumstances — bed in dining-room — three splendid

women" (to take care of her, undoubtedly), —" weather mercifully cool and moist — all going well.

. . . . . .

"They say I'll have a good leg again. I don't believe it. Bones 53 years old don't knit so easily — big bone broken twice, only 1½ inches apart — smashed in. Little bone broken short across. Rarely a worse break seen. — Won't I hate limping! — How did I fall? No guessing — going too fast — but then that I've always done! I could recall nothing, after the first tripping of my foot, and a vain clutch at the balustrade. If we had had a free hand rail as we ought I should not have fallen.

"I had been at home just three weeks, working like a Trojan at the house — new shades — curtains — furniture covers — rugs — china — glass — 'traps' — etc. Never so pretty before — never did I have such a sense of delight in prospect of the summer. July 1st I was to sit down to my work — a new story.

"I hope you are reading *Ramona*.

"Do write and tell me about yourself.

"Yours always,

"GENERAL."

"P.S. Plate proofs of *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa* have just come. It is a jolly little story. You will laugh at your simulacrum! It will not be out till holidays. Marble's pictures are bad. Poor fellow, he can't draw. It is no use."

September 28, 1884, she writes from Colorado Springs:

"DEAR CO:

. . . . . .

"I am thinking of coming to So. California as soon as I can hobble! I must fly from here before November, but I do not feel quite up to shutting myself in for the winter as I must in New York. So I propose to run across to your snug seashore — for two or three months

of sunshine and outdoors — before going to New York Do you not think that wise?

"I wrote to Mrs. W—— in San Diego — the only place I know in all California where there was *real* comfort. Also I like the San Diego climate best. But I learned to my great disappointment that she had gone to Los Angeles. The N's urge my coming to a new hotel in San Diego — but I have a mortal dread of California hotels. Do you know anything of it? — And do you know where Mrs. W's house in Los Angeles is? If it is on *high* ground? . . . .

. . . "I shall bring my Effie with me—too helpless yet to travel alone. Goodness! What martyrdom crutches are! While I was stationary in bed it was fun in comparison with this. But I am a sinner to grumble, I shall walk with one crutch and one cane, next week, the doctor thinks, and that is great luck for such a bad compound fracture as mine; and at my age. My weight also is a sad hindrance. If I weighed only 125 or so they say I could walk with a cane now. Ultimately — they insist — my leg will be as good as ever, and *no* lameness. I shall believe it when I see it! . . .

"I had a letter from Mrs. C— the other day. Strange, that disorderly chaotic woman writes a precise methodical hand, clear as type, characterless in its precision; and I, who am a martinet of ardent system, write — well — as you see! What nonsense to say handwriting shows character.

"I have ordered a copy of *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa* sent to you. You will laugh to see yourself saddled with an orphan niece and nephew. I hope you won't dislike the story. I propose in the next to make you travel all through Southern California with 'Susy and Rea' — and tell the Indian story over again. I only hope that scalawag C——, of Los Angeles, will come across the story, and see himself set forth in it. He will recognize the story of Fernando, the old Indian he turned out at San Gabriel.

"As you recollect the situation of lands at Saboba was

there good land enough in that neighborhood for those Indians to get homes? The Indian appropriation bill passed in July has a clause enabling Indians to take land under homestead laws, with no fees.

"What are Brunson and Wells doing? Anything? What is the state of the Saboba matter? But I suppose you can think of nothing save politics till next Dec.

"Write soon. I want to know about Mrs. W's house — if it is high, sunny, airy, etc.

"Yours always,

"GENERAL."

The above letter, though written while she was still suffering from the strain of her accident, shows no diminution of her keen interest in the welfare of the Indians and her watchful care on their behalf.

Early in December she writes from Los Angeles:

"DEAR CO:

. . . . . .

"Thank you very much, and please thank your wife from me, for your kind invitation to come and spend a few days with you. Nothing would give me greater pleasure if I were on my legs — but it is quite out of the question in my present condition. I am too helpless and troublesome to be comfortable anywhere except in boarding-place. Not that I am comfortable anywhere — Heaven save the mark! — outside my own house, but visiting would be to me intolerable. You can understand I am sure. If I get on my feet I'll come before I go away and spend a day or two with you. Sure: — but am dubious about my prospects. I had to call in Dr. De S—— last Monday for Effie, my maid, who had a bad fall from a barrel, (of all idiotic things to step up on a barrel) and wrenched her knee badly. So as he was here I consulted him about my own *sound* leg, which has been for two months so sore and lame in the hip, that it bothers me to move. He says I must leave

off trying to walk! Save it all I can. There is an inflammatory condition there, from the long overstrain of doing double duty and I must make up my mind to be on crutches for months! — Cheerful! — All my prancing about on the verandah, and trying to do *all* I can has been a mistake. I must do as *little* as I can manage to get about with! The broken leg is gaining, and except for my *whole* leg I could walk with a cane now! Is not that maddening? 'The dog it was that died!' You see my outlook is not bright just now. Effie in bed with a wrenched knee, uncertain yet whether I shall not have to send her home. If I hadn't had the second woman, the trained nurse and massage rubber along I can't imagine what would have become of me.

"Moreover, I do not much like this place — there is an icy chill in these ground floor rooms — too close to the earth. I half regret not having gone to San Diego and risked the new hotel — but it is so much more interesting here. I hate to go there. Tell me honestly, do you think this is a wholesome locality? — I can't shake off the idea that it is malarious. I recollect you said in your letter that Mrs. W's was on 'adobe ground.' Is that against it? Do drive up here some morning. I am dying to have an Indian talk with you.

"Yours always,

"GENERAL."

The next letter is dated Los Angeles, Saturday morning, December 27, 1884:

"DEAR CO:

"What a tantalizing thing it is to be sure, — to have been here six weeks and have had only two sidewalk glimpses of you! When I found by the enclosed note that you had spent last night at Mrs. Kimball's I was vexed enough. Why did you not come up here? And why did I not think to ask you to come up here! I

somehow took it for granted you were at some friend's house.

"When do you set off for New Orleans? Or was it only a newspaper tale that you were going there? I think you and your wife will have a hearty laugh over this note of the landlady of the K—— mansion. By the way, it is odd that a person who knocks out the front teeth of the English language, so to speak, whenever she opens her mouth, should be able to write it as fairly as does Mrs. ——.

"What did you think of Christmas? I suppose you are so awfully jolly nowadays that you don't care whether it rains or not — I do — and a few more weeks like the last would drive me away. However, I have driven out, spite of the wind, every day but Christmas Day. I was to have eaten my Christmas dinner with the Lees, but could not go, of course.

"My great Christmas gift is here — the Rubáiyát, with Vedder's drawings. It alone is worth your climbing this hill if you do not come for anything else! I am walking a bit better — can take a few steps with canes, instead of crutches — and do most of my hobbling in my room with only one crutch. At this rate, in about six months, I can walk fairly with one cane, I should think!

"Did you forget, or purposely ignore my question about adobe soil? I am not easy in my mind in regard to this locality. I don't want to get malariously poisoned, just now. Do bring your wife to see me.

"Yours ever,

"GENERAL."

On Thursday, March 12, 1885, she writes:

"DEAR CO:

"Kismet!

"Long Beach made me worse. I am very, very ill — go to S. Francisco to-morrow. Must have better medical advice, and more comfort.

"Miss T—— has found a place for me,—corner Sutter and Leavenworth Sts. Hope it is not full of sewer gas! Your note just back from Long Beach. Too bad! Too bad! If I get desperately ill in S. F. I shall telegraph for you to come up and look after me. Will you?

"Your aff.

"GENERAL."

There are three more letters, all of which show her deeply sympathetic and affectionate nature. They are as follows:

"801 Leavenworth St.
April 1, 1885

"DEAR CO:

"I don't wonder you thought so. Any body well enough to journey to S. F. wouldn't seem to be in such bad case. But it was true — I came up here on my last shred of nerve force, and collapsed at once. I have had a terrible poisoning. It will be seven weeks next Sat. since there has been any proper action of either stomach or bowels,— simply six weeks of starvation, that is all, and the flesh has rained off me. I must have lost at least forty pounds, and I am wan and yellow in the face. Nothing ever before so utterly upset me. Everybody *cried* that bade me good bye, I looked so ill. Even Miller, my driver, stood speechless, before me in the cars — with his eyes full of tears! — Dear old Mr. Coronel put his arms round me sighing: 'Excuse me, I must!' Embraced me in Spanish fashion with a half sob. I know they none of them expected me to live — which did not cheer me up much. I seemed to be better at first after getting here, but had a relapse last week — diarrhœa as bad as ever and stomach worse. I am in bed — take only heated milk and gr— and sit up long enough to have my bed made. It is a bad job, old fellow, and I doubt very much if I ever pull out of it. It's all right, only if I had been asked to choose the one city of all I know in which I would have

most disliked to be slain, it would have been San Francisco.

"Thursday, A.M. Your note is just here. Sorry you have to change cooks. Changing stomachs is worse however. Don't grumble, lest a worse thing befall you. Give as much of my love as your wife will accept, to her. I liked your calling her the 'Young H.H.' There is no doubt she looks as I did at twenty.

" . . . I shall never be *well* again, Co. I know it with a certain knowledge. Nobody at my age with my organization ever really got over a severe blood poisoning. My doctor is a good one, a young man — Dr. Boericke, 834 Sutter St. I like him heartily. He is clever, enthusiastic, European taught. All that homeopathy can do for me I shall have, and you know the absoluteness of my faith in homeopathy. Good bye. I'll let you know how it goes. Don't give yourself a moment's worry.

"Yours always,

"GENERAL."

"P.S. Can't you do something to get Rust appointed Indian agent. I have heard quite directly that Lamar is full of *warm* sympathy for the Indians. Do try, Co., and accomplish something for them. You might, if you would determine to."

There are several other letters of a later date, but though interesting they are of a too personal nature to be reproduced here. There are, however, two personal letters which are most characteristic and interesting and too good not to quote. The recipient's name is withheld. The first letter is dated from Colorado Springs, October 5, 1884:

"DEAR . . . .

"There are but two things in life which could have pleased me more than the news in the last letter of yours.

Really in love, you are, are you? 'Way in deep' — the only way there's any use in being. I always hoped you had it in you, but your cold-blooded way of talking about 'a wife,' made me a little afraid.

"Now are you not glad you didn't marry that horrid W——— girl!

"I want to know all about Miss ——
Dark or light
Short or tall
Stout (!) or slender.
Pretty ? — (of course).
Vivacious or quiet?
Gentle or will-full?

"I hope the latter. I hope she'll make you mind! But oh dear, oh dear, why do you come to Colorado when I am away — above all things when I am in Southern California! You know I always have to *fly* in October for fear of our snows which set in then, and invariably give me bronchitis. Last year I was deluded into staying on until the 20th when we had a heavy snow-storm and in twenty-four hours I was in bed with a sharp attack from which I did not recover for three weeks.

"I fear I shall not get off before the 20th this year, for I am still too helpless on my crutches to dare to travel. But just as soon as I dare I am going to take Effie and come to So. Cal. for two or three months of sunshine and out-doors before encountering the Atlantic seaboard winter. After this fourteen weeks' confinement I do not feel in case to be shut up all winter as I must be in N. York.

. . . . . .

"I am endlessly chagrined that you must needs have fixed your wedding trip to Colorado at a time when I can't have you in my house. How I should have enjoyed putting you in my blue room! And Mr. Jackson even is never here now, except for a Sunday, or over one night. He is in Denver all the time! It is too, too bad. Just put off being married,

will you, till next June, and come and spend a month with me then! But you can run over any time, — that is one comfort.

"I am vain enough to think (which vexes me still more) that it must have been chiefly to see me and show HER to me that you were going to take your journey in this direction. You surely would not think of taking a journey to Colorado for pleasure, in November! You are liable to strike far worse weather here then than you would in New York! — Sleet and ice and snow storms I have seen here in October, as bad as midwinter in Massachusetts. To be sure they do not last long — and there may be bright sunny weather also. But there is no dependence to be placed on this climate after Oct. 1st. As for that matter there is none at any season. The 8th and 9th of Sept. were freezing cold — big fires I had *all day* — vines killed, etc. — and here it is Oct. 5 so warm and bright, I am sitting on the veranda! and the sun is almost too warm.

"I wish you would give my love — if I may? — to your M —— Tell her I implore her to like me! I am afraid she won't. If she is your opposite, how can she? That's the worst of loving either men or women before they are married!

. . . . . .

"God bless you, dear old fellow, and give you all the happiness possible on this earth.

"Ever affty yours,

"H. J."

"P.S. You will wonder what the two things are which would have pleased me more yesterday than your letter. First, to have a whole leg in place of this broken one (only fairly well patched). Second, to have Mr. Jackson tell me that he would give up Colorado and go to live at some *Christian* altitude, and before settling down, travel for a few years.———I'll never have either of these two things, so I'm glad you have your wife!"

Isn't that letter a delicious bit of self-revealment? To me it is one of the most precious bits of real autobiography in American literature. So woman-like, to want to know all about the appearance of her friend's new wife, and also "implore her to like me." How naïve, that sentence: "That's the worst of loving either men or women before they are married."

On December 8, 1884, she wrote to the new couple from Los Angeles as follows:

> "I am glad you liked the books. After I had ordered it done I had an uncomfortable feeling come over me that it was a conceited sort of gift to send to you two — but I let it go. In my *Bits of Talk on Home Matters* you will find the sum and substance of my notions about a home and about children. They will seem cranky to you, I dare say, but by the time you're as old as I am you'll be nearer my way of thinking."

The letters here given are some of the latest the gifted author ever wrote, for, on August 12, 1885, she succumbed to her disabilities and passed over into the beyond.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE STAGING OF RAMONA

IT is an interesting fact to note, in this day of much prating about "art for art's sake," that not only was *Ramona* a novel "with a purpose," but the first dramatic presentation of the play was also "with a purpose." It was given in the Mason Opera House, Los Angeles, on the evening of February 27, 1905, "under the auspices of the Los Angeles Section, El Camino Real Association."

El Camino Real — in plain English, *the King's Highway* — was the road, rude, crude and primitive, that used to connect the old Missions from La Paz on the south, up the peninsula in *Baja* California, to San Diego in *Alta* California, and then on and up to Sonoma, where the last of the chain, San Francisco Solano, was located.

Both for its practical and sentimental benefits it has been earnestly desired, for some years, to rehabilitate this ancient highway, and, as far as is practical, make of it a good modern road suitable for farmers and automobiles, and thus harness use and beauty in the service of the best interests of the state. Such a road would necessarily be of inestimable benefit to the farmers

and others living on and near it, and it would be a great attraction to wealthy tourists with automobiles or who wished to ride, drive or tally-ho from point to point of interest in the state. And what objects could be more interesting than the old Missions, the oldest evidences of advancing civilization in the state, where romance was born and flourished, around which cluster memories of a race now fast dying out, and of Godlike heroic service for them by priests whose motives they could not even faintly comprehend; buildings that have given to the United States its only indigenous architecture; surely the densest mind could see the practical and sentimental advantages that would accrue from making these historic locations easy of access by means of one great, magnificent, well-kept highway.

In his humorous way, Charles F. Lummis, the virile editor of *Out West*, set forth these advantages in his editorial pages and aroused a strong public sentiment in favor of the road. One of the results was the dramatization of *Ramona*, by Miss Virginia Calhoun and General Johnstone Jones, and its presentation throughout the state, with the hope that money would be raised thereby to assist in the rehabilitation of El Camino Real.

Both for its sapient comments on *Ramona* and its historic value as the introductory word to the " book " used at the first presentation, I find pleasure in quoting verbatim Mr. Lummis's foreword:

" It is a curious fact that of all the books that have

ever been written in America, the two which have had the deepest and the longest influence on American public sentiment and American politics have been written by women, and that both were novels.

"It was a happy critic who first called *Ramona* the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the Indian. The California classic has less of humor than Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece; it has greater truthfulness to fact, and a considerably higher literary quality. But despite their differences, the two books form a class by themselves. Each is the flower of a crusade. In each case the author had done harder, more scientific and more convincing work for her cause — and in each case this more serious achievement is almost unknown. Each had, with all her sentiment, the saving common sense to realize that great reforms are wrought, not by politicians, but by public sentiment, and that this sentiment can be aroused, not by statistics, no matter how damning, but by a proper appeal to the emotions — and each had that right to such appeal; the right of an informed and indignant sympathy of her own.

"It is not too much to call both these novels epoch-making. Slavery had, sometime, to cease; but it could not possibly have ceased so soon nor nearly so soon if *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had not been read in almost every home, in almost every language; if it had not planted in every home that sentiment which forced statesmen against their politic will. No other work of fiction in the world has ever sold so many copies.

It is still being read, for the human interest which is its heart will never die, even though the momentary political question which brought it forth seems to us now almost forgotten history.

" The appeal of *Ramona* is to a narrower constituency perhaps — perhaps it is of less imperishable quality. It is possibly for this very reason that it lacks that grace of humor which does so much to keep alive its prototype — indeed, while the patriarchal slave system of the South was full of fun as well as tragedy, our Indian problem has hardly the possibility of a smile in all of it.

" But despite the artistic sadness of *Ramona* it has become beyond question one of the World Books, and beyond comparison *the* California book. It has been translated into all languages, and is read to-day by probably as many people as when it was first published a generation ago. We are used, nowadays, to 'successful novels,' which sell their hundred thousand copies this year, and next year are forgotten — and never leave a scratch upon our ethics, our standards or our anything else. But this wonderful book — which grows more wonderful the more one reads and understands it — has taken permanent life, as it deserves.

Ramona is pure fiction. Not one of its characters lived. Among all the falsehoods told to tourists perhaps none are more petty than those of people who 'knew Ramona,' who 'knew Alessandro,' and so forth. All the characters were suggested by actual people; and all of them are truthful, though not real. This is

the enduring beauty of the book; that it is not a newspaper report of actual occurrences, nor is it a photograph of an event. It is in the high sense a work of art, an absolutely truthful painting of conditions and of characteristics. There *could* be a 'Ramona' and an 'Alessandro' — in fact, there *have* been many who have gone to make this composite photograph. The picture of oppression of the Indians is not overdrawn — nor are the potential characters a whit more idealized than we universally demand in a novel of straight American life.

" In her local color Mrs. Jackson was almost photographic. In a rather thorough familiarity with all writings upon the West, I know of no one who has so accurately drawn things as they are. The description of the 'home ranch' — the old Spanish principality of Camulos — made from an acquaintance between trains, is one of the most surprising *tours de force* that I know of in literature.

" More than any other one thing, this one book has brought about the reform which has been slowly working for twenty years in our government Indian policies. We are sometimes discouraged by the slowness of this progress; but if one looks at the *Century of Dishonor* as it was when *Ramona* was written, and then forward to the enormous changes which obtain in our Indian policy to-day, one is forced to respect the influence which a popular book may have in shaping national policies.

" It is a marvel that a story so full of the dramatic

and the human, and so original in its field, should not have been dramatized long ago. But it is by no means too late. The popular interest does not flag — it can be increased by the ocular appeal of the stage. It seems particularly fitting that this stage setting of *Ramona* should be on behalf of the Camino Real — that historic, rude highway which linked Mission to Mission in the land of Ramona. Except the human tragedy, nothing more appealed to Helen Hunt than this very romance of the Missions; and the practical sense which distinguished her would have welcomed warmly the modern ideal which seeks to revive that romantic past and to relate it to terms of to-day. If the restoration of the King's Highway can command the same devotion and the same conscience which animated Helen Hunt's great work, it will be as lasting a success, and for the same reasons. For the success which *does* last, involves, and is guaranteed by, worthy work worthily performed."

The following is the report of the performance which appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, February 28, 1905, and which is here preserved in permanent form for its historic interest:

" It was a great play, that of 'Ramona,' last night at the Mason Opera House, and it will be greater, as soon as the scenes are cut to a reasonable length, and the crudities which mar a first-night performance are smoothed out. That will not be long, to judge by the talent of the actors who gave this, the first dramatic presentation of the West's most famous novel.

"Ramona herself — Miss Virginia Calhoun — throughout the most trying emotional strain of nearly five hours, was exceedingly clever, there certainly was nothing lacking in her charming presentation of this exquisite character. In the lighter parts she held a fascination that was tempered with gentleness and playfulness. Her slender figure, graceful and pliant as a willow, swayed with every light touch of feeling, and the deeper tragic climaxes she met in a way to win tears from the eyes of many. She clothed with a new affection California's best-loved heroine.

"Hand and hand with Ramona was the really fine interpretation of Alessandro. Lawrence Griffith, who played this part, was the Indian to life in appearance; he shares the honors of the performance in his portrayal of this tragic and striking aborigine; his mad frenzy and portrayal of the death scene were almost majestic.

"Don Felipe, given by Mr. Willard, did not attract one so much at first — indeed all the players improved in their work as the evening advanced — but later one's heart went out to the faithful lover when he pleaded with Ramona to let him rescue her from her terrible fate, beneath the gloom of Mt. Tauquitch.

"Señora Morena was a strong character portrayed by Miss Marie Baker, exceedingly forceful, but, alas for the hitches of new scenery and slow curtain calls! the poor Señora, after dying with tragic effect, was obliged to be escorted off the stage afoot by good Father Salvierderra.

" Miss Baker was not the only one to suffer from untoward incidents. Felipe, in a moment of stress was still hurrying to mount his steed, when the clatter of the hoofs was sounded a little prematurely. The audience laughed — it would have been hard to help it. Several fine bits were marred in this way.

" The play is long and tragic, and will need severe cutting for the benefit of the actors as well as the audience, for the strain is too continuous; but when a few more performances have been given it is likely to take its proper place on the American stage.

" One of the touches of comedy which served to lighten the stressful moments was the character-playing of Mrs. Louis Belmore, as Aunt Ri. She won repeated applause from an appreciative audience that extended from orchestra chairs to the highest of the gallery seats.

" Another interlude of lightness which lent a beautiful touch of color was the Spanish contra dance. In future it is to be hoped that *El Sombrero Blanco*, or another of its kind, will be added, for it will surely meet with approbation.

" The scenery dear to California hearts, the Indian characters, the picturesque garbing, formed a large factor in the success of the play, and the music of the orchestra helped the interpretation of the most eloquent phases.

" 'The play was great in spots,' said a clever critic, and with practice the spots will spread until they cover the whole; and this seemed to be the feeling of such as were not entirely satisfied with the presentation, or who

were the more critical because they were so interested in the success of this essentially Californian venture.

"Too much praise cannot be given to the one who planned the costumes for this play. The little yellow satin gown in which Ramona danced in front of her briefly happy home was a poem of a gown; Alessandro's make-up was perfect, and the dashing riding gear of dear Don Felipe was great, the serape he wore being a treasure that is one hundred and fifty years old.

"The cast which supported Miss Calhoun was very good. The Indians managed to be Indians without that note of mock heroics which so soon turns the sublime into the ridiculous. Father Salvierderra was played by Richard Scott, Juan Can by Luis Belmore, and the saucy maid, Margarita, was given a spirited and coquettish presentation by Miss Monda Glendower. Miss A. Hollsworth made a ridiculously funny Marda, and the disgusting Jim Farrar was well handled by Raymond Marion.

"Many of the audience left before the last act, as it was then 12 o'clock and it was necessary to think of getting home before the cars stopped; but there were enough left to congratulate the successful actors.

"The house was unusually large even for a first night. The best people were there. All the boxes were full, and every row was filled from floor to roof."

CHAPTER XXVIII

RAMONA'S COUNTRY IN RAMONA'S DAY

IN order to know the country of Ramona's own day we must approximately fix the time set by the author as the epoch of her story. *Ramona* was written in the years 1883–1884. The story was closed. All the events had transpired, and the fictitious Ramona must have been, say, twenty-five years of age when she was married to Felipe. Sons and daughters came to the happy couple, and this adds at least another ten years to the time. This would therefore throw the beginning of the story back fully thirty-five years, and thirty-five deducted from 1883 gives us the early fifties. The time of *Ramona*, therefore, can safely be said to extend from about 1840 to 1880.

In 1850 and thereabouts Southern California was a very different land from what it is to-day. Los Angeles, then as now, was its metropolis and chief city, but it was a one-story adobe town, without a single paved street or a cement sidewalk. Its population did not number more than seventeen hundred souls (sixteen hundred and ten according to the census), and the whole county thirty-five hundred and thirty, and the county then meant almost the whole of Southern

California. It had an area greater than that of the whole of the six New England States combined. The only other towns were San Diego, San Bernardino, and Santa Barbara, with a small settlement at each of the other Missions. And what towns they were! Imagination scarcely can depict them to the youth of to-day. Sleepy, dirty, unkempt, houses and stores of adobe, streets of mud in winter, dust in summer, no sidewalks, no buggies, carriages or wagons, little or no business, — they cannot be recognized in their modern counterparts. The heavy *carreta* squeaked and creaked as its wooden wheels ground on its greaseless axles; the *vaquero* rode his spirited horse or fretful and nervous bronco, and drove his herds of cattle or horses to the nearest corral. The only stores were adobe and mainly one story high. The roofs were covered with *brea*,—the outcroppings or flowings of the natural oil deposits, which later have made Los Angeles and California so famous and in summer this tar or pitch-like substance would melt and slowly flow and drop in molasses like tears upon the heads of those foolish and ignorant enough to loiter beneath. But there was little or nothing in any of the store windows to attract the attention of the most curious or childlike. The one window of each *tienda* or store was generally barred with iron, and the chief decorations, inside and out, were strings of red *chiles* and jerked beef. The *tiendero* generally sat in the doorway, smoking the inevitable *cigarrito*, protecting his wares and looking for customers.

The Franciscan monastery at Santa Barbara, the towers of the old Mission at the right Page 291

The Franciscan priests, clerics, and lay brothers, at Santa Barbara
Photo by George Wharton James Page 291

The old *plaza* was there, as now, and the Mission Chapel, while the main part of the town was to the north — towards Pasadena and the mountains. The southward and westward extensions and expansions did not begin until later. Los Angeles Street was the main business thoroughfare, and leading from its end, where Aliso Street begins, to the *plaza*, was the *Calle de Los Negros*, soon to be Americanized into Nigger Alley. Professor J. M. Guinn says of this street, " In length it did not exceed five hundred feet, yet within its limited extent it enclosed more wickedness and crime than any similar area on the face of the earth. Gambling dens, saloons, dance-houses, and disreputable dives lined either side. From morning to night, and from night to morning, a motley throng of Americans, Mexicans, Indians and foreigners of nearly every nation and tongue crowded and jostled one another in its dens and dives. They gambled, they drank, they quarreled, they fought, and some of them died — not for their country — although the country was benefited by their death. In the early fifties there were more desperadoes, outlaws and cut-throats in Los Angeles than in any other city on the coast. In the year 1853 the violent deaths from fights and assassinations averaged over one a day. The *Calle de los Negros* was the central point towards which the lawlessness of the city converged. It was, in its prime, the wickedest street on earth. With the decadence of gold-mining the character of the street changed, but its morals were not improved. It ceased to be the

rendezvous of the gambler and the desperado, and became the center of the Chinese quarter of the city. Even in its decadence its murderous character clung to it. On this street, in 1871, took place that terrible tragedy known as the Chinese Massacre, when eighteen Chinamen and one white man were murdered. The extension of Los Angeles Street obliterated it from the plan of the city."

In 1860 the population of Los Angeles was four thousand three hundred and ninety-nine, and that of the county eleven thousand three hundred and thirty-three. The disappointed gold-seekers were now on the lookout for homes and the southern part of the state received its share of them.

In 1870 the increase recorded was but small, the census giving five thousand six hundred and fourteen for the city, and fifteen thousand three hundred and nine for the county.

The Union and Central Pacific Railways had joined rails and regular trains from the Atlantic to the Pacific were running, but there was no rail communication between San Francisco and the " cow counties," as the people of the city by the Golden Gate derisively designated the region to the South. Steamers brought passengers and freight regularly between San Francisco and San Pedro, the port for Los Angeles, but mail and many passengers came overland by stage.

But things were beginning to wake up. In 1876 the Southern Pacific Railway came, and the Santa Fé

in 1885 completed its connections. From that time on, growth has been phenomenal.

And what of the surrounding country, the real land as differentiated from the city? What kind of a place was it that Mrs. Jackson made the home of the beautiful fiction of her brain? She herself has given, with consummate art and fidelity, a series of pictures of it. The field of mustard, through which Father Salvierderra walked, and wherein he met Ramona. A land of sheep and shepherds and sheep-shearings, where picturesque Indians did the shearing and Mexican and Spanish *rancheros* and dons weighed and packed the fleeces. A land where adobe ranch-houses dotted the landscape at far distant intervals,— the primitive palaces where dwelt the princes and princesses that ruled, with easy hand, domains larger than many European principalities. A land where, earlier still, the Mission Fathers had come from Spain and Mexico with zeal and love, devotion and compassion moving in their souls to work for the salvation of the heathen natives; and where, in the furtherance of their work, they had erected Mission buildings,— grand, stately, dignified, simple structures, that were to come down to our day as teachers to our generation of lessons of simplicity, dignity and power; Mission buildings that bore stamped upon them not only the marvellous personality of their builders, but the varied history — triumphant, distressed, turbulent, riotous, calm, monotonous, angelic, demoniac,— through which they have passed. How the old Missions colored the landscape, and how they

quickened the imagination of such women as Helen Hunt Jackson. She saw in each building the struggles of its priestly architect and builder, coping with inadquate help, insufficient technical knowledge and lack of artistic skill. Step by step she followed its history; the triumph felt by the good *padres* at its completion; the joy experienced as savages were brought in and were baptized, thus becoming neophytes and heirs of salvation; the weariness of the daily struggles to educate these neophytes from ignorant savages into civilized Christians; the hopelessness when what seemed to the priests fearful moral lapses were revealed; the encouragement when one or more of the dusky wards showed growing appreciation of the truths of the Catholic teaching; the sadness that came with covert and sullen rebellion; the indignation and militant ardor that were aroused at open rebellion and defiant disregard of authority, reaching so far, sometimes, as deadly attack upon the Missions, fire, slaughter, plunder and rapine; the awful loneliness that came over some of the *padres*, when as far as their own people were concerned, they were left solitary and alone to do their heroic and never-completed work. All these things, and a thousand more, she saw and felt, and then, alas! She sat and wept as those dreadful days of secularization were recalled. Secularization? No! it should be written open spoliation and plunder, for these Missions, the gardens, vineyards, flocks, herds, and Indians were alike made the object of the conscienceless pillagings of vulture politicians, whose only thought

Franciscan making baskets at Santa Barbara Mission
Photo by George Wharton James
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An old California carreta — the carriage of Ramona's day
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was to cram their own maws with the fatness they so envied and lusted after. Her vision included the dispersion of flocks, herds, Indians and faithful priests, and the giving over to the bats and night birds of the sacred structures, built with so much labor and consecrated with so much love and devotion. She saw the Catalan priests come in and take the places of the devout Franciscans, and with deep grief and strong indignation, she actually witnessed the pulling down of arches and walls, the bricks of which were sold for a few filthy dollars to go into their greedy hands.

Here and there she saw, — and her heart bounded at the sight, — a *padre* of the old school, still loving his people and devoting his whole life to their welfare. She saw the scattered Indians, like sheep without a shepherd, worried and pillaged by wolfish Americans, driven from house and home, abused, lied to, vitiated, corrupted and cursed by the white race. She saw the dishonesty and trickery of this same race in dealing with the lordly old Spanish dons, who, secure in each other's honor, had never cared about making microscopic division lines between their vast estates, or looking to the strict letter of their grants and titles. She felt the necessary antagonism between the two types of people, especially when the animosity was heightened by sectarian differences and dissensions.

Yet, in soothing contrast, she felt the power of thi land of sunshine, birds, bees, buds and blossoms. S saw the brilliancy of its sunrises and sunsets, the glo

of its mountains, the fertile beauty of its valleys, the grandeur of its forests, the deliciousness of its mountain streams, the sublimity of its ocean. Her eyes were thrilled with the myriads of brilliant-hued flowers that strewed the earth as a carpet more gorgeous than any cashmere shawl or Turkish rug woven in adepts' loom; and her ears responded with equal delight to the trillings and singings of a thousand birds of varied song and exquisite plumage.

These were the things, and many more, that she wove into the fabric of her story, *Ramona*, and that have led thousands of far away strangers to sit with closed eyes dreaming of this fair land of Southern California, their hearts filled with longing to visit and know in reality that which her pen so lovingly described. And, in the main, her pictures are truthfully real. Love and sympathy did not blind her; they rather quickened her observing faculties, and guided her pen.

Marvellous are the changes that have taken place in this land since the fictitious Ramona is supposed to have "lived, and moved and had her being." Possibly in no section in the civilized world has material progress been so marked. There have been isolated towns, perhaps, but not whole sections that have bounded forward with such gigantic leaps.

The reasons for this are many and varied, but chief among them all is the fact of climate and its consequences. "The glorious climate of Californy" has always been a subject of enthusiastic and exuberant

praise ever since the Argonauts wrote home and expatiated upon its charms. And it *is* wonderful, and the effects it produces are enchanting and alluring. In spite of occasional disagreeable features its all-the-year-round qualities of comfort cannot be exaggerated. The worst that can be said of it is that the sunshine and brightness of it grow somewhat monotonous to some people. Winter and summer alike it is delightful and delicious. Thousands of people, invalid and well, sleep out-of-doors practically throughout the year. During the winter the cold is never severe and only occasionally are there disagreeable " hot spells " in summer.

This equability of climate not only has its immediate personal effect, but it affects the whole of one's environment. It makes the country a land of perpetual though changeful beauty. There is practically no snow, few frosts, and therefore that phase of life is not seen unless one climbs the mountains. Yet, as I have shown in the chapter on this climatic wonderland, it is possible, by means of the mountain railway, to ascend to the snowy heights and there revel in winter sports, while perpetual spring and summer lie at one's feet, not more than an hour away.

In days of Ramona's childhood there was not a single mile of railway in the Golden State. The only means of conveyance were horseback,— women riding as well as men, though the gallants often placed their lady-loves on the saddle, while they rode on the *anguera* (or leathern ornaments) behind,— and the *carreta*, a

heavy, lumbering, clumsy, noisy, jolting, springless wagon of primitive invention, simple construction, and uncomfortable to use. The wheels were solid sections of trees sawed from a trunk, about four feet in diameter, and about a foot thick, with a hole through the center for an axle. The body of the vehicle was set upon the axles, without springs; and sticks were stuck into the edge of the body, standing perpendicularly, over which hides were stretched, thus enclosing the front end and sides. Nothing more simple or primitive could be imagined, and in Ramona's day no other conveyance was used for any purpose. Not only were heavy goods transported in these *carretas*, but they were used as family carriages. They were drawn by oxen — never by horses,— the traces being of rawhide or chain firmly affixed to the yoke, which was an almost straight piece of heavy wood, fitted to the top of the neck just back of the horns, and fastened with a piece of soft hide. When thus used, the rawhide sides were lined with calico or sheeting, or even with silk; mattresses were placed on the wagon bed, and a cover, or awning, to keep off the sun or rain was stretched from the tops of the side sticks. The men rode horseback in front, or in the rear, as sweet will dictated, and when the journey was a long one, went ahead and found good camping locations, generally near a spring or a running stream. Cooking utensils were taken along, and the journey, though slow, tedious and otherwise monotonous, was made cheery with song and the merry tinkle of the guitar. At night,

around the campfire, stories were rehearsed, and the men, many of whom could play the violin with considerable skill, joined their music with that of the sweet voices of the women.

For the first few years of Ramona's existence, say until 1855, gold seekers passed over the land in great numbers, finding few but Mexicans, Spaniards and Indians. The chief industries were cattle and horse raising, save at the coast towns where some shipping was done. The men were more at home on horseback than on foot, and the well-to-do class was a happy, pleasure-loving people, believing in themselves, in God, the simple and easy life, and doing nothing to-day that could be put off until *mañana*.

The heroic periods of California are the Mission Days, the Pioneer Days or the Days of Gold, the Cattle Days. American citizens came to join in cattle and horse raising, and not until the great drought of 1864 did a change begin. This year is one long to be remembered. While the Spanish and Mexican population was kind-hearted, brave and hospitable, they were the most improvident and careless people on earth. February and March of 1864 found them without hay in their barns, and all their fields bare enough for a threshing floor, as there were no rains to make the grass grow. "The poor cattle, weak and weary, would go down into a creek-bed for a drink, and perish miserably for want of strength to climb out again. On all sides was heard the hoarse croak of the greedy buzzard, as, on strong but tired pinions, he wheeled about in a

vista of cloudless blue and waited for the expiring groan of some helpless beast."

The few Americans in the country also suffered severely. As D. B. Wilson wrote: "The only wealth of this country up to date is in cattle and horses, and the more of these you have the worse you are off. I tell you these are the kind of times that try men's souls."

Cattle were offered by advertisement in the local paper at seven dollars per head, half-breeds for ten dollars and guaranteed American stock for fifteen dollars, and they could be bought for even half these prices. One man made considerable money by chartering a vessel, buying up about a thousand cattle and taking them north to the abundant pastures of Oregon, from whence, after they were fatted up, he transported them to the California mines and to San Francisco and sold them as high as sixty-five dollars a head.

It was during this season that James Lick, the eccentric millionaire of San Francisco, who had bought Santa Catalina Island, covered its hills with sheep and goats, which he purchased at San Pedro for fifty cents a head. He arranged to have them shipped as soon as they were fat,— for the moisture from the sea made the grass grow on the island,— and it is said he brought one thousand head or more into San Francisco every ten days for many months, thus clearing many thousands of dollars by the transaction.

Many a stock man, however, not having provided for the exigency of the drought, and not being able to

charter a steamer to take his animals to better pasturage, lost about all he owned, and for many years after the evil effects of this dry season were felt all throughout Ramona's country.

While the immediate effect of these droughts was unmitigated evil, the ultimate effects are seen in the wonderful change that has come over the land. The lack of constantly flowing water compelled a conservation and storage of what there was during seasons of abundancy, and also the development of the springs, etc. Without water a paradise would soon become a desert, and no population could exist. Yet throughout Ramona's country the population has been increasing with gigantic strides, and the development of the water supply has been made to more than keep pace with the increase. This in itself reveals interesting facts about Ramona's country. Where and how is the water hidden that it may be "developed"? The term is unmeaning to people who live in lands abounding in springs and running streams. There are few running streams that are constant in the whole of Southern California. Nearly all of the so-called rivers have their dry season. And this, unfortunately, is at the very period when an abundance of water is needed to meet the dry season of summer, when not a drop of rain falls for months. The Mohave River, which has its rise in the winter snow-fields of the Sierra Madre, flows eastward a few miles, and is then lost in the vampire sands of the desert. The San Diego River, further to the south, flows westward part of the year, and the

remainder of the months shows a dry arroyo. The *padres* at the old Mission a century and a quarter ago dammed the stream and then found that, just when they needed water, it did not flow. At times the San Gabriel River is a raging torrent, dashing madly down from the snowy slopes of Mount San Antonio and sweeping everything before it. A thousand cities could be built of boulders alone, rolled over and washed down,— millions of them buried in the sand and gravel of countless years of torrential flood, by this impetuous stream. Yet in summer time a child often could divert the small flow that trickles its listless way down to the sea. And so with the Los Angeles River, the Santa Clara, the San Buenaventura, the Santa Maria and all the other streams, whether east or west of the mountains, that exist in Ramona's country. On the mountain heights and down the rocky canyons they are as beautiful, clear, sparkling, full and alive as mountain brooks elsewhere, but, when they reach the plains, they speedily disappear, to the manifest distress of those who rely upon them for their daily water supply.

What then could be done? A careful study of the underground conditions revealed several interesting facts. In some cases it was found that the whole stream simply sank. The dry wash, or arroyo, was a deception. The river still flowed, but it was underneath. So, in several instances, the strange thing occurred of men digging down to the underground streams, there building concrete and other dams to force the flow of water back to the surface, where, in

cement ditches, it was conveyed to the thirsty fields for irrigation, or to reservoirs specially constructed for its conservation.

In scores of instances reservoirs of large extent were built, some of them being remarkable pieces of engineering, equal in extent and massiveness to anything yet attempted in this line by man. The Sweetwater Dam, the Hemet Dam, the Bear Valley Dam and others are well-known examples of international fame.

To some of the cities the underground flows of water were essential to life.

Take Los Angeles and Pasadena as examples. The former is now a city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants. In Ramona's day it had from two to five thousand. Then the flow from the Los Angeles River was sufficiently reliable for all the needs of the small pueblo, and it was conveyed in open ditches, or *zanjas*, to the distributing reservoir or to the fields and vineyards for irrigation. A pueblo officer named the *Zanjero* — (pronounced than-kay'-ro) — was appointed to have charge of distributing the water equitably. As the pueblo merged into the American town, and rapidly grew in population, doubling itself several successive times in seven years, until now it is rapidly nearing the population mark of California's metropolis, it was found necessary to increase the water supply. This has been done by securing the underflow of the Los Angeles River, and, by means of tunnels and similar devices, bringing it to the surface and thus to the distributing reservoirs.

Now (1908) Los Angeles is arranging to bring water from the other side of the Sierras, from Owen's River, a distance of over two hundred miles. It has purchased water-bearing lands or water-shed to the extent of seventy-six thousand five hundred and eighty-one acres, or, in round numbers, one hundred and twenty square miles. Its own city territory is one half of this, viz., sixty-one and four tenths square miles. The water rights purchased by the city are expected to yield not less than from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand inches, mean annual flow, and on June 12 the city voted to tax itself twenty-three million dollars for the purpose of building aqueducts to bring this needful water supply to its gates.

During the summer months Pasadena relies almost entirely for its water supply upon subterranean sources. Near the foot-hills, in the direction of La Canyada, above Pasadena, a stranger, wandering over what seems to him to be waste and barren land, will here and there see walls that appear to be surrounding nothing. They are protecting walls for the air shafts that lead down to the water tunnels, which have been driven in every direction to tap underground water supplies and bring them to the reservoirs, from whence they are pumped to the distributing reservoirs.

A dam, which is more important in its subterranean capacity than above ground, is built across the Arroyo Seco, in a narrow part known as Devil's Gate, and this arrests considerable flow of hidden water. Indeed few of the inhabitants of Pasadena are aware of the large

amount of tunneling, damming and piping that has been done to secure for them the necessary water for domestic, civic and irrigation purposes.

Within the last year or two important lawsuits have been settled in the courts between the settlers in the San Fernando Valley, where the Los Angeles River flows, and the city of Los Angeles. In order to secure water for irrigation and domestic use on their ranches, the settlers were compelled to bore for subterranean water. This was found, by the city engineer, to tap and consequently reduce the city's supply, and in self defense the city brought suit against the settlers to compel them to desist. It seemed to be a hard case to settle, for water was as essential to the life of the ranches as to the city dweller. Yet it was clearly shown that the city had the prior right by grant, and subsequent legal filing, upon *all the flow* of the Los Angeles River, and that was interpreted to include the underground as well as the above-ground flow.

The decline in the gold fields, followed by the drought and consequent uncertainty of the cattle industry, led to the establishment of a new era for California. The Mission Days, the Gold Days, the Cattle Days gave way to the Fruit Days and to-day Southern California is known the world over for its marvellous growths of citrus and deciduous fruits.

Naturally this is but the merest suggestion of a sketch, but in it I have tried to show one or two important and often overlooked features.

CHAPTER XXIX

RAMONA'S COUNTRY TO-DAY

IT is not possible to do more than suggest the merest outlines of the changes that have taken place in Ramonaland since Ramona's day. The gringo has poured, literally poured, into the country, until the quiet, sleepy, old adobe pueblos have become great cities, cities that are famous not only in the United States,— but throughout the whole civilized world. Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, San Pedro, Long Beach, and many others are known wherever the English tongue is spoken. Why? Again the answer must be — the marvellous climate. There have been push, energy, brains and capital introduced, but without the climate and the marvellous environment Southern California affords to man it would still be a " Cow Country," waiting for an earthquake to awaken it from its lazy drowsiness.

The changes of the thirty years from 1850 to 1880 were small compared with the phenomenal development of the nearly thirty years since. In 1880 the population of Los Angeles had increased to about eleven thousand; in 1908 it is three hundred thousand, and still growing with unequaled rapidity. And the

surrounding country is leaping forward in a somewhat similar ratio. In nothing is this more apparent than in the suburban electric lines radiating from Los Angeles, and in the growth of towns along the beach. A map of thirty years ago is useless. A guide-book of *ten* years ago is useless. In Ramona's day there was not an inch of electric line in the country, for it was unknown. To-day over *one thousand miles* of electric railway are operated in or about Los Angeles; and in equipment everything is most modern. Monster cars, almost as large as an ordinary Pullman, on their own right of way, dash along at sixty miles an hour to towns that lie ten, twenty, thirty or more miles away, and thus the whole country is brought within an hour or so of its metropolis. On the beach, instead of the sleepy ports of San Diego, San Juan Capistrano, San Pedro and Santa Barbara, a motley population of pleasure-seekers may be found all the way from San Diego to Santa Barbara, and over twenty new, prosperous and populous beach towns have sprung into vigorous existence.

In Los Angeles alone over a million dollars a month are being expended in the erection of new buildings; the population is of the best eastern as well as the best western, and the energy and business acumen of the keen Yankee, the smart Middle Westerner and the sharp Northerner unite and commingle, aroused into new and powerful manifestations by the stimulating climatic conditions of this land of the Sun Down Sea. For, while it is essentially a land of poetry, it is a

mistake to designate it — as some poets have done — a Land of the Sunny Afternoon, suggesting hammocks and sleepiness and the drowsy humming of bees. Though occasionally it gets hot, there is a healthful, vigorous, stirring quality in the atmosphere that provokes to labor, and in no country on earth is the best of men and women — physically, mentally and spiritually,— so easily called forth as in Ramonaland.

Business! The stores of Los Angeles are equal in every respect to those of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago; the hotels are world renowned,— the Raymond, Wentworth, Green, Maryland, Pintoresca at Pasadena, Alexandria, Van Nuys, Angelus, Lankershim, Hayward in Los Angeles, Virginia at Long Beach, Glenwood at Riverside, Potter and Arlington at Santa Barbara, Casa Loma at Redlands, Coronado at Coronado Beach, and the new Grant at San Diego are all well and favorably known to traveled and to refined cosmopolites. Los Angeles is rapidly becoming one of the greatest centers of electric power in the world. There are two reasons for this; its close proximity to the water power of the mountains, and crude oil, the cheapest and easiest handled fuel known, which flows freely within its borders and boundaries. Even the new water supply of the city will contribute marvellously to its power, as relays of electric generating stations are to be built along the conduit, utilizing every ounce of energy caused by the downward flow of the water from the Sierras. Here, then, industrial development and transportation expansion find their

The electric lights of Pasadena, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica, from Mt. Wilson

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A Southern California Orange Grove

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A modern hotel in Mission style, Riversi

natural home as fast as the rapid inpouring of its new population demands. And this is not confined merely to Los Angeles. Electric power can be tapped anywhere its wires go. The Edison system has over a thousand miles of wires carrying and distributing its power through Ramonaland, and this is *but the beginning*. The development of water, before referred to, is changing the whole face of the country into a vast and beautiful expanse of cultivated orchards and gardens where grow a thousand fruits and flowers. Thirty thousand car-loads of oranges, and more, each year — think of it! twenty cars to a train, one thousand five hundred *train-loads* of oranges — and similar proportions of lemons, olives, walnuts, and dried fruits, such as raisins, apricots, peaches, are sent east, north and south after each harvest. Even four thousand car-loads of celery grew and were shipped from Ramonaland in 1907, and within one little valley grows all the mustard used in the United States. Ten million dollars' worth of sugar was made last year from its beets in the eight beet-sugar factories that are all in regular and successful operation; and its wild flowers contribute thousands of tons of honey annually to the dietetic sweetness of the world. Even the deserts — the Mohave and Colorado — under the stimulating and vivifying influences of energy and water, are beginning to yield richly, almonds, sweet potatoes, Bermuda onions, melons, canteloupes, and small fruits producing prodigiously, while Burbank's thornless cactus and alfalfa (the latter giving six to eight large crops

a year) are feeding the stock needed for a population of millions. Even the date of the Orient is soon to be grown in the borders of Ramonaland in commercial quantities, as it has been found that on the Colorado Desert the conditions are most favorable for its perfect development.

Four overland systems of railways converge towards this land to bring in people and their material needs, and to transport the products of its fields and mines. For not only are its fields productive; even the earth yields her richest here. Gold, silver and other precious minerals are found in abundance, and over thirty-two million barrels of oil were produced here in 1907.

Business is only an inferior and secondary allurement to the great mass of its population. Climate, picturesque environment, and scenic advantages are the unconscious lures that draw men and women into its charmed area. Fathers and mothers desire that their children be born and reared under the most perfect out-of-door conditions; that they may ever be in close proximity to and surrounded by objects of the most perfect beauty, picturesqueness, sublimity and grandeur. This is a paradise for artists, musicians, orators, poets and literati.

Los Angeles alone has four thousand acres of city parks, and such cities as Redlands, Riverside, Pasadena, Pomona, Ontario, Uplands and Santa Barbara are parks throughout, save in the few isolated streets devoted to business. Naturally, being so attractive to the artistic and cultured, its schools are in the hands

of leaders in these lines, and no country exists where greater attention is given to education. There are polytechnic schools and finely equipped high schools, with two state normal schools, one university and several colleges. Churches abound, and on the mountain heights are two wonderful temples of astronomy. Every little town has its well-equipped and useful public library, and Los Angeles is leading the world of thought in the making of these public institutions of real helpfulness and easy usefulness to the earnest student and worker. Under its present librarian it is setting an example to the world in having established and in now successfully conducting an open air reading-room.

These, then, are some of the features of the Ramona-land of to-day. Yet there are other and sad changes. The Indians are nearly all gone — swept away by man's cupidity, and only a few scattered remnants are to be found in the far away mountain or desert valleys. Thousands of Chinese and Japanese have flocked in to give the "foreign" color to the country, but nothing can atone for the loss of the unfortunate natives. The old Mission buildings are being cared for,— at least preserved from further demolition. Scores of the new inhabitants, keen-eyed and alert to all beauty and harmony in their surroundings, have erected their own homes in the Mission style of architecture,— a silent and in some cases unconscious tribute to the genius of those Franciscan fathers, without whose potent presence Ramonaland would yet be an unknown country

CHAPTER XXX

A CLIMATIC WONDERLAND

THE story of Ramona abounds in beautiful pictures of the country in which the events transpired. Mrs. Jackson was thoroughly in love with Ramona's country. It enchanted her, it soothed her, it satisfied her. Its clear, blue skies, its equable climate, its marvellous picturesqueness, its astonishing variety of scenic wonders, its uniqueness among lands, its interesting aborigines, its history, its romance, its possibilities, its vastness,— all alike appealed to her. She reveled in its trees, shrubs and flowers, its old adobes, its picturesque ranch houses, its dashing *caballeros*, its black-eyed *señoritas*. Her eyes feasted on its mountains, foot-hills, plains, sea beaches, vast stretch of ocean, islands, and the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets daily provided for the delectation of its inhabitants. She realized what it was to sit in the garb of summer down in the valley, eating oranges under the trees from which she had picked them but a few moments before, while the mountain heights upon which she gazed were covered with fresh and virgin snow.

To those unfamiliar with the climatic miracle known as California, and especially that part herein designated as Ramona's country, the stories of its climate,

A patch of Lupines in blossom in Southern California
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman
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On the beach after a New Year's Day swim in the Pacific Ocean
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of its flower, tree, fruit, and vegetable growths, of its variety seem beyond all bounds of truth. And how can those who do not know, who have not seen, be made to realize? Faith seems stretched to the limit, credulity extended to folly, and yet even then all the truth is not presented or believed. Californians themselves do not realize to the full the wonders among which they dwell. Like their Eastern friends, they are too busy to absorb more than naturally and easily comes under their ken, with the experiences of an occasional holiday into the canyons, mountains, forests, or deserts, or to the seaside or islands. They can only *know* the charm of their perpetual Summerland by occasionally leaving it and returning to their old homes in the Middle West, by the Atlantic Shore, in the stern North, or among the granite-strewn hills of New England. To be fully effective such a return journey should commence when spring has done her perfected work in California. Every tree, shrub and flower is in its new and complete robe, say by April; the leaves are large, full-grown, and richly colored with their varying shades of green; the flowers have grown so that they appear beyond all reason in some localities. There are calla lilies by the acre, and tall enough to be picked by a man on horseback; hedges of geraniums, fifteen feet high; rods and rods of carnations and pinks; heliotrope grown into trees, forty feet high; roses of a thousand varieties, by the million, it being no rare thing to see a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, or more, buds and blossoms and

full blown roses on one single bush at the same moment; the lawns are richly green, and the fruit trees are laden with their delicious and luscious burdens soon ready to be picked and enjoyed.

With this picture in mind he leaves for the East. After crossing the Colorado River and reaching the Arizona and Nevada land of cactus and sage brush, the arid features of our wonderful country impress him anew, but the skies are still cloudless and blue. He presses on over New Mexico or into Texas or Utah. He crosses the Rockies and descends to the great plains of the Middle West. The scene has changed. His blue and flawless sky is gone. Its blue has become converted into a dull, lifeless gray, and a grayish tone permeates the whole atmosphere, instead of the brilliant, vivid coloring of Ramonaland. The grass seems washed out and faded. It has not yet sprung into life. The trees are leafless and bare. The sap has not yet begun to flow. There is no indication of blossom or fruit. The hand of winter has scarcely released its hold on the land, and the further north and east he goes, the more these facts of different seasons are forced upon his attention. He asks himself: Is this the land I used to know and be contented with? What is the land I have just left behind? Am I the same man I was three days ago? Then, I was in the midst of buds, blossoms, fruit, flowers, humming-birds, bees, butterflies, blue skies and balmy breezes, while mocking-birds, linnets, larks, thrushes, orioles and a score and one feathered Pattis sang their

joyous songs of free life to me. Here
seems to have stepped aside. Everytl
The seasons are different. The gras
from the cold and wet of the wintery sp
are afraid to appear; the buds shiver
come forth; even the skies are gray and

It is at such a time as this that the
thoughtful man awakens to a realiz
Ramonaland really is. And no one wl
such an experience can fully — nay, e
comprehend the glory and wonder c
Hunt Jackson so loved to picture. Sh
in feeling, in soul, in brain, in actic
write the marvels her eyes saw, so th
see them.

With the aid of the camera I wish
readers a glimpse of one portion of thi
derland, where Mrs. Jackson much lo
the region of Pasadena and Los Angele

Little did the *caballeros* and black
and Mexican *señoras* and *señoritas* of
dream what a lifetime was to accom
lotus-land, when the hated gringo in a
conquest felt himself its master. The
scarce been scaled in scores of places, ei
Spaniard or Mexican, ere the gringc
by peak, ridge by ridge, range by rang
and trailless until the American said:
of these peaks, ridges and ranges a
thronging thousands, nay millions, tha

reach this promised land, bent on making it either their temporary or abiding dwelling place." For the gringo had larger foresight than the dreaming, though hot-blooded Spanish don. He knew the restless fever that possesses his people, the lust for travel, the unconquerable desire to see new and beautiful landscapes, the thirst for new sensations, and also the growing determination of the Eastern thousands to flee from the storm and cold, the sleet and ice, the fierce, marrow-freezing weather of their Atlantic winters, to enjoy the balmy winters, and the comfortable, cool nights of the summers of this land of romance, flowers and song. So rapidly he built hotels, — palatial caravanseries,— for the entertainment and housing of the rich who were to come for temporary enjoyment. He built residence palaces, embowered in flowers and enthroned on emerald lawns, where the art treasures of the world could be gathered to make the interiors as charming as aided Nature made the exterior; where children could be brought up under the healthful and vigor giving conditions of the outdoor life, while all that wealth, culture, refinement and critical discernment could gather contributed to their mental and artistic education. He set aside parks, created boulevards, beautified the streets, new and old, required for the business of the cities — cities, some of which were transformed Mexican pueblos, changed in a lifetime from a sleepy, lazy happy-go-luckiness, *dolce far niente-ness*, where the spirit of *mañana* and *poco-tiempo* reigned, to active, bustling,

Looking from Mt. Wilson to Mt. San Antonio in winte
Gabriel and Santa Anita Canyo
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerma

An ocean of fog, looking towards Pasadena ,
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerm

shoving, money-grasping, pleasure-seizing, American arenas of local trade, far-reaching commerce, modern education and strenuous civilization. He built theaters and concert halls, libraries and high schools, polytechnic institutes, academies of science and universities. Electricity was harnessed to send ponderous passenger cars whirling at rapid speed through the streets, where a few short years before the *carreta* lumbered and creaked, pitched and rolled on its uneven, dilatory way. Gay *caballeros* and dark-browed *vaqueros* gave place to "devil-wagons," "chug-carts," runabouts, automobiles, propelled by electricity, gasoline and steam, which, to the inhabitants of Ramona's day, would literally have seemed to be instruments of the evil one from the nethermost hell, roaring and snorting like demons, speeding like devils, reckless like fiends, and smelling horribly.

But the scaling of the mountains was done a little more slowly. Even in Mrs. Jackson's day they were still inaccessible, except by the old trails, on foot, or on burro, mule or horse.

About fifteen years ago, while to some it seemed an impossibility, and to others a desecration, even were it accomplished, few were surprised when the newspapers announced that one of the citizens of Pasadena, Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, had determined to construct an electric railway which should scale and make accessible to every one the highest peaks overlooking the cities of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Could he do it? The grades were too steep! Even

the energetic gringos smiled doubtingly and said the professor had attempted one thing too many.

But the engineers were set at work; the surveys were made, discussed and decided upon; the gangs of graders, with pick and shovel, mattock and drill, powder and dynamite, and all their rude and picturesque accompaniments, invaded the foot-hills and the canyon known by the name of Rubio. Then the steep ascent of Echo Mountain was attempted and ultimately the Great Incline came into existence, with its nearly three thousand feet of length, and thirteen hundred feet of direct ascent, its three-railed track and its wonderful automatic turnout, upon which the ascending and descending cars take their own sides without switch or switchmen. These cars, or White Chariots as they are termed, look like three-tiered opera boxes, and the conductor, a metal wand in his hand, with which he touches a wire, seems a wizard of old like Merlin, for, at his touch, the car goes forward or stops, though nothing but an insensate cable appears as the traction power.

Below is Rubio Pavilion, where eager and merry thousands come to dance and enjoy the near by Canyon, with its ferns, flowers, dells, and waterfalls. As the car ascends it passes through a steep gorge hewn out of the solid granite, and over a trestle that, though but two hundred feet long, is a hundred feet higher at one end than at the other. The grade increases from fifty-eight per cent to sixty-two, then drops to forty-eight and finally to about forty, when

the car stops on Echo Mountain, where the greatest searchlight in the world is perched, and where the firing of a gun awakens echo after echo, seven, eight, ten times, in decreasing volume, but all clear and distinct. Here the wizard of the mountain also built a magnificent hotel — Echo Mountain House — but a devastating fire swept it away after it had afforded shelter for several years to thousands of guests. A lesser *Chalet* also entertained the people, while on a crest, a hundred or more feet above, a temple of science was erected — The Lowe Observatory — where a powerful sixteen-inch refracting telescope was set up and nightly used by one of the learned searchers of the heavens.

But the heights were not yet attained. Though the difficulties were great and in places seemed well nigh insurmountable, Professor Lowe pushed on and up, and his army of helpers soon completed the Alpine Division, with its thrilling rides along the edges of yawning abysses, through live oak and other groves, past rivers of rocks, around the exciting Circular Bridge, doubling upon itself again and again, but always with the determined object before it of reaching the summit. A thousand feet before that was attained, however, a pause was made, and Alpine Tavern — a rustic, comfortable, modern, well-equipped mountain hotel — was built. Here, within its walls, a half hundred guests may sit before one of the most capacious and ruggedly handsome fireplaces in the world, over which the cordial motto gives welcome: " Ye ornament

of ye house is ye guest who doth frequent it." Drives for carriages, bridle paths for horsemen, tents for visitors who want mountain simplicity, add to the allurements of Alpine Tavern, while young and old alike enjoy playing with and petting the tame squirrels which come at a call, or on sight of a nut held up temptingly within reach. Below the Tavern a couple of monster bears play and frolic, climbing poles, ducking themselves in their bath tubs, and eating all the nuts, sugar, candies, crackers and other tit-bits the interested guests give to them.

Here the railway at present ends, for, unfortunately, the financial panic of 1893 caught Professor Lowe in its toils. His lavish expenditures for the good of the people of, and visitors to Ramona's country were not as fully appreciated by the local financiers as they should have been, and they foolishly and selfishly crowded him to the wall, ignoring his vast achievements in the past, which were the greatest assurances that his promises for the future would be fulfilled, given a little time to withstand the pressure that the whole country was feeling. These promises *were* great, were astounding, were almost beyond belief. But they would have been carried out had it not been for the short-sighted policy of those whose purse-strings were held too tightly to ever do a noble, generous or unselfish deed. They included the completion of the railway to the summit of Mount Lowe, whose tri-crested summit thrusts its peaks into the skies about six thousand feet above sea level; where another great

hotel would have been erected, and near which it was contemplated excavating from the solid granite an underground temple to surpass in grandeur and impressiveness the temples of the Caves of Elephanta. Then, spanning the abyss between Mount Lowe and Observatory Peak (the San Gabriel peak of Ramona's day), a swinging cable railway would have conveyed, in perfect safety, eager sight-seers from the lower to the higher peak and thence on to Wilson's Peak.

That this was not an impossible dream is evidenced by the fact that in South America and also on the American River, in California, these aërial railways are in active, daily, successful operation, where whole carloads of ponderously heavy logs — a thousandfold heavier than any carload of passengers would be — are transhipped bodily from one side of the canyon to the other, while the American River, a mere silvery thread seen from that vast height, brawls madly along two thousand feet or so below. Nor was this all. Professor Lowe's plans included the establishment of an institution for scientific research which would have gone far in advance of any similar institution the world has yet seen. His dream was to welcome men with ideas, the incipient, embryo Edisons, Dollands, Bells, Morses, Stephensons, Bessemers, the practical inventors, as well as the pure scientists like Newton, Thompson, Henry, Farady and Loeb. To each and all he hoped to be able to say: Come and welcome. Let us help you work out your deep problems, whether of pure science or practical invention. We

will provide you and your families with homes and sustenance, we will give you all needful equipment, where, in this pure, asceptic and quiet atmosphere, you may conduct your experiments and seek to solve the problems of life and of the ages. To aid in this work he would have built the largest and best astronomical observatory that money and science could have designed; a chemical laboratory perfect in all its appointments would have been provided; indeed every known, suggested or dreamed of necessity would have been freely and generously provided, for this man's heart was as large as all mankind, generous to the expenditure of the millions of Golconda, and with no other thought of recompense than the love of his fellow men and the immortality it ever insures.

These plans, however, were not to be. The Mount Lowe Railroad, with all its interesting accessories, passed into other hands, and now it is an integral part of the Los Angeles system of electric railways, which embraces a large part of Ramona's country.

What one man fails to do, however, his plans often indirectly suggest to others. Professor Lewis Swift and his son, Edwin, gained so many new points of important information by means of the establishment of the Lowe Observatory, that the directors of the Carnegie Institution — perhaps the most wealthy scientific corporation in the world — are building and equipping on Mount Wilson,— a sister peak to Mount Lowe — an observatory that is commanding the attention of the scientific world.

The Hotel at Mt. Wilson after the first
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman

The Hotel at Mt. Wilson after several st
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerma

In 1904, Professor George Hale, who for many years had been director of the Yerkes Observatory, at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, aided by his official photographer, Ferdinand Ellerman, brought a small horizontal telescope and some minor apparatus and erected them on Mount Wilson, where the present hotel now stands. Here several direct photographs of the sun were made, and others of the sun's spectrum. These were of such a high order of excellence that Professor Hale determined, if possible, to establish a permanent solar observatory on this site. Accordingly he journeyed to Washington and there interested the directors of the Carnegie Institution in his plans to such an extent that they made a grant which enabled him to begin the erection of a horizontal telescope building of steel frame, covered with canvas. In this building massive piers were erected, and the Snow Telescope (purchased from the Yerkes Observatory) and other instruments placed thereupon. These instruments are used for photographing the image of the sun, six and one half inches in diameter, formed by the Snow Telescope. The mirrors of this great telescope are thirty inches and twenty-four inches, respectively, in diameter, and its focus is sixty feet.

Work with this instrument was begun in the spring of 1905, and up to the present time many valuable results have been obtained. With the large spectrograph the spectra of the sun-spots have been photographed as never before, and by means of photographs of the spectra of elements, taken in the laboratory,

under different electrical and temperature conditions, much information has been obtained about the nature of these dark phenomena observed at different times on the sun's surface.

Spectra of the opposite limbs of the sun are photographed side by side, and from measures of these the rotation of the sun is determined. Photographs of the spectrum of the light from the center and edge of the sun show very striking differences. With the spectroheliograph, an instrument for photographing the image of the sun, in the light coming from any element in the vapors in the sun's atmosphere, many photographs have shown new and curious phenomena. With the present instrument photographs are made, showing the distribution of the vapors of calcium, hydrogen and iron. The prominences around the edge are also photographed by placing a disk of metal over the sun's image, causing an artificial eclipse, and allowing the light around the edge of the sun to pass through the instrument.

Direct photographs of the sun with a high speed focal plane shutter are taken daily and used in connection with those taken with the spectroheliograph.

During the summer of 1907 a steel tower, sixty feet in height, was erected next to the Snow Telescope and on the top of this tower a similar telescope was placed, save that instead of a concave mirror forming the image, an objective is used, and the light is sent down vertically, and the image formed sixty feet below, on the instruments in the house at the base of the tower.

The optical parts of these instruments are in a well, thirty feet deep, to insure a uniform temperature. The results with this instrument are all that had been hoped for, and photographs of the highest precision are obtained with it.

During 1907 the mounting for the large sixty-inch reflector was put together in the shop at Pasadena. The disk was finished, and the iron for the dome and building transported to the mountain and erected. In 1908 this great instrument was transported to the mountain and installed in its home. With this telescope the light of stars will be analyzed and investigated as never before, and photographs of nebulæ, those gaseous bodies giving out feeble light, and star clusters and planets will be depicted on a large scale and with great precision. This telescope will not be used on the sun, but for night work exclusively.

These particulars of the scientific work of the Mount Wilson Observatory clearly show that the scientific side of the climatic conditions that exist in Ramona-land are as important as are the merely esthetic or beautiful.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Ellerman the readers of *Through Ramona's Country* are enabled to see the summit of Mount Wilson in winter, when spring and summer conditions reign supreme in the valley. Here are six, eight, and even more feet of snow (in places), while in the valley snow has fallen but three times in twenty-one years, and then merely remained on the ground for a few hours.

On New Year's Day, for several years, it was my habit to take a trip from my home in Pasadena, up to the snow of the mountains, then return to the great flower festival, held for twenty years each New Year's Day, in Pasadena, entitled "The Tournament of Roses," and wind up with a delightful swim in the Pacific Ocean. To be able actually to revel in all the sports of winter,— tobogganing, sleigh-riding, snow-balling, sliding, the building of snow-forts and snow-men,— to suddenly transfer oneself to a scene of semi-tropic luxuriance, where waving palms, flowering heliotrope, banks of geraniums, hedges of calla lilies, masses of flaming poinsettias, forests of roses, and a wild riot of climbing bougainvilleas, the whole over-arched with a cloudless vault of turquoise, form a setting for a flower carnival which, in its prodigal profusion, rivals the most elaborate and world-famed of the flower carnivals of Europe, and then, an hour later, to *enjoy* a swim in the Pacific Ocean,— all this is a New Year's Day experience, varied enough to galvanize the most blasé into new sensation, and to give to the normal man and woman entirely new conceptions of physical enjoyment. This trip I took so often that, from my writings and lecturings about it, many others became desirous of enjoying it and hundreds have since had the novel experience of a ride "from Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea," the actual time taken in traveling from one to the other being less than three hours. Where else can such a climatic miracle be found? Let the reader make the

Lambert (Sugar) Pine, with cones, on Mt. Wilson
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman
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The Yucca Whipplei in bloom above Pasadena, in June and July, 1907
Photo by Ferdinand Ellerman Page 381

journey with me and endeavor to imagine its varied charms as he travels.

Pasadena, on New Year's Day, generally presents a somewhat similar appearance to an Eastern country town in June. The sky is pure blue and as clear and brilliant as that of Egypt or the Mediterranean. Buds, blossoms, bees, butterflies and birds enchant the eye. Flowers there are of thousands of varieties, flaunting their varied colors in a riotous and unrestrained blaze of gorgeousness and glory. Mocking-birds, larks, linnets, thrushes, and robins, with a score of other birds, flit to and fro in the branches of the evergreen trees, twittering and chattering, singing and caroling as only carefree and innocent birds can. The atmosphere is balmy and pleasant, women wearing the light clothes that are seen in the East only in the middle of summer. In the early morning hours there may be a slight sharp tang in the air, but it is kept at bay by those who walk or ride horseback, and those who drive or ride on the open cars find a jacket or light wrap sufficient protection. On a "through car" from Los Angeles the sightseer is whirled past fields of growing grain, through sweet-scented orange groves where golden globes glitter amidst the sheen of brilliantly green foliage, and where ten thousand times ten thousand waxen and creamy blossoms give to the gazer the impression that he is looking upon a living though silent sea-green ocean flecked with whitecaps. On dashes the car past tree-embowered villas, by stretches of lawn that remind one of the green fields of the Emerald Isle,

catching glimpses of bungalows and cottages of varied and pleasing architectures, past monster hotels, flower-surrounded and emblazoned, schools, colleges, churches, stores and public buildings. Here and there nestle in cosy nooks of the foot-hills or on well-chosen sites houses of Mission style. For, as I have shown in others of my books the Mission Architecture is truly a " Style," and was born and nourished, encouraged and developed in this beauteous Ramona's country.

One is whisked through the streets of Pasadena, to the foot-hills of Altadena; thence into the recesses of Rubio Canyon; up the Great Cable Incline; past the monster Searchlight and the Lowe Observatory, to the live-oak groves of the north side of the range, and finally to the shoulders of Mount Lowe, where Alpine Tavern nestles secure and serene among a thousand giant pines, spruces and sycamores. From here it is a short ride up well engineered trails to the summit of Mount Lowe, six thousand feet above sea level, and from which point several peaks over ten thousand feet high may be clearly discerned, viz., Mounts San Antonio, San Gorgonio, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, together with the line to the west, and north, denoting the Sierras Santa Inés and Santa Lucia, and, to the north and east, the Sierra Nevada, in which latter range over a hundred peaks stand proudly with their heads ten thousand feet in the blue of the cloudless heavens.

Who that is living out his life on the plains, or shut in between the canyon walls of a city can really and

truly comprehend such a land? It is impossible. No imagination is equal or competent to the task. And to those of us who are familiar with both East and West the realization and enjoyment of it become more keen as the years go by.

January 1, 1908, was as warm as a summer's day and one who did not know what he was to experience would have started out for the mountains without warm clothing or an overcoat. I am not able to say whether the accompanying snow photographs of Mr. Ellerman's were made on New Year's Day, and it is quite immaterial whether they were or not. They could have been so made.

Can any one realize the speediness of the change who has never experienced it? There, perpetual summer or spring, here, deep snow. And the remarkable thing is that, from various vantage points on the mountains, one may stand in the snow and look down upon the valley, where, practically speaking, snow never comes.

Then, speedily, the return to the valley is made. Here, in Pasadena again, the streets and avenues are already lined with people, standing or sitting in buggies, wagons, automobiles, and on bicycles. This is the chief day of the year, as well as the first. It is the day of the Tournament of Roses. More visitors throng the streets of this city that occupies the site of a sheep ranch of a short time prior to Ramona's day than the whole state contained (of white people) "before the gringo came."

Exactly at the appointed time the procession begins

to move. There is nothing exciting, warlike, or martial about it, for it is composed of nothing but vehicles covered with flowers, and yet, strange to say, tears often flood the eyes and sobs lift the breasts of those who gaze. It is a spectacle that quickens the emotions, that stirs the soul, for flowers are thoughts of God made manifest in all their perfection and beauty, and, somehow, when one sees so many of them at a time their exquisite glory seems to give one a foreshadowing of the beauty of the Divine. To merely enumerate the various exhibits of the procession of 1908 would take up many pages of this book. Here are a few: The Altadena School had an airship, with bamboo frame covered with silk, measuring thirty-five feet long and seven feet in diameter. Its motive power was an automobile, but that was so cleverly concealed that the airship appeared to move without outside aid. Numerous smilax-covered ropes connected the car to the balloon bag above and red carnations and roses were used in the greatest profusion. Around the edge of the car were poinsettias and roses, and the twelve children inside the car wore white soldier caps and suits.

The Washington School exhibit represented a great basket, filled with butterfly children and surmounted by a yellow gauze butterfly five feet high. Bougainvilleas and white roses covered the basket and hid the vehicle below. Six white horses drew the load, their harness twined with asparagus plumosis and bougainvillea-colored cambric.

One of the flower-embowered carriages at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses
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A school turnout at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses
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The basket was filled with little girls wearing gauze wings of the prevailing color as worked into the butterfly above. Boy outriders on cunning little burros, the saddle blankets of bougainvilleas, the boys wearing white duck blouses and trousers with leather leggins and W. S. in yellow monograms on their white caps rode beside the load of butterflies. On one side of the basket was the word " Washington " in white roses.

The McKinley School was represented with a floral basket, in which rode four little maids from that school. The body of the basket was made up of white marguerites. From each side extended three poles, from the end of which were suspended baskets of lovely white roses. Streamers extended also to a number of footmen at each side of the vehicle. Two handsome white horses clothed in bright yellow harness drew the pretty basket with its load of fresh-faced posies.

Columbia School entered a one-horse victoria, in which three girls rode. They were garbed in white and green, and the vehicle was a mass of carnations, roses and ferns. A large white horse drew the victoria.

The entry of Grant School represented an immense poinsettia blossom borne outspread upon an electric runabout and zealously guarded by General Grant and his staff, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, and wearing the full uniform of their rank. The blossom, largely worked out of the natural flowers, was fully fourteen feet across and as the motive power was entirely concealed in a mass of greenery in which the

blossom lay, it had the appearance of gracefully floating along the line of march.

In the center of the great flower sat six little girls, wearing red caps and fluffy capes of yellow, shaded into green below, the spreading dark red petals or braces and the clustered heads of the little girls, making the deception complete.

Thirty little tots from the Roosevelt Kindergarten were more than charming in their representation of a great United States shield, the red and white stripes being indicated by little girls' dresses and the starry field above by little boys. The boys who played the star parts were garbed in blue and bore aloft bright white stars which could hardly be called fixed. Red geraniums and violets were the principal flowers used.

Two horses drew the precious load and two proud footmen walked beside their heads. A couple of little girls were perched behind with big Teddy bears in their chubby hands and a significant stork stood gravely on one leg above it all.

Here was a four-in-hand decorated with gaillardia blossoms, followed by one covered with asparagus and royal poinsettias. The next was a float in the shape of a shell-like barge the body of which was in green, bordered with scarlet geraniums and roses. The Fire Department used palm fronds, smilax, scarlet geraniums, and roses to decorate their useful engines, and made a gay display. Floats, fours-in-hand, electric runabouts, automobiles, buggies, bicycles, all smothered in flowers so that the original appearance of the

vehicle was completely lost, followed one another in rapid succession until there was over a mile of these beautiful floral displays. The perfume of millions of flowers permeated the atmosphere and lent its aid to produce the pleasant intoxication one always feels in the presence of this gorgeous pageant.

What a wonderful change from the days of Ramona! How the few old *señoritas* who remain from that time must gaze and wonder at the crowds, the excitement of it all, so like, yet so different from their own Mexican and Spanish *fiestas*.

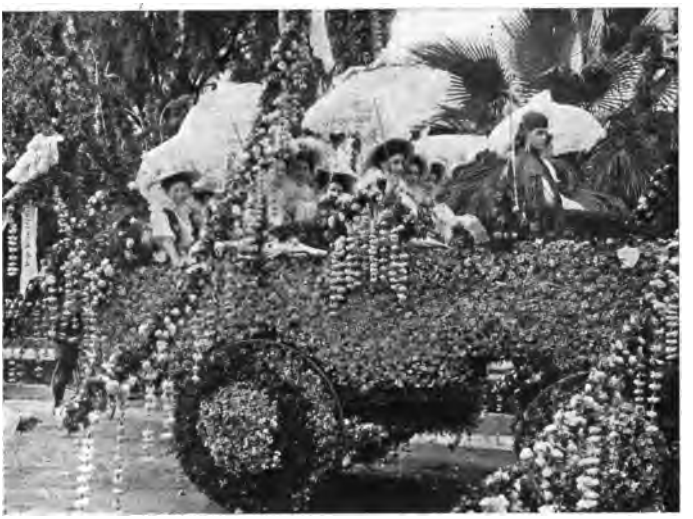
But the parade is only a part of the day's enjoyment. The modern gringo has evidently partaken largely of the spirit of the gay *caballero* of Ramona's day, for the crowd now adjourned to "Tournament Park," where every preparation had been made for those sports with horses that mankind has always delighted in from the dawn of history.

Another touch of Ramona's day was the barbecue prepared in truly Spanish style by Señor José Romero, of Los Angeles, who was well known for his ability in this line when Helen Hunt Jackson was writing *Ramona*. Over four thousand people partook of the barbecued meats that he prepared on this occasion. The day before he and his assistants kindled fires in three deep pits, and about four o'clock in the morning the half ton of choice beef was deposited above the hot rocks that were to do the roasting. Over the pits wooden frames, covered with burlap, were placed, and then the whole was piled over with earth until the

pits were well-nigh air-tight. At noon the first pit was opened, and the zest with which the hungry visitors attacked the meat handed out to them was the best possible demonstration of the success of the cook.

But eating was a small part of the afternoon's enjoyment. There were "bronco busting," a stage hold-up and the capture of the bandits, and, most exciting of all, genuine four-horse chariot races. Since *Ben Hur* first made its appearance we have become familiar with the perfunctory chariot races of the wild west shows and circuses, but here the best bred horses of California, put in training for months, were run with as much of human passion and deep-seated emotion as entered into the race so vividly described by the warrior novelist. On this particular occasion, indeed, there was a keener feeling than usual, a dispute having arisen two years before between two contestants, which was now to be settled. As is so often the case, however, the really exciting event was unexpected. The earlier races speedily developed two main rivals,— these were a quartet of black thoroughbreds, owned by the notorious Lucky Baldwin and driven by one of his horsemen, named C. C. West, and the other four fiery creatures held in hand by P. B. Michel, who had won with them many similar races. The excitement of this final race was in the air. Every one felt it, and "breathless interest" seems as good a phrase as any other to denote the expectancy of the crowd. Here is a true description, written at the time:

"West, who is one of the finest horsemen in Southern



A float at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses
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One of the floats at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses
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California, was first on the track. He was picturesquely dressed with gilded shoes and a flowing cape, emblazoned with a Maltese cross. He was a fine figure of old Rome.

"His horses were on fire with excitement. Yet so perfect was his control that he held the plunging, rearing steeds with almost careless indifference as he curbed them before the judge's stand to receive his instructions. He was to have the inside track, as the lot had decided.

" While the judges were still shouting at him through a megaphone, Michel's superb team came sweeping out of the paddock and came curveting and dancing with little excited plunges down the track.

" The two chariots made a little procession of kicking, plunging horses as they swept past the Tournament Queen and swung around in a long turn like a team of artillery horses.

" For a few yards they came slowing down the track side by side, fighting for their heads. Then, as by a simultaneous impulse, the reins shot loose across their necks. They responded with a fierce, untamed burst.

" They came past the grand stand like a stampede. The chariots roared as they whirled along. Michel's chariot, on the outside, was a trifle in the lead.

" As they reached for the first turn in the track, the straining eyes of the crowd saw Michel suddenly whirl his team inward in front of West in an attempt to take the inside track. There was not room enough.

" West's sensitive team veered in toward the fence

as far as they could. But there was no room. Some terrible thing was about to happen. Every one could see that.

"Then the racers shot out of sight around a bend in the fence.

"A frightened hush fell over the crowd as they waited for the crash. No crash was heard, but in a moment a perspiring, agitated Roman in a toga, with his cape streaming in the wind came running heavily down the track yelling 'Foul, foul, foul.' It was West.

"Gradually the story of the accident came out.

"In trying to take the inside track, Michel drove his chariot wheel into the quivering, plunging team of his rival. In the jumble no witness could see exactly what happened.

"A most astonishing thing took place, however. Two of the horses went down — Czar and his running mate. Czar, being the outside horse, went down in a crumpled heap, and the whole team and chariot went over him. He shook himself and came up without a shred of harness on except a piece of the headstall. Every strap had been jerked off in the tangle.

"The other horse was thrown to his knees, and then jerked to his feet again as the team flung across the track and brought up plump against a fence. Czar was severely cut and bled fearfully, but no bones were broken.

"After hearing the evidence, the judges awarded the first prize to West on the ground of foul driving.

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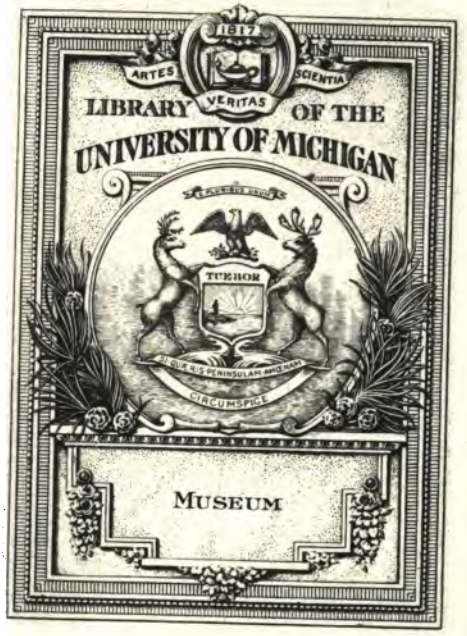

Museums